

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

GOING A MAYING.

IN old times a great deal was made of May-Day. In town and country alike the day was kept as a festival. Many of its observances were doubtlessly derived from the heathen celebrations in honour of the goddess Flora, which consisted, however, of what would be called in our times as fast dances in the fields and woods to the sound of trumpets. In his "Survey of London" Stowe tells us, that on May Day morning "every man except impediment would walk into the sweet meadows and green woods, there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and savour of sweet flowers, and with the harmony of birds, praising God in their kinde." This custom of "Going a Maying" was not confined alone to the populace, but was equally observed by royal and noble personages. Even the great Henry, who was bold enough to beard the Pope, was not above "Going a Maying," with his queen and courtiers. Great was the rejoicing when the May-pole was brought into the city, and to this day the parish of St. Andrew is called St. Andrew Undershaft, because the principal May-pole, or shaft, in Cornhill, was set up before it. May Fair, in Piccadilly, marks the site of another spot similarly honoured. When Herrick wrote his "Hesperides," he refers to the practice of pretty young maidens going a Maying. At the celebration of these sports it was customary to elect a lord and lady of the May, to preside. At a later time a faint reminiscence of the old May sports survived in what was termed the Milkmaid's Garland. "On the first of May," says an old writer, "all the pretty young country girls that serve the town with milk dress themselves up very neatly, and borrow abundance of silver plate, whereof they make a pyramid, the base of which is understood to be a milk-pail, which they adorn with ribbons and flowers, and carry upon their heads

instead of their common milk-pails. In this equipage, accompanied by some of their fellow milkmaids, and a bag-pipe or fiddle, they go from door to door, dancing before the houses of the customers, in the midst of boys and girls that follow them in troops, and everybody gives them something." In London the only observance of May Day is that of the chimney-sweepers, who have long observed it as an established holiday. As our town readers are well aware, the streets of the metropolis are then enlivened by the appearance of a motley crew, fantastically tricked out in tawdry finery, enriched with strips of gilt and various-coloured papers. With their faces chalked, and their shovels and brushes in hand, they caper the chimney-sweepers' dance to a well-known tune, considered by amateurs more noisy than musical. Some of the larger parties are accompanied by a fiddle and a Jack-in-the-Green, and a Lord and Lady of the May. The Jack-in-the-Green is a man concealed within a frame of wicker-work covered with leaves and flowers. Our interest in these exhibitions would be greater if we could believe in their genuineness—but even now-a-days we have lost faith even in chimney-sweepers and the regular dustman. A man may deck himself in motley—may dance the chimney-sweepers' dance—may even extract your coppers, and yet not be a regular chimney-sweeper after all. Thus are old customs knocked on the head by shams. A little while back young England attempted to revive them, but people don't read Coningsby now. (There is a fashion in novels, and it is one that soon passes away.) Our artist has caught a group a Maying in a jolly old English style, and we do think the out-door amusement better than an evening spent in a beer-shop or a public-house. We must, however, protest against the suspicious barrel in the corner; that is the thing that does all the mischief. By the peculiar cut of the garments, and general hilarity, we take it that the dancers are Irish peasantry, and we believe they will agree with us when we give it as our candid opinion, that Father Murphy was the best friend the Irish peasant ever had.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE BENJAMIN
DISRAELI.

A PARLIAMENTARY SKETCH.

BY J. EWING RITCHIE.

TOWARDS the close of the year 1837, a young man of somewhat singular appearance and gesticulation broke down in his maiden speech in the House of Commons. Great things had been expected from him. In most circles he had contrived to get talked about—in some to be admired. Years before, with all the confidence of genius and youth, he had told the Irish O'Connell that he would meet him at Philippi, and the hour of that meeting had at length arrived. Already the young *débutant* had become remarkable for the facility with which he had learned to repeat the most contrary doctrines, and to champion interests and prejudices seemingly the most opposed. Marylebone had heard his declaration, that unless the ballot and triennial parliaments were conceded, he could not conceive how the Legislature could ever be in harmony with the people. At High Wycombe he had told the electors that in all financial changes the agricultural interest ought especially to be considered; and at Taunton, he who had appeared at Marylebone as the friend of Joseph Hume became the representative of the Duke of Buckingham and the Carlton Club. At Maidstone, by the defeat of a liberal almost as incomprehensible as himself, he at length succeeded in gaining a seat in St. Stephen's. With pride he took his stand in the presence of the Whig dignitaries of whom he had spoken evil, and of the puzzled country gentlemen, who could not understand how their Toryism was more democratic than the politics of the Whigs, who were wont to drink to civil and religious liberty all over the world, and to toast the people as the only source of legitimate power. Not merely also in the troubled walk of politics, or as the paradoxical commentator on the English constitution, or, as in "Runnymede," the most keen dissector of the *matériel* of the Whig cabinet, was the aspirant for parliamentary laurels known to fame. In the world of fashion and of literature he had already become notorious for the piquancy and satire of his novels. The speaker also was a dandy—there were dandies in 1837—and, therefore, was to be regarded with curiosity. The Conservatives mustered in considerable numbers to back their new man. On the Whig benches there was awe and expectation. Sir Robert Peel cheered the young *débutant* with most stentorian tones. Alas! in vain was the cheer; the *début* was a failure. The exaggerated attitude and diction of the speaker excited universal ridicule. At length, losing his temper and pausing in the midst of his harangue, Disraeli—for it is he of whom we write—at the top of his voice exclaimed, as he resumed his seat, baffled, beaten, derided, but not despairing, "Though I sit down now, the time will come when you will hear me." It is not always such predictions are realised. In this case, however, it was no empty boast. The man thus ridiculed and coughed at, thus rejected and despised, was he who lived to hurl at Sir Robert Peel the fiercest philippics known in modern parliamentary annals, and who, by his mere strength of brain, lifted himself up to be the leader of the renowned

historic party which had been illustrated by the splendid eloquence of a Bolingbroke and the administrative skill of a Pitt.

Seated on the opposition benches, half-way down, with some small-brained son of a duke by his side, night after night may be seen the leader of Her Majesty's opposition. Generally, his eyes are cast down, his hands are crossed in front, and he has all the appearance of a statue. Cold, passionless, he seems of an alien race—a stranger to the hopes, and fears, and interests of a British House of Commons. You wonder how he got there, and how the Tyrrels, and Spooners, and Newdegates, and the rosy-cheeked country gentlemen could have borne banners under such as he. However fierce the debate, or heated the House, or pressing the crisis, there sits Disraeli, occasionally looking at his hands or the clock—otherwise silent, unmoved, and still. Yet an Indian scout could not keep a more vigilant watch—and, immediately an opportunity occurs, he is on his legs, boiling with real or affected indignation. I say real or affected, because Disraeli has so much of the artist about him that you never know whether he is in earnest or not.

As an illustration, let me refer to the debate which ensued on Lord John Russell's diplomatic proceedings at Vienna. It was amusing to see how, at such times, with an elaborate deference all the bitterer for its transparent hollowness, Disraeli would turn to Lord John, and leaning confidentially against the table, pour out against the miserable little man, now looking very angry, all the invective which his folly justified and required. Such a situation can only be shadowed forth by simile. Lord John seemed, as you can imagine, the traveller in the desert overtaken and whirled along by the fierce simoom; or as the hapless voyager caught in his frail bark in the Mediterranean in a white squall, and entombed for ever beneath its un pitying waves; or, if you are not a traveller, and have ever seen him in such a plight, as some poor Cockney, with his Easter Monday garments on, in a heavy storm of rain and hail on Primrose Hill, or Hampstead Heath. Disraeli used no sugared phrases, no mincing terms, no artifice, to veil his contempt; and the noble scion of the House of Bedford was compelled for a couple of hours to sit through a hell such as only a Dante could describe, or a Fuseli or a Martin paint. You thought of the Indian dancing on the dead body of his prostrate foe; of yourself at a respectable dinner-party, in tight boots and with aching corns, seated between two strong-minded females, with a purple-faced London alderman opposite; of the boaconstrictor drinking the last drop of his victim's blood, and crushing his last bone; of the sufferers of Greek tragedy, with its stern, unrelenting fate;—and you were not sorry when the task was over, and his mauled and mangled foe released.

For savage sarcasm Disraeli stands unrivalled. His self-possession—his intellectual versatility—his clear and cold voice—his plucky appearance, all aid him in a wonderful manner. In his own peculiar line it is dangerous to attempt to cope with him. Roebuck on one occasion did so, and signally failed. Somehow or other, one does not speak of Disraeli as an orator, or as a philosopher—like Burke or Mackintosh—uttering sentences that will form the wisdom of after-ages; or even as a rhetorician, as Macaulay and Sheil. We do not read that he was

eloquent, argumentative, pathetic, or patriotic. You speak of him as you would of Tom Sayers. His admirers tell you that he was "in good condition"—that he "showed fight"—that he was "plucky as usual"—that he "hit right and left"—that he was "up to the mark"—and there is a similar isolation and singularity in his parliamentary conduct. Though the leader of a party, he is not its slave; and on occasions he fails even to do the proper thing. Thus not long since, on the vote of the address on peace—an opportunity which only comes once in a generation—when, according to conventional rules, Disraeli should have made a grand oration, he was actually dumb, and jumped up immediately and left the House after Palmerston's two hours' speech—as if he were one of the silent members who ingloriously sleep on back benches during the very hottest of a parliamentary debate. Historians tell us how Prince Rupert was more than a match for the old-fashioned commanders of the Commonwealth. From his lair at Kinsale—from his lair in the Scilly Isles—from his lair in Jersey, he would pounce upon his enemy, and was irresistible—till a new system was inaugurated, and Blake, a man of greater genius and daring, raised the red cross of the Commonwealth. Lord Derby has been called the Prince Rupert of debate, but the term is more applicable to Disraeli. When you expect him to speak, he has nothing to say; when you do not expect him, he is on his legs; when you think he will go on for another hour, he sits down as rapidly and unexpectedly as he gets up. He delights in surprises, and you cannot tell which is the studied effort and which the impromptu retort. Herein especially is manifest his superiority over the conventional speakers—the Greys and Lord John Russells, who have got for their Blake a Bernal Osborne. Disraeli is savagely personal. It is his *forte*, and no one in the House can compete with him. Disraeli has the field entirely—too entirely—to himself, and no wonder is it that personality is his favourite weapon, and the one the best appreciated by the young lordlings behind him, who cheer infinitely better than speak. At the same time, it must be confessed that Toryism is always more ungentlemanly and personal than that sublime intellectual abortion, the pure old Whig. The only personal paper attempted in our day was the *Press*, and that soon gave up personalities; the *Satirist* was a Conservative paper; so was the *John Bull*; so was *Blackwood*, when it charged Hazlitt with having pimples on his face; so was the *Anti-Jacobin*, when it called Charles James Fox

"The Catiline of modern times."

If we go back to the days of Swift, L'Estrange, and Mrs. Manley, we shall find the same personality characteristic of the High Church and Tory party. Dr. Arnold, somewhere in his letters, makes a similar remark.

It is wonderful—the power of oratory. The speaker, whether from the platform or the pulpit, is the only worker who gets his reward at once. You may invent what shall enrich a nation, and die a beggar; you may write, but your hair will be grey before the world is familiar with your name; you may be a poet, and fame may not own your genius till the turf on your grave is green; but, possess the magic power with the living voice to reach the living heart of multitudes, and im-

mediately you are a king amongst men. Not merely amongst a rude, untutored peasantry, or inflammable youth, or a middle-class public particularly prone to clap-trap, or an Exeter-Hall audience, rather feminine than select; but amongst educated gentlemen and polished scholars, amongst men who have long mastered emotion, and to whom most oratory is as "sounding brass, or as a tinkling cymbal." On a grand field night you find this as you see Disraeli, perfectly aware that victory is beyond his grasp, standing on the floor of the house, his eyes flashing defiance, his lip curled with sarcasm, his arm pointed to the object of attack, and his voice alternately expressing indignation and contempt. As I have already hinted, as an orator Disraeli stands by himself. It is not English—that elaborately-dressed form; that pale Hebrew face, shaded with curling hair, still luxuriant and dark; that style, so melo-dramatic, yet so effective; that power of individuality which makes you hate the object of his hate; that passion which you scarce know whether to call malignant or sublime. When he rises, it is needless for the speaker to announce his name. A glance at the orator, with his glistening vest, tells you that the great advocate of the pure Semitic race is on his legs. You have seen that face in *Punch*. You have imagined Coningsby just as attentively listened to, or Vivian Grey looking just as cool. It is not every man that can play a losing game. To speak from the Treasury benches with a whipper-in to make a house, and secure you a cordial welcome, to feel that a triumphant speech will be succeeded by a triumphant vote, are privileges granted but to few—to Disraeli seldom indeed. So far as the opposition are concerned, the debate generally languishes till the speaker announces the name of the member for Buckinghamshire. Immediately you lean forward, *erectus auribus*. In his face there is a dazzling, saucy look which at once excites your interest. You see that if not a great man, he is an intensely clever one, and though on reflection you see more display than reality in his performance, and are not sure that he is in earnest, or that he means what he says, or that he is sustained and prompted by any great principle, you feel that as an orator he has few rivals. When he soars, as he occasionally does, you tremble lest he should break down; but Disraeli never attempts more than he can achieve, and when nearest to bathos he saves himself by a happy flight; but even in his highest efforts he preserves the same doggedly-cool and unconcerned appearance, and will stop to suck an orange, or actually, as he did in his great budget speech, to cut his nails. It is true there are times when he looks more emotional. On that memorable November morning, when he was ousted from his chancellorship, when his party were ingloriously driven from the Eden in which they had hoped long

"To live and lie reclined

On the hills like gods together, careless of mankind,"—

back into the bleak and desert world, the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer came out of the House at half-past five a.m., gay and fresh as if the majority had been with him, not against him. There was an unwonted buoyancy in his walk and sparkle in his eye; but the excitement of the contest was hardly over—the swell of the storm was there still—still rang in his eyes the thunders

of applause, audible in the lobby, which greeted his daring retorts and audacious personalities.

But Disraeli, I am told, has no principles. Well, what eminent M.P. has? In the House of Commons men deal not with abstract principles, but with concrete facts. The best statesman in modern times is he who is least hampered by principles. It may be a grave fault in Disraeli—granting, for the sake of argument, that the charge be true—but, if other statesmen are equally remiss in this matter of principle, why is Disraeli alone to be singled out for censure? Has Lord Palmerston been so consistent that the British public are to fire with indignation at the licentiousness of Disraeli's political career? Lord John Russell's earlier speeches were against reform. The great Whig idol entered the House of Commons under Tory auspices. We have built up statues in every corner of the land to Sir Robert Peel, yet what principle did that eminent statesman start with which he did not abdicate in the course of his eventful parliamentary existence. Genius has a creed of its own—forms of expression of its own, and if it condescends to party Shibboleths, it gives them a wider bearing. If this be true everywhere, especially is this true in practical politics, where, at all times,

"Black 's not so very black, nor white so very white;"

and where, in these times, the differences between the occupants of the Treasury benches and those of the opposition are so few. There is a wide interval between a Hobbes and a Milton—between a Filmer and a Locke—between a Blackstone and a Bentham—between the stump orator of the Temple Forum, or the Codgers' Hall, declaiming on the rights of man, and the leader of the House of Commons dealing with a thousand discordant rights, the growth of the conflicting passions, and principles, and interests, and prejudices of a thousand years; but between the Whig and Tory aristocracy at this time—between Lord Derby and Lord Palmerston—the line of separation is so obscure that the wonder is that a respectable line can be held up to the public at all. Mr. Stafford jobbed at the Admiralty, but were Mr. Gladstone's nominees immaculate? Disraeli believes he and his party are as honest as their opponents. The Whig and Peelite writers are astonished, and one of the dull-est of them, in a feeble octavo containing 700 pages ("Disraeli; a biography"), enters his protest, and begs to "recall our attention to the principles of English morality, which have done even more than the industrious energy and practical genius of the people in making England what she is. England has been a standing witness against political atheism." Well, if with Disraeli we laugh at the Whig aristocracy, who have always been narrow in their principles, and narrow in their application, who snubbed Burke, ignored Sheridan, only accepted Mackintosh when he gave up the doctrines of the *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*, and would have made Canning whipper-in—who deluded the nation with a Reform Bill which was to have prolonged their political existence in *secula seculorum*, and did not even carry Free Trade. If this be political atheism, it has become a necessity and a fact. The truth is, position has a great deal to do with politics. The Whigs found out this when they carried the celebrated Appropriation Clause. If Lord Palmerston had been in office he would

never have defeated Lord John Russell and caused the latter to resign on the question of general or local militia. Out of office no man has declaimed so energetically against the Income Tax as Mr. Gladstone. In office Mr. Horsman was a Whig. With the sweets of office dangling before them, as we get jackasses to move on by flourishing a bit of hay, what lofty patriots (*risum teneates*) do middle-aged barristers become. On one side of the Speaker's chair there are men especially bound to find fault with what is professed on the other. Of course they do this unsparingly and *con amore*, because they know that if the tables were turned their own acts would be subjected to a similar unsparing criticism. The country reaps the benefit, for the progress thus consummated is slow—slow as public opinion. Amongst us

"Freedom broadens slowly down
From precedent to precedent;"

but to argue that on one side of the Speaker's chair are the sheep and on the other the goats—on one side the knaves and on the other the honest men—that, for instance, a barrister on the Whig side speaking is a patriot of the first water, and a barrister speaking on the opposition benches a dishonest partisan—to believe, for instance, that a manufacturer with his hands red with the blood of factory children (see the evidence submitted to the House when Mr. Crook gained his recent victory) is an enlightened philanthropist, and that a country gentleman, with his horror of democracy and change, is a selfish ignoramus, betrays a verdancy only to be equalled by the extraordinary political lucubrations of the *Record* or the *Morning Advertiser*. It is not that Mr. Disraeli sits on the side of the House that is unpopular, and must be unpopular, that he is to be censured. Partisan hacks may cast no stone at him. A more august tribunal there may be even than of the House of Commons. For a man not born to rank to be on an equality with men of rank, nay more, to be their leader, is a triumph, but there are grander triumphs still; if Mr. Disraeli has missed them, there are few that have found them, and those few rarely have a chance of catching Mr. Speaker's eye.

UGLY.
AN AMERICAN TALE.
BY F. F. SUMNER, JUNR.

"HOW-DE-DEW, sir—how-de-dew?"
"How *air* you?"
"Pretty well, thankee. Want anything in the tin-ware line to-day?"
"I reckon not, sir."
"O, guess you *dew* now. I've got een-a'most anything anybody can call for, in this here vehickel."
"I ha'n't no use for nothin' of the kind; bein' as how I ha'n't got no family of my own."
"Be you an overseer?"
"Yes."
"And where do you live?"
"I live at Warleigh, sir."
"Warleigh? Warleigh? I ha'n't heerd tell of no sich town as Warleigh in these parts."

"No, I reckon not. It a'n't no town."

"I guess it's a village, then."

"No, no; 'ta'n't no village eyther. 'Ta'n't got but one large house, some smaller ones. It's a plantation."

"Is it any great ways from here?"

"You see that big house on the river bank? That's it."

"And does this land belong to it?"

"Yes; all between this and the great house belongs to it."

"Dew tell? And is the owner's name Warleigh?"

"No, sir; his name is Stone—*Major* Stone. He owns Warleigh, and two other plantations on the river."

"I want to know!"

"You want to know? Well, a'n't I a tellin' you as fast as ever I can?"

"Yes, yes; but you don't understand me. Seems to me that you don't understand your own mother tongue."

"Well, the fact is, stranger, I don't like to say anything oncivil; but it is a rale fact, and no mistake; you talk sich a quare, outlandish fashion that I can't make out a good deal of what you say."

"Me? Me talk queer and outlandish? Wal, that is a good one, I swow! Why, there's never been a single day since I got this side o' York State, that I ha'n't heerd somebody say somethin' that was so tarnally twisted up that I couldn't make out either head or tail of it. You are a *pesky* set o' talkers, you folks in Virginny—that you must allow yourself, cap'n."

"No, I wont allow no sich a thing, tell I know what '*pesky*' means."

"Dew tell, now! You don't raly mean to say that you don't know what *pesky* means?"

"I raly do. I never heerd tell of any sich a thing afore, in all my born days."

"Wal, now; I do want to know! Never heerd tell of sich a word as *pesky*! Where was you edicated? It's jest as I said: you can't understand your own mother tongue."

"I can't talk Yankee, that's a fact; ef that's what you mean by mother tongue. You did come from the Yankee country, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir-ee. I'm one of the rale Yankee Doodles, what couldn't see the town for the houses. I'm of the ginowine Connecticut breed, and they dates back t'other side o' Plymouth Rock, a long ways."

"And what's Plymouth Rock?"

"Wal, now, old Virginny, you ha'n't surprised me so very much up to this present moment; but now, you raly have scar't me now, the very worst kind! I wouldn't a-believed it, that any human crittur, 'less it might be a Chinee, or a Mormon, or some sich heathen, could be found on the face of the globe, that didn't know what Plymouth Rock was."

"I never heerd of it afore; that's sartain."

"Why, man alive, Plymouth Rock is the very bung-hole of the beer-barrel of all creation. The pilgrim father seed was sowed there, and sprung up at Bunker Hill, and Yorktown, and all along shore there. But that a'n't a primin to Connecticut River. The folks thereabouts was a-makin' wooden clocks and peddlin' tin-ware, long before the Mayflower ever was heerd on! That's so, Old Virginny."

"Them times must have reached back afore the Flood, I take it, for thar's been Mayflowers ever since the days of Noah, shorely."

"I don't want to hurt your feelins, Virginny, but I must say that your ignorance is gigantic. Can it be possible that you've never heerd of the Mayflower, the little Baltimore clipper, that druv ashore in a hurricane and spilt the pilgrim fathers at Plymouth?"

"Never."

"Dew tell! Wal, that beats all natur! I guess I'll have to set up a school in these parts, and teach you all the geniology of the State of Massachusetts, from the pilgrins; and Rhode Island, from Roger Williams, the Methodist preacher; and Connecticut, from Tubal-Cain. And that makes me think of tin-ware. You'd better have something—this nice tin bucket and dipper, for instance. So handy to take out into the lots. You'd better take it."

"Well, I don't go into no lots, as I knows of."

"Well, fields, then. It's all the same. Pretty sizable field, this, too. How big might it be, do you think?"

"Well, I reckon it mought be most any size, from a checker board to a county; but I believe they call it a hundred and eighteen acres, with the meadows and all, down to the *branch*."

"Branch of a tree?"

"Branch of a tree for the bound'ry of a field? Well, that is a wise idear. I shouldn't never have thought o' that, I must say."

"Wal, Virginny, my eyesight is pretty good, and yet consarn the bit of a branch can I see there, except it is branches of trees and shrubs."

"Well, it don't need no spectacles for me to see a branch, runnin' between them two hills, windin' round back o' them willers, and then emptying into the river, though we can't see the place from here, on account of the bank between it and us."

"And so you call that a *branch*! Wal, we must all live and larn, I suppose. But what a whopper of a field that is! Big enough for a *hull* farm, if it was only good enough."

"A *hull* farm! We ha'n't got no sich farms in these parts. I never heerd tell o' one. Is it a farm to raise walnut-hulls, to dye with?"

"Bless my soul, and body, and bread-basket! Ha! ha! ha! A walnut-hull farm! Ha! ha! ha! You'll split me afore all's over."

"Well, I'm shore I can't imagine what other sort o' hulls you can mean, ef t'a'nt walnuts."

"Did you never hear tell of sich a word, in all your travels, as *w, h, o, l, e, hull*?"

"Never. *W, h, o, l, e*, spells *whole*."

"How you southern people do drawl out your words! We like to do 'em up quick."

"Well, now, Old Connecticut, you and me differs about that thar. I think it's *you* that drawls."

"Dew tell! What is a comin' next, I wonder! Why, Virginny, you're jest as slow at talkin', you folks down here, as you are at everything else. I'd like to know what word it is that I drawl."

"Why, pretty nigh one-half of 'em; and to'ther half you do chop off short, as you say. Instead of *down*, jist now, you drawled it out through your nose: '*daoun*,'"

and instead of 'like to know,' you snapped it off short—'lik to know.'"

"You're too petick'lar, Virginny. But see here—what was we a-talkin' about?"

"You were talkin' about the size of this here field."

"O, yes—to be sure. It must take a sight o' work!"

"You'd better believe it. A field like that is not quite as handy to work as one o' them little patches you have up north, thar, about as big as a good-sized cuppen."

"A good-sized *what*?"

"Cuppen."

"And what the tarnal tarnation is a cuppen?"

"Well, it seems I'm not the only one that don't understand their own mother tongue, Connecticut."

"Pooh! There a'n't no sich word as cuppen, in no tongue."

"It's as much of a word as pesky, I reckon."

"But what on airth is it, anyhow?"

"Do you see that place fenced in, on the top o' that thar hill, jist back of the river bank?"

"So that's a cuppen, is it? A pen to keep kyows in, is it? Why the mischief don't you call it a kyow-pen?"

"Because it's a cuppen."

"Wal, I thought them Pennsylvania fellers was the curiousest talkers I ever did hear, but I begin to think that you Virginians takes the rag off the bush, in that line, after all. You *hadn't oughter* be so uncivilized—indeed you *hadn't oughter*."

"Hadn't what?"

"Hadn't *oughter*, I said."

"Hadn't *otter*! Well, s'pose we hadn't *otter*; what's the harm? Otters has very nice fur, but they don't help people to talk any better, that I knows of."

"Ha! ha! ha! ha! Wal, now, that does beat the Dutch! Otters! Ha! ha! ha! That is rich! I tell you what, Virginny, you had ought to give up overseein' and go back to school again. Indeed you'd oughter."

"*Otter* agin! I do think you must be a little wrong in the upper story, my friend. If there is anything to laugh at, it's yourself. The otters is yours, not mine."

"Wrong in the upper story, eh? Wal, now, do you know that's the very identikil idee I had about you. Ha! ha! ha! ha! But what is them boys a-doin', over there?"

"The little one's tryin' to climb that 'simmontree, but wont make much head-way unless the other one helps."

"Hillo, my little man! *Boost* him! *Boost* him, I say! Why the mischief—why don't you *boost* him?"

"Sir?"

"*Boost* him, I say! Why don't you *boost* him?"

"*Boost*! I don't know what that is. I can't talk Dutch."

"Dutch! Well, I'll be tetotally consarned! You can't talk English—that's what you mean."

"Johnny! Johnny! Johnny Stone! You'd better git down from that thar tree. You'll *tar* your breeches."

"Tar his breeches? Why, persimmon trees don't have tar or turpentine on them, do they?"

"No sir. I didn't say nothing about tar."

"Why yes you did; you said he'd tar his breeches."

"And wouldn't he *tar* his breeches as well on one tree as another, ef it was rough enough?"

"Wal, see here now, Virginny. Could you grease your trousers where there wasn't no grease?"

"No, sir; of course I couldn't."

"Wal, how the blue blazes then could you tar 'em where there wasn't no tar?"

"Mr. Blewer! Mr. Blewer! Ho, Mr. Blewer! Johnny's done tore'd his breeches a'ready."

"Thar, now, you little imp! I knowed you'd tar 'em! Your ma'll whip you for that, sir."

"Oho! I smell a rat. *Tar* means *tear*, does it?"

"Well, now you know that much, maybe you'll tell me what *otter* means, in the Connecticut language."

"I didn't say *otter*, I said *oughter*—*hadn't oughter*."

"Well, ef I can see any sense at all in *hadn't otter*, I hope I may be hanged!"

"Wal, wal; let's drop the subject. T'a'n't no matter o' life and death, I calkilate. But, tell me—how am I to get across this 'branch,' as you call it?"

"Well, thar's a sort of a little bridge, just down the hollow thar; but I don't reckon you can carry your hos and cart acrost thar now."

"Virginny, do I look like a Samson?"

"No, not the least bit."

"Then, in the name of Nebuchadnezzar and all the apostles, how do you suppose I'm a going to shoulder a horse and cart, and *carry* them across a bridge?"

"Shoh! You're a-talkin' nonsense."

"No, I'm a-talkin' sense, Old Virginny—the hardest kind o' sense. I see I'll have to stop down here a spell, and larn you folks how to speak English. But I must have a confab with the owner of this here place. You said his name was Stun, didn't you?"

"No, I didn't."

"You didn't tell me his name was Stun?"

"I most certainly did not."

"Why, Virginny, don't you know the bad man will git you if you tell sich fibs as that? It's awful! Didn't you call one o' them boys Johnny Stun?"

"No, sir; I did not."

"Wal, I want to know! That beats the British! What, in all natur', then, did you call him?"

"I called him Stone."

"You called him Stun."

"No, I tell you; I called him *Stone*."

"You called him Stun, and you *didn't* call him Stun! I'll be tetotaciously contwisted if I don't believe you're losin your *non compos*, old fellow!"

"That's jist ezakly what I think of you."

"Wal, that looks strange now, do'sn't it? But can you tell me if the major will be to *hum* this evenin'?"

"To *hum*? Hum what? Hum a tune, do you mean? I never heerd him. I don't believe he can."

"Je-whillikin-Cæsar! You'll drive me out of my *non compos*, directly! I mean is he to *hum*—to his own house—to Warleigh?"

"Major *Stone* is at home, I reckon, ef that's what you want to know. He's been out here sence dinner, and lef' here jist afore you come up."

"Wal, looker here, Virginny. This low-lyin' field, along the river here, a'n't worth much, is it?"

"Some of these river bottoms is the very finest

kind o' land; but this piece a'n't much 'count—it's too wet."

"I guess the major don't care no great deal about it—do's he?"

"To tell the truth, I don't think he does. I think he'd be glad to git *shut* of it, at almos' any price."

"To git *what*?"

"To git *shut* of it."

"Git *shut* of it? Git *shut out* of it—is that what you're tryin' to say?"

"No; I mean jist what I say—git *shut* of it."

"Mesopotamy and Melchisidec! Jeroboam and Jehoshaphat! What *does* the man mean?"

"I mean git *shut* of it—git it offen his hands!"

"Git it *off* on his hands. Wal, that's a little bit clearer, but it's not quite as clear as mud yit. But we'll let that go. You think he'd sell it cheap?"

"I think so. Thar's mighty little to be made outen it."

"Little made *on't*—I guess that's what you mean."

"Yes—*on* it or *outen* it, either."

"Wal, Virginny, you are a hull team to talk—that's a fact. But, tell me; do's that mulatto boy over there belong to the major?"

"Yes—that's a dinin'-room waiter."

"I tell you what, he's a spry lookin' chap. He'd be amazin' handy about a house to do up the little chores."

"The little *what*?"

"The little *chores*, I said."

"And what on the face of the yearth is a *chore*?"

"You surely don't mean to say that there's a citizen of this free and enlightened republic that don't know what *chores* is?"

"I mean to say that *I* don't. I never heard the word before—never in all my life. I couldn't tell you whether it was somethin' to eat, or somethin' to drink, or somethin' to wear."

"Wal, Virginny, you must excuse me for sayin' *on't*; but your ignorance raly is perdigious. Though you're no worse off, I guess, than your neighbors. I sartainly must try to civilize you."

"You're mighty kind, I declar'."

"Is them niggers rakin' rowen over there?"

"*Rowin'*? No. It's the second crop o' clover."

"Exac'ly. I thought it was rowen."

"*Rowin'*?" What the thunder is *rowin'* got to do with it? It's clover hay, I tell you."

"Ha! ha! ha! ha! Wal, you are a queer one, old Virginny; that's a fact. But I must be a-goin' now. I'll see you again, I guess. Good-by!"

"Good-by, sir."

The Connecticut man whipped up his ponies, and soon found himself in front of Warleigh—a very old but still comfortable-looking country-house. It was, in fact, an ante-revolutionary tenement, of an antiquity found more frequently, perhaps, in Virginia, than in any other State. The major was smoking in his back porch.

"How-de-dew, sir?" said the Yankee, "how-de-dew?"

"How do you do, sir?"

"Purty well, thankee. Uncommon fine evenin'."

"Very fine, indeed."

"You don't want no tin-ware, nor nothin' o' that sort, do you, major?"

"I can't say, indeed. You'll have to ask my wife. She's boss of the kitchen department."

Some people were of the opinion that Polly Stone was boss of all departments at Warleigh, but that is "neither here nor there." She soon came out, and commenced a lively commercial conversation with the New Englander, who afterwards affirmed that she was the "cutest hand at a bargain" that he had met with on the southern side of Mason and Dixon's line. He was anxious to sell, however, and the upshot of it was a very material reduction in the load with which the ponies left Warleigh the next morning.

When the trade was over, the Connecticut man returned to the porch where the major was sitting, and, after an interview of half an hour, concluded a bargain for the purchase of the field of one hundred and eighteen acres, in which he had found the overseer. He remained at the major's that night, and the next day sold what remained of his tin-ware to a neighbouring store-keeper, and then went immediately to work at the erection of a log-house upon his new purchase.

This purchase, by the way, soon became the cause of no small amount of merriment among the agricultural population in that vicinity. That particular field had long been noted as the most incorrigibly worthless, perhaps, in all that region. A small patch of clover had been recently coaxed to grow, at the extreme upper end of it, but the greater part of it was a meadow, still in a state of nature, yielding nothing but a little coarse grass, and very little of that.

Mr. Blewer, the overseer, was so much tickled with the bargain, that he could not refrain from twitting the Yankee with it every time they met. Connecticut took it all very quietly and good-humouredly. "It's a tarnal mean lookin' piece of ground, to be sure," he would say. "But when a feller's poor, you know, he must put up with poor land, or go without altogether. I guess I can make the interest of what I give for it."

The merriment of Mr. Blewer, and the neighbours generally, was raised to the very highest pitch when they found that the Yankee had hired ever so many men, who were cutting ditches in every direction through the new purchase. The idea of attempting to drain this boggy flat, by any number of ditches, seemed to these men one of the very best jokes they had ever heard of, and when they ascertained the amount which had been spent in the operation, they set the Yankee down as an unmitigated ass, and a fit candidate for bedlam. Of such a thing as "*underdraining*," nine-tenths of these people had never heard.

Our pedler had seen wet lands renovated before, and he was sagacious enough to perceive that this tract, when thoroughly under-dressed, would be one of extraordinary fertility; he therefore went ahead, regardless of expense, and in a few short years exhibited to the scoffers the finest crops that had ever been raised in Winfield County. The laugh was now on the other side, and the Yankee became a rural hero.

Shearjashub Sharp was, to all intents and purposes, a self-made man. His education was exceedingly limited, so far as books were concerned, but the world and its rough experiences had taught him much. He

had come south, like many of his race, to seek his fortune, and he believed he had found it at Warleigh.

Such a man must, of course, have many prejudices, and in Blewer, the overseer, he met one who was by no means his inferior in that particular. Shearjashub had been only two or three days in Virginia, and Blewer had never exchanged half-a-dozen words with a New Englander in all his life before.

The natural result, therefore, of the meeting between them, was the succession of *quiproquos* and *double-entendres* which we have recorded. Blewer supposed that the Yankee was lounging about there merely from curiosity and a desire to cheat. But in reality his shrewd eye was all the time running over the field, scanning its capabilities, and determining within himself how much he ought to offer for it.

It was not long before Shearjashub began to be esteemed a man of consequence in the neighbourhood. Increase of wealth rarely fails to bring with it an increase of importance, and his energetic spirit and familiarity with northern improvements, were important adjuncts in bringing him into notice.

Another favourable circumstance was the death of Major Stone, the prominent man of the neighbourhood, which took place about six months after the transfer of the oozing meadow. This gave the new proprietor many advantages, which he was not slow to profit by.

Mrs. Stone was of comparatively humble origin, and had been chosen by the major in opposition to the wishes of most of his relatives. He married her for her beauty, though he found her possessed of many more enduring good qualities. She was a clear-headed, active, enterprising, managing woman, and in many respects a real treasure of a wife. In fact, she had but one defect of any magnitude, though that was, to be sure, one of great magnitude—she had a most tremendous temper.

She was perfectly honest about it—acknowledged that she was a real Xantippe, and was never angry at being told so. There was, however, another failing, of inferior magnitude, about which she was far more sensitive. She was losing her beauty; and that she could not bear to be told of. Since the commencement of her widowhood, the subject had become a particularly sore one, and her maid, Rosalie, had stated confidentially to a friend that she very much feared that her mistress would have the failure of her soul's salvation to answer for, so many lies she was forced to tell her.

Before he had been two years in the state, Shearjashub conceived the bold idea of making himself master of Warleigh, by securing the proprietorship of its mistress. He knew that she held, in fee simple, entire and unencumbered, that magnificent estate, and one of the most valuable in Virginia, besides other possessions, including a large number of negroes, of whom he felt he could become the owner, without doing any violence whatever to his conscience. True, he had been a violent anti-slavery man once, but his circumstances were different now, and circumstances alter cases.

Mrs. Stone had two children, but they were both amply provided for, independently of Warleigh. She was a high prize in the matrimonial lottery, and he resolved to win her, if skill and perseverance could do it.

In the main, he played his part well, and convinced

Mrs. Stone, by degrees, that he was "up to eenamost anything in all creation," and the very man to manage Warleigh as it should be managed. So, in spite of much opposition from her relatives and those of her late husband, the widow was won.

At length the wedding-day arrived. It was the crowning triumph of Shearjashub's life, and seldom did a prouder or a more thoroughly self-satisfied man seek his bride's dwelling on his wedding-day. He had with him one friend and companion of his boyhood. If the whole population of his native town had been there, his triumph would have been perfect.

But he had committed one oversight—a thing he would hardly have suffered to occur if he had been a Virginian, and "to the manor born." Ignorant or forgetful of the powerful influence exerted by favourite servants in southern families, he had neglected to conciliate Mrs. Stone's maid, Rosalie, a pretty quadroon, some ten years younger than her mistress, and a very important personage.

He had done rather worse than that, indeed, for he had absolutely offended the aforesaid *femme de chambre*, and produced upon her mind the impression that she was likely to find in him a very rough and imperious master. This idea had been the cause of much bitterness of feeling on her part, which had on the wedding-day reached its highest development.

While Sharp was on his way to the house, Rosalie was engaged in putting the finishing touch to her mistress's toilette, a lively conversation being kept up in the mean time.

"Why, Rosalie," observed Mrs. Stone, just as the smiling bridegroom reached the door, "what an obstinate creature you are! I do believe you would break off the match this moment, if you could."

"Thar you've jist hit it, mistiss—that's the very thing I would do, if I had my way 'bout it."

"Why, what on earth can have gotten into the girl! I'm sure I think you are mighty onreasonable. I don't see but what Mr. Sharp treats you well enough, and likes you well enough."

"But that's not the p'int, mistiss. The thing to know is whether he likes *you* or not."

"Whether he likes *me* or not? Can it be possible that you have any doubts about that, Rosalie?"

"Indeed, an' deed I has, and mon's'ous big ones, too."

"Why, Rosy, what *do* you mean?"

"Well, mistiss, marm, I can't keep it in no longer. I did think I wouldn't open my lips about it, never; but I can't keep my mouth shet, no how. I must speak now, ef I die for it."

"Why, girl, you frighten me out of my wits! Tell me all about it, this minute!"

"Well, marm, you 'members yistiddy was a week, when Mr. Sharp come, 'long o' that other north gentleman, Mr. Tuttle, and you and Mr. Sharp had sich a high time in the garden, 'bout the right way to plant and cut sparrowgrass?"

"Yes, yes—I was awful mad, that day, to be shore, and I said some very hard things to Mr. Sharp, but it was all made up on the spot."

"Yes, mistiss. But then, you see, you didn't know everything. Jist arter you went into the house,

Mr. Sharp and Mr. Tuttle walked on towards the lower end of the garden, among the bushes, pickin' gooseberries; but they couldn't see me. Jist as they come opposite to me, Mr. Sharp said: 'Yes, Tuttle, she is *as ugly as the devil*, that's a fact.' Mr. Tuttle he laughed out loud, and before he was done they'd gotten so fur I couldn't hear nothing more."

Upon no human being, as a general rule, did Mrs. Stone's fits of rage make less impression than upon Rosalie; but even she was appalled at the effect produced by this statement. Usually her mistress's tempests of wrath expended themselves chiefly in words, but this one seemed altogether too tremendous to find vent in that way. Her face became as dark as a thunder cloud, and her features worked fearfully, but she merely said:

"Rosalie, is this true?"

"Ef it a'n't as true as the Bible, I hope the Lord may strike me dead this very minute."

"Go tell him I want to see him."

In three minutes, Rosalie returned with the unsuspecting culprit, bowing and grimacing, all "nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles."

"Mr. Sharp," said the lady, almost in a whisper, but a whisper of most ominous import, "did you dare to say that I was '*as ugly as the devil*'?"

It would be a difficult task to find a man less prone to embarrassment than Shearjashub Sharp, but now, for the first time in his life perhaps, he was fairly *non-plussed*.

"Wh—wh—why yes, madam, I did; but—"

"That is enough, sir. Leave the house this instant; and if you ever dare to show your face here again, I'll have you horse-whipped within an inch of your life!"

"But my dear Mrs Stone, if you—"

"BEGONE, sir!!" and she stamped her foot till the old house shook from the cellar to the garret.

Sharp stole a single glance at her face, and saw that an immediate retreat was inevitable. She looked as if she could have slain him on the spot. He therefore evacuated the premises with all possible despatch, and though parson, and guests, and wedding feast, were all ready, there was nevertheless no wedding that day.

Letter after letter, message after message, passed from Sharp to the incensed widow, begging her to afford him an opportunity for explanation—but all in vain. She refused to listen to one word of the messages, and the letters were returned unopened. The simple mention of his name invariably threw her into a paroxysm of rage.

Things remained in this unsatisfactory condition for several weeks, and it was set down as a fixed fact that the indomitable Yankee had for once been foiled. Such was the state of affairs, when, one evening, while passing along the bank of the river, he caught a glimpse of Mrs. Stone in a sweet-potato patch, at the foot of her garden.

In three seconds he had leaped the fence, and in two more he stood by her side, humbly but earnestly beseeching her to hear him. She turned disdainfully away, but he caught her hands and begged, prayed, and entreated, that she would listen to him for five minutes only. Only five minutes—it was all he asked. At last she ceased struggling, and stood still. He took advan-

tage of it at once, and began to speak, very rapidly, as follows:

"I will not attempt to exculpate myself, for, say what I may, you will not believe me. But, listen, I pray you. Your Cousin Annie, who married the railroad contractor, Atwater, now lives in Massachusetts. Write to her, tell her what I said about you, and ask her what she thinks I meant by it. That is all I ask. Will you do it?"

After a moment's thought, the widow bowed assentingly. Sharp bowed respectfully in return, and retired. The letter to "Cousin Annie" was written and an answer received in due time, from which we make the following extract:

"You altogether mistook Mr. Sharp's meaning, you may depend upon it. The people here, and everywhere in New England, use the word *ugly* in a sense that nobody in Virginia, or even in the Middle States, ever heard of. They apply it to the temper and disposition, as well as to the personal appearance, and I don't suppose it would be anything out of the way here to say: She is a beautiful woman, but *ugly* as the devil.' From your statement I have no doubt that Mr. Sharp actually meant to say that you have a very ticklish temper of your own, and I really don't think you ought to be very hard with him for merely saying what I have heard you say of yourself, twenty times over."

This explanation put altogether a new face upon the matter, and was the means of bringing about a speedy reconciliation. Taught by experience, Sharp took care to mollify the maid as well as the mistress, and soon had the satisfaction of reading on the backs of his letters, "Shearjashub Sharp, Esquire, Warleigh."

TO-DAY.

God help me—God help me, to-day,
For my tired hands fall listlessly down;
For my feet have stopped in the way:
God help me, to-day!

God help me—God help me, to-day!
The flowers are gone, the wind blows shrill,
And I cannot remember a May!
God help me, to-day!

God help me—God help me, to-day,
For the autumn is dead at my door,
And the clouds are lowering and gray:
God help me, to-day!

God help me—God help me, to-day!
My heart is lost in the cruel cold;
Its blood drops red in the frozen way:
God help me, to-day!

God help me—God help me, to-day!
The mountains stand dark 'gainst the sky;
The sun lies low in the crimson west,
And my heart is lost from love's sweet way:
God help me, to-day!

SUNDOWN.

A NOVEL.

By EDWARD COPPING, Author of "*Aspects of Paris*," &c.

[Continued from vol. vii. p. 318.]

CHAPTER XX.

BUT there was a place Fred had not yet shown his sister, though it was one in which she could not fail to feel much interest—his studio!

"Ah! I've forgotten my atelier," he said to her one day; "would you like to look at it at once, Ruth?"

"Yes, that I should, Fred, above all things," she replied.

"Had you not better defer your visit until another time?" said Dr. Lanfrey, hesitatingly. He had his reasons for asking the question.

"Well, I don't know, doctor; why should we?"

"The place must be dusty; full of dust, in fact; and mademoiselle, your sister, might not like to enter."

"O, I don't mind," said Ruth, gaily, "my dress won't be spoiled by a little dust. It has already crossed the Channel."

No further objection being possible or prudent, on Lanfrey's part, the little party ascended to the very top of the house, and entered the empty room.

It was much the same as all other ateliers. A high and wide window extending to the ceiling, and screened more than half way up with brown paper, admitted into the room a flood of light, softened and subdued by the dull colour of the walls. Two easels, a high-backed arm-chair in carved oak, an old sofa for visitors, a stove, a pair of huge boots that had evidently seen service in the smuggling trade carried on along the coasts of melodrama, a few casts and statuettes, and some rough sketches pasted upon the walls, comprised, with a common table strewn and stained with colours and oils, the whole of the furniture of the art-workshop.

"Not a bad place is it, Ruth?" said Fred, turning to his sister.

"Very nice, indeed," Ruth replied; "quite airy and agreeable. Why, who has been spoiling your funny little picture?" she suddenly exclaimed, turning to the unfinished "*Good Appetite*," upon which Fred had drawn in his delirium the demon face. "What a horrible grin the figure has! It almost makes me shudder to look at it!"

Fred turned very pale when he saw, but without recognising it, his own handiwork.

"I was haunted in my illness by that face for a whole night and day," he said, in a sad tone. "It makes me tremble even now, when I remember the indescribable agony those features caused me."

"Who could have been so wicked as to paint it there?" inquired Ruth, very earnestly.

"I cannot imagine," replied her brother, "unless George—but no, he would never have done so. And yet, no one else could have entered the atelier."

Fred looked as he spoke at the doctor, and saw that his countenance wore a troubled expression. Ruth noticed it at the same time; and then, as if by magic, the brother and sister simultaneously divined by whom

the face had been painted. Ruth gently put her arm round Fred's neck, for she saw he was much distressed.

"And was I as ill as that, doctor?" he said, after a moment's pause. Lanfrey had heard the whole particulars from George, when the young man described to him the nature of Fred's illness; but he did not care to repeat it now. He merely shook his head sadly, but in a manner implying assent rather than contradiction. He knew full well from his own medical experience that where temporary delirium has occurred, knowledge of its aberrations should be kept as much as possible from the mind in which they originated. Fred, by a natural instinct, seemed to understand Lanfrey's silence, and thanked him for it by a warm shake of the hand.

"I had no idea of this," he said in a tremulous voice. "And to think that we may act thus without being aware of it!"

"Do not talk of it any more," said Ruth, "it is all over now. Let us go away."

They were glad, indeed, to quit the atelier now, for the spirit of departed fever seemed to be hovering round, filling the air with a contagious horror. It was refreshing to get back again into the little saloon, and to leave behind that terrible memento of delirium. Before Ruth was up next morning, Fred had risen and utterly painted it away.

This little incident, however, was but as a mere flying shadow that passes momentarily across the brightness of a summer's sun at noon-day. Fred was too full of hope and gratitude to let his fancy wander back to the distorted recollections of sickness. Ruth, too, was in no mood for gloomy retrospection. So they both dismissed from their minds all memory of what had occurred, and never again alluded to the scene that had taken place in the atelier. It was, in truth, a happy time for brother and sister now; Fred day by day growing more vigorous, and feeling all the exhilarating sensations which accompany returning health; Ruth delighted with everything she saw in the beautiful city, and still more delighted to find herself once again with the dear companion she so much loved. As for Lanfrey, never before had he passed his time so pleasantly. He was with his young English friends in the morning; he was with them in the afternoon; he dined with them in the evening; he did everything but take up his quarters in the house they occupied. What a pity patients did not come in at that moment to occupy the young practitioner's time, and take him away from those calm yet seducing pleasures. A gouty *rentier* requiring constant attention, or a flighty old spinster with hypochondriacal tendencies, would have been to him as amulets to an Eastern; they would have preserved him from the contagion of one of the most violent diseases which afflicts suffering man. But gout would not hobble to his aid, or morbid melancholy occupy him with its frettings. How, therefore, could he escape from the temptations thrown in his way?

Ruth was not a flirt; she was not even coquettish; and yet the attentions of the young doctor caused her neither annoyance nor sorrow. True, they were excessively gentle and delicate; an outside observer would never have supposed them inspired by aught save respectful friendship. Fred, for instance, saw nothing in Lanfrey's manner beyond the mere courteous

politeness which every well-bred Frenchman shows to women. Certainly Fred was a brother, so that under the circumstances much penetration could not be expected of him. But Ruth herself? could she be utterly ignorant of the effect she was producing? Does not a woman always see, by a sort of second-sight, when she has excited feelings more subtle and more ardent than those which spring from mere amity? Can she not always read the meaning of a trembling lip; translate the eloquence of a downcast look; explain the passion of a flushing cheek; unite in harmony the broken fragments of a hesitating phrase? Women are sent here upon earth as ambassadors from the court of love, and when did diplomatists ever lack the penetration which dives deep down into motives, and discovers the moving power of their hidden springs?

Ruth could not be utterly insensible to the emotions she had aroused. She saw, in fact, that the young doctor treated her with a hushed respect that needed, perhaps, but an encouraging word or look to be changed into passionate ardour. But she was no deceiver. She took no pleasure in kindling flames merely that she herself might trample upon and extinguish them. Neither the word nor the look ever escaped her. She was to Lanfrey what she wished him to be to her—a sincere friend. She could scarcely be less; it was impossible for her to be more. How could she refuse the courteous homage offered by the man who had saved her brother's life? She could not meet warmth with coldness, cheerful phrases with sullen monosyllables, animated glances with eyes devoid of expression!

Besides, after all, Dr. Lanfrey might mean nothing. Frenchmen are proverbially much more attentive in manner than Englishmen; their polite speeches and their graceful flatteries spring from habit rather than from tenderness. Why should Ruth cloud her happiness with shadows, reflected, it might be, only from her own dull thoughts? What woman, or man either, dislikes to be admired? Who objects to a complimentary speech, having no actual antipathy to the speaker? Who takes umbrage at kindness, or shows resentment at devotion? Not the woman, or man either, whose heart is worth a pumpkin.

Away then with these traditional distinctions. Sons and daughters of Eve and Adam, we are all emanations of the same creative will—we are all branches of the great tree of life. Man is but a coarse copy of woman. He has been drawn in chalk; she in pencil. When the snorting moralist says deprecatingly, "All women are vain, accessible to flattery, and fond of admiration," let him add—"all men are the same," and his sentence will, at least, be complete. There are male as well as female peacocks in the world, or how could we keep up our supply of fine feathers?

If truth must be told, Ruth did not allow much thought of the young doctor to occupy her mind. The returning health of her brother—his mere presence—filled her bosom with so much happiness, that it had no room for any other emotion. She had but two longings unsatisfied: one that looked towards Sundown, the other towards Switzerland. There were only two persons wanting to complete the little circle of which her heart was the centre—Aunt Susan and George. She had written to the former, inviting her over to Paris,

but the old lady had declined, on account of her delicate health. Aunt Susan had urged her dear children, however, to be very happy without her, and not to hurry back to Sundown.

"I am not alone," she wrote, "for in my thoughts you are ever by my side; and even in my dreams I hear the music of your cheerful voices. Stay, therefore, in Paris; stay, my dearest children, as long as your inclinations prompt."

But George! How was it that he neither came nor wrote? Ruth's letter had been sent off to him nearly ten days. True, the distance was not trifling; still a reply ought to have reached Paris in far less time than that. Could Emile have played the negligent a second time? No; that was scarcely probable. He was much too careful and attentive to drop letters into the gutter now instead of the post. How, then, was George's silence to be explained?

"It's very strange he does not write!" said Ruth, as they all sat together one evening after a visit to Sevres and St. Cloud.

"When did you write to him?" inquired her brother.

"On the first, and it's now the fifteenth."

"It is strange," replied Fred. "I tell you what, Ruth, if we do not hear from him to-morrow, I will adopt the plan you adopted towards me—send a telegraphic message, and inquire the reason of his silence. I hope his father is not worse."

"Had he been so M. George would certainly have written," observed Lanfrey.

"Yes, you're right," said Fred; "but, perhaps, George himself is ill;" and as this supposition seemed by no means unreasonable, it had a depressing effect upon the little party, checking all further conversation upon the subject.

Fortunately, however, George was in as good health as ever, and his father had had no relapse. That very evening all anxiety upon these points was effectually set at rest. In fact, about an hour after this conversation had ceased, there came a gentle rap at the door.

"*Entrez!*" exclaimed Fred, not turning round, for he imagined the visitor was merely Madame Dufour—at so late a period of the evening they were not accustomed to be disturbed by anybody else. But the intruder made no sign.

"*Entrez!*" again exclaimed Fred, under the supposition that his previous invitation had not been heard.

The door opened, and an elderly man—to judge by his tottering step and stooping gait—entered the room. He was so muffled up, however, in a great coat and *coche-nez*, that his face was scarcely distinguishable.

"To whom have I the pleasure of speaking?" said Fred, rising and addressing the stranger, who stood utterly silent against the door.

"What, don't you know me, old fellow?" replied the person addressed, throwing off his coat and wrapper.

"Why, it's George!" exclaimed Fred and Ruth simultaneously, as they started forward with delight, and shook hands with their cousin, laughing heartily the while at the little trick he had played off upon them. Dr. Lanfrey imitated their merriment, but with less alacrity and satisfaction.

"Yes," said George, after he had returned the salutations of his friends, and answered the first eager ques-

tions put to him—"yes, I thought I would come upon you by surprise, without writing, or in any way preparing you for my arrival. I was too selfish to let the post be the bearer of my good news; so I've brought it myself. My father is quite restored to bodily health, though his mind is very much shaken. The doctors have decided that change of scene and of air are necessary for him; and they have recommended him accordingly to return to his native country."

"To England?" exclaimed the delighted Ruth, with a look of meaning in her glance.

"Yes. We have entirely given up our Swiss home, and at my suggestion are going to settle close to you at Rosefield, if we can find a house. My sister Hester was delighted, as I expected she would be, to visit England, and, above all, to live near Cousin Ruth and Aunt Susan. As for my poor father, he offered no objection, but, on the contrary, wept with almost childish joy at the prospect of returning to a country he had not seen for so many years."

"Oh this is indeed good news," said Ruth, with tears sparkling in her eyes, as she thus saw all the fond plans she had drawn out at Sundown unexpectedly on the point of realisation.

"But where are your father and sister?" inquired Fred, as delighted as his sister with the intelligence.

"Ah! where indeed!" demanded Ruth; "you have never been so unkind as to leave them behind?"

"No," replied George, "I came with them as far as Meaux, where they are going to stop for a week with a very old friend, and then come here and take possession of the lodgings I shall, in the mean time, have provided for them. In seven days from to-morrow I shall have the pleasure of introducing you to a new uncle and cousin."

"Oh, George, your news has made me so happy!" said Ruth, and she looked at her cousin with a fond yearning look that told even more plainly than her words, how deep was the rapture she experienced. His eyes met hers as she spoke, and their two hearts communed in silence through the glances each sent forth. Even Fred noticed the glistening radiance that lighted up his sister's face, and found its reflection on the face of George. For the first time he saw that love had been busy with their hearts, and smiled with contentment at his penetration.

Some one else saw it also, but with very different feelings.

"What, going already, Lanfrey?" said Fred, observing that the doctor was preparing to depart.

"Yes, I have an appointment which I had forgotten," replied the young man, with a ghastly pallor on his cheeks. "I must really be gone. Excuse my hasty departure. Adieu; good evening, Mademoiselle; good evening, M. Fred."

And before they could hinder him he had saluted them all, and left the room.

"How strange his manner was," said Fred, "I never saw him look so odd before."

"I think he must have suddenly felt ill," remarked George, who had observed Lanfrey's tremulous voice and bloodless cheek.

Poor Lanfrey was, indeed, ill! Sick at heart with the terrible sickness we have all suffered at some period

of our lives. In a single moment the passion he had allowed to take root in his mind during the last fortnight had been torn up—harshly, violently torn up and scattered to the winds. One little glance upon Ruth's face as she gazed upon her cousin had told him all.

He was walking now in the deep shadow of the river's bank, racked by the tortures of disappointed hope.

CHAPTER XXI.

Miss Mary Trueman soon regained the calm and cheerfulness which had usually distinguished her at Sundown. When she had slept away the fatigues of her journey through one or two nights of good repose—when she had somewhat forgotten the spiteful and unmanly conduct of the Boulogne douanier—above all, when she had grown quite convinced of the fact that Paris was not a desert island peopled with painted savages, but a civilised, and, withal, far from ugly city, she was completely restored to mental composure. Indeed, though many a thorn wounded her native prejudices day by day, the roses which grew up in connexion with them more than made amends for the pain she suffered. In the first place, she had scarcely anything to do; for Madame Dufour performed the greater part of the domestic duties of Ruth's little household. In the next place, she was allowed to go out almost as often as she pleased, under the escort of John Plumber, who made himself so smart on these occasions, and displayed so much honest and delicate gallantry, that the Sundown maid-servant soon began to like her change of life, and to feel quite aristocratically fashionable. Hanging on the arm of the old gardener, and with a parasol to screen her from the sun, she sauntered almost every afternoon into the garden of the Tuileries, and thence to the Rond Point of the Champs Elysées, with a graceful negligence of manner that would have made all the nursery-maids in Paris die with envy, could they but have imagined the young girl was nothing more than a mere domestic like themselves. In fact, if dress alone could be taken as evidence, it was difficult to suppose that Miss Mary was not as much of a lady as her mistress. In default of the stuff gown left behind, she wore one of silk belonging to Ruth; a fashionable bonnet, bought in the Palais Royal since arrival, and a grey mantle of Sundown make. Add to these articles of attire a pair of bracelets large enough to serve as Neapolitan fetters, and a neck-chain that would have won the heart of Pocahontas herself, and the list of Mary's external adornments is complete. No wonder that, decked out and caparisoned in these feminine trappings, she strolled along the Parisian promenades with much inward self-satisfaction, and looked down with true Britannic scorn upon the humble French handmaiden, forbidden by the very nature of their position to wear anything but homely bombazine, or to display upon their heads any other covering than an ugly linen night-cap. Miss Trueman never felt the moral superiority of her nation so satisfactorily as in these pleasure rambles.

"What a set of trollops!" she would contemptuously say to John, as they walked among the army of nurses who always take the Tuileries by storm on a fine afternoon. "Why! they are all as flat-footed as beetles;

and then did any one ever see such *frightful* caps?"

Honest John, who thought the French servants looked very nice, and that their clean linen caps and collars were much pleasanter to gaze upon than the mouldy old shawls and rusty bonnets he had seen many English domestics wear, never made any audible reply to these observations of his companion; but grunted out a grunt, that was susceptible of any interpretation the hearers might think fit to place upon it. Sooth to say, when the old gardener had got over his first bewilderment upon finding himself in the midst of a foreign city—when all ideas of the tomahawk and the scalping-knife had passed from his mind—when he had looked Frenchmen full in the face, and found that they were the same in dress, manner, and aspect as his own countrymen, he experienced genuine pleasure at almost everything he saw, mingled with a sentiment of humility at the helpless position in which he was placed, from ignorance of the language spoken around him. There was only one subject on his mind to take away from the gratification he felt; and that subject had "Tom" as a centre, round which anxiety revolved. John feared that, left to himself, or at best with but an indifferent protector, the vagrant animal would fall into bad habits; or get into scrapes with his neighbours; or go off upon suspicious pleasure parties; or be placed in the pound, or in some other way come to grief. Concerning the boy Bill, however, he was quite at ease.

"He's all right," John would say, with a grin. "He won't come to no harm, except p'rhaps from over-gorging hisself. How that ere lad will cram, with no father nigh at hand to lay a stopper on his extravagant voracity. I'd give somethin' to see him stowing away his dumplings when he fancied nobody's eye was on him. He'd bust a wane to-morrow, that he would, if dough was as nutritious as steak."

Whenever John carried up letters from Sundown to Ruth or Fred, he invariably stopped to hear news of Tom; and as Aunt Susan frequently devoted several lines to the humble animal, the old gardener was kept pretty well informed of his doings and misdoings. Unfortunately the latter were for some time in the ascendant. Thus, in one week, the rebellious beast had trespassed into a neighbour's field, and been caught in the act of munching that neighbour's turnips with the most callous disregard of right; he had kicked down a good part of the wall of his stable; and had savagely bitten, without provocation or known cause of quarrel, Farmer Turner's old sow. Here was a calendar of offences committed by a single criminal in a single week!

"The old warmin," exclaimed John, when he heard of his beast's misconduct. "Arter all the lessons I've give him, to think of his running on in this year style. It's aggravating to think of that old fellow going so wrong at his time o' life."

Fortunately, however, subsequent news of Tom intimated that the abandoned animal had shown signs of contrition for his reprehensible conduct, and that, as if to make amends for past misdeeds, he had become much more quiet and orderly than usual. John's mind was thenceforth set at rest, and he was able to enjoy Paris life without any disturbing influences to interfere with the gratification he had a right to experience.

Nearly every afternoon John Plumber and Miss Mary Trueman were to be seen in the most delightful promenade of the French capital, with countenances expressive of great inward satisfaction. Mary's face, indeed, began to wear such a fresh, healthful, and enticing look that the English grooms belonging to the livery stables of the Champs Elysées were specially fascinated by it. Indeed, seven of these equestrian gentlemen came separately and privately to the conclusion that "that English gal was a clipper and no mistake!" for they could see in an instant by the bloom of her complexion to what country Mary belonged. Six of these critics, blinded by jealousy and covetousness, formed the opinion—still in the same secret and individual manner—that John Plumber was the "English gal's" husband; and whereas a small minority of two set him down as a "lucky old trump" to possess so young and pretty a wife, the remaining four indignantly designated him as a "silly old idiot," and for exactly the same reason. One, and one only, reserved judgment upon this important point. Mr. William Watts, such was his name, had been the first to admire Mary, but he was the last to come to a conclusion as to the position she occupied with respect to her companion.

"He's old enough to be her father," said this reflective observer to himself, "but that's no reason why he mayn't be spliced to her. Age don't turn a billy-goat into a camel-leopard, or make a reasonable being out of a jackass. I must look again."

And so, day after day, when John and Mary sat down upon the first seat, just beyond the Rond Point, and looked upon the long double line of carriages passing along the magnificent avenue, this wary scrutiniser hovered near, but apparently so abstracted and ruminating that no one would have supposed for an instant he was occupied with the pitiful subjects of this mundane sphere. Yet all the while Mr. Watts was profoundly cogitating the great question within his mind, and noting at every instant such indications as might help him to a conclusion.

"He may be her uncle, or her cousin, or her brother-in-law, or her father, or even her grandfather," he at length said, giving John a wide margin of relationship, "but he ain't her *husband*. Husbands, when fresh, are more skittish, and when used to harness, go a deal steadier than he does. I wouldn't mind betting a brown that he ain't married to her, and never means to be."

Mr. Watts, though profoundly convinced of his own sagacity, was not by any means satisfied with the negative result it led to in the present instance. It was but of little consolation for him to have arrived at the truth, if the truth were to remain without fruit. And yet, as he justly said, what could it matter to him whether the young girl was single or married; a spinster or a widow; or whether her companion was or was not a relation. It was evidently absurd to give any more thought to the matter. Of course when Mr. Watts had arrived at this sensible conclusion, he accorded to the subject more attention than ever; and, of course, on the very day he had determined to give no further heed to Mary and John, he found himself strolling in the Champs Elysées just as they arrived and took possession of their customary seat. How remarkable it was, though, that immediately after they had sat down,

fatigue seemed suddenly to creep over the limbs of the young groom, and to render them incapable of further exertion. But more remarkable was it, that after glancing in the direction of the Arc de l'Etoile, as if he contemplated refreshing himself upon the summit of that magnificent structure, and then towards the Place de la Concorde, as though looking in the midst of that open space for the accommodation of which he was in search—Mr. Watts suddenly discovered, by the merest accident, as it appeared, the seat upon which Mary and John had placed themselves, and at once took up position by their side. As he did so common politeness urged him, of course, to raise his hat and to salute with much graciousness the young girl and her guardian. Mary was charmed by a mark of attention she had never received in her native land, and inwardly decided that the stranger was "a most gentlemanly young man." John, however, was less easily led into favourable judgments. He was shy, too, of casual acquaintances, always having a suspicion that his watch and purse were the objects of any undue civility from a stranger. Even when he had no money about him, or anything worth stealing, he always entertained fears lest he might be robbed by the cards or loaded dice, with which he had heard that unsuspecting provincials were so frequently entrapped. When, therefore, Mr. William Watts followed up the evident advantage he had gained, by blandly looking towards John, with a glance in which it was impossible not to see "Nice day, sir," inscribed, the old gardener suddenly became absorbed in the contemplation of a dashing phaeton and pair, which passed at that moment, and gazed after horses and vehicle until his face was completely turned away from the young groom. It was not until his neck began to feel as though on the point of dislocation that he brought it back to something like its former position.

Mr. Watts was not a man to lose an opportunity, so he profited by the return movement to say, in a very respectful tone, "English?"

"Yea, sir," replied John, but with Arctic coldness of manner.

An ordinary questioner would have been rebuffed by this chilling reception; but Mr. Watts, to use his own expression, "was not easily floored," so he returned to the charge with great gallantry.

"Long in Paris, sir?" he asked, with as much urbanity as ever, but steadily avoiding all glance at Mary.

"About a fortnight," was John's reply, as civil, but as cool as ever.

"Charming city," exclaimed Mr. Watts, with rapture.

"Uncommon," replied John, and here the conversation ended. Mr. Watts was compelled, in fact, now to admit that the operation of flooring had been successfully performed upon him. There was no getting over the dignified reserve of a man so many years his senior. Youth was abashed in the presence of age. The old gardener, though exceedingly modest in disposition, was, as most modest men are, amazingly firm when occasion demanded. He had displayed this quality in the present instance so unmistakeably that Mr. Watts had no course open but retreat. He was not annoyed, however, or disheartened. On the contrary, filled with new courage, he determined to renew his attack when

opportunity should serve. "Better luck next time," he said to himself, and then began tapping the top of his boot with a little cane, and humming an English air with the nonchalance of a dandy from the Boulevard de Gand. When John had thus effectually stopped the stranger's loquacity, he felt rather sorry than otherwise, for there was an honest open look about the groom's cleanly-shaven face which spoke irresistibly of good conduct and moral excellence. His tight-fitting brown trowsers; his long waistcoat buttoned up to the throat; his spruce sporting coat similarly fastened, and adorned with a little sprig in the top button-hole; his bright blue neck-scarf, with white spots, so nicely set off by the fox-head pin which adorned its elegant knot; and lastly, his perpendicular hat, so jauntily balanced on the side of his head, all showed that the young man belonged to a respectable and decent calling, which had nothing in common with skittle sharpening, hocussing, or cheating at cards. It was too late, however, to undo what had been done, so John Plumber maintained the silence he had imposed upon himself, not, however, without a secret hope that the groom would again commence conversation. At this, however, Mr. Watts, in ignorance of the favourable change which had been operated in the other's mind, made no attempt. So after they had sat thus for about half an hour, John and Mary rose and departed.

The disappointed groom followed them with his eyes until they were lost among the throng of promenaders, and then surrendered himself to his reflections.

"A touch of the Gaffer Grey about him," Mr. Watts said to himself, "but holds his head well, and isn't vicious. Bred somewhere west, I should say. Uncommon shy, and don't like strangers. Well, he's right. I don't like 'em either. So her name's Mary, is it? and a very pretty name it is, and a very pretty young person, too. Exceeding genteel. I wonder whether they'll come here to-morrow?"

As Mr. Watts was engaged in wondering with but very vague results, his foot struck against something on the ground, with a sound that street pebbles in concussion with boot leather rarely give forth.

"Well, I never!" he exclaimed, with a string of unmeaning invectives against his organs of sight utterly needless to repeat, as he stooped and picked up a purse. "Well, I never! Why, the old gentleman has dropped his money box. Here's luck: Now, if I can only overtake my venerable friend, Mr. Gaffer Grey, and hand him over this, I shall have played a trump-card, I fancy."

And Mr. Watts, quite recovered from the extraordinary fatigue he had lately experienced, rose with alacrity, and followed the path Mary and John had taken. By great good fortune he overtook them just as they were turning off by the Place de la Concorde to cross the river. A few minutes later, and all traces of them would have been lost. Evidently the young groom was the object of their conversation, for as Mr. Watts approached he distinctly heard Mary say—

"It was wrong of you to be so uncivil to him, for I'm sure he meant well; and there could have been no harm in answering him politely."

What the contrite John would have replied to this observation cannot be stated, for at that moment he was

touched upon the shoulder, and driven out of all mental control by finding himself, on turning round, face to face with the person whose merits were just then under discussion.

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Watts, removing his hat, "but is this your purse? I found it under my foot a few minutes after you and the young lady left."

John recognised his property at once, but felt in his pocket to make quite sure. The emptiness of that receptacle was evidence which could not be resisted, so he eagerly acknowledged his claims to proprietorship.

"I'm very much obligated to you, sir," the old fellow said, with true gratitude in his tones. "There ain't much in it, but still it would have been a loss to me. It was exceeding civil of you to take so much trouble."

"Not at all; not at all," replied Mr. Watts, waving off thanks with his riding cane. "Where are you hanging out?" he inquired, as if to change the conversation.

"Well, we're stopping in the Roo Bonypart, sir, if you know where that is."

"O, I know it well enough—just across the river. There ain't many places in this city I don't know."

"You've been a long time in Paris, I suppose, sir?"

"A matter of nine year, come next Midsummer. A long while that for a man to be away from his country at one spell. A very long time," Mr. Watts repeated with melancholy emphasis.

"Aye. I s'pose, sir, you'd like to see old England agin now?"

"Well, I ain't soft or spooney. A man in my walk of life can't afford to be. Still, if any individual person were to say to me, 'Watts, are you ready to bolt?'—'Ready' 's the word I should reply, and start off at a hand-gallop. But when a fellow gets fixed in a foreign city, what's he to do? If I went back to London to-morrow the Lord Mayor wouldn't invite me to dine with him at the Mansion House; the metropolis wouldn't rush into my arms, and say, 'Welcome, Watts, you're back among us once again!'—there wouldn't even be a general illumination in honour of my arrival if I showed up. I should have to begin at the beginning like the merest country rough. So I stop where I am; but I get savage sometimes when I think of the time I'm throwing away here."

"Do you like the French, sir?" inquired John, who did not know what sort of reply to make to the profoundly melancholy observation just given.

"Like the French!" exclaimed Mr. Watts fiercely, and with a wild chuckling laugh. "Like the French?" he repeated, with sharp and savage energy; "Hate 'em. They rile me more and more every day. I can't bear 'em. Faugh!"

Here Mr. Watts gave expression to such a remarkable sound of contempt, disgust, and hatred, that poor John was even more at a loss than before what reply to make. Fortunately, however, the young groom neither needed nor expected any answer to his observations; but still chafing with rage, walked in silence for a minute or two by the side of John, as though preparing for a grand discharge, which would enable him to vent forth all his scorn and indignation at once.

"Look here!" said he, stopping suddenly, as they reached the quay, and glancing over the balustrade.

"Look here!" he repeated, clutching John's arm, "do you see that river?" and he pointed to the Seine, just then very full and rapid.

"Yes," replied the old gardener, not without some apprehension, from the other's manner, that he was going to jump in.

"Well! that river's fairly broad, isn't it? and tolerably deep—and you'd suppose was a very useful river, would n't you?"

"Sartainly," said John, looking out in terror for the preliminary leap.

"Of course you would, and so would anybody. Well, it's nothing of the sort. That river's nigh upon being as useless as a duck-pond. It's always too high or too low. In summer the barges can't navigate it because there's not enough water; in winter, because there's too much, they can't get under the bridges. In spring and autumn it's sometimes what it ought to be, and sometimes it isn't. There's no more dependence to be placed upon that river than upon a fine day or a pretty woman. One moment it overflows its banks, and sweeps away houses, people, bridges, and growing crops, the next it dribbles down into a wretched, stagnant, useless, indolent mill-stream, not fit for anything."

"Well, sir, that river's the French! They're always in extremes; always too high or too low. In '89 they got very high indeed. It was a regular flood, that nothing could stand against. Then come Bonyparty the First, and they gradually sunk and sunk, until, in 1815, they reached low-water-mark. Ever since then it has been much the same see-saw game. In '30 another rise; for some time afterwards a pretty steady current; in '48 another tremendous overflow; and now, in '56, not enough water again. And so it'll always be, I suppose, until some fine day the river will rise higher and higher, carry away all before it, and never return again to its natural channel."

Mr. Watts had worked himself up to such a pitch of excitement in describing, after his own peculiar manner, the political vicissitudes of the French nation, that he was ashamed now of his own emotion. Hurriedly apologising, therefore, to Mary and John for the warmth he had displayed, the young man once more raised his hat, and bowing with much politeness took his leave, literally and figuratively carried away by the force of his sentiments.

When he had proceeded a few steps, however, a thought seemed to strike him, and he returned.

"If I can do anything for you at any time," he said, "I shall be very happy. You know where I'm fostered, Curtis and Wainwright's Livery Stables, Champs Elysées. Curtis is dead, and there never was a Wainwright. But that's the name over the door. If you like to give me a call I'm always at home until twelve."

Saying this, Mr. Watts finally withdrew, without listening to the thanks his offers elicited.

"A very extraordinary agreeable young man, and exceeding clever," said John Plumber.

"Quite an historical young man," said Mary, who had been struck dumb with admiration at Mr. Watts's knowledge.

And she thought of nothing but the "historical young man" for many days afterwards.

[To be continued.]

THE WEARY REASSURED.

WHEN Art summons the ideal to glorify the real, and to reassure, refine, and elevate the mind, it presents itself to us in its highest capacity, and sheds its influence in the most pure form. Its dominion then extends to the spiritual as well as to the material elements of our nature, and a light divine is evolved. In the design engraved on the other side from a charming though small bas-relief by Mr. J. Edwards, Robert-street, Hampstead-road, this two-fold province of art is seen in the chaste and simple way which sculpture admits of. According to the sculptor's own explanation of the design, it is not an illustration of any particular passage from an author, but is intended to represent an intelligent and a good man, denoted by the character of his head and countenance and by the book in his hand, who has been for a moment prostrated in spirit by repeated disappointments and ingratitude in his endeavours to contribute to the well-being and happiness of some of his fellow-beings. In this prostrated state he throws himself on his couch, sighing almost despairingly, "What's the use!" He then slumbers—a black cloud seems to gather before his mental eye, corresponding with the temporary darkness of his own mind. This cloud, however, soon opens, and lo! in the midst of it an angel of light appears. It has in one hand the *Lilium eximium*, emblematical of the purity and majesty of mind wherewith the heavenly messenger has to reinvigorate the weary one, and to reimburse his spirit with the wisdom and steady perseverance that can "Learn to labour and to wait"—to "Work and despair not." Above the head of the angel the star of hope shines and the symbol of eternity beams, while the countenance, it may be fancied, glows with celestial splendour. The right hand points heavenward, and the prostrated man is thrilled with holy delight, his mind becomes all a-glow as with a "bright affluence of bright essence increate," while some such inspired words as the following may sound to his mental ear like the music of the spheres:—"They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever!" The "solemn vision" then disappears, and the weary one rises reassured. He puts on "the armour of light," humbly determining that "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report," these things he will try to do, that the God of peace may be with him, and that his fellow-beings may derive advantage from earnest endeavours. This is not the only admirable idea ably designed and executed by the same sculptor.

"Mr. Edwards, a native of Merthyr Tydvil, is a young sculptor, whose works," says the Art Journal, "in the Royal Academy have in more than one instance called forth our special approbation; he possesses talents of no common order, which only require a prominent field of labour, and to be more widely known, to be fully appreciated. His mind appears amply stored with such qualifications as are essential to make a great artist, and there is little doubt of his becoming one, with suitable

opportunities for developing what is in him. Mr. Edwards has already done good service: a very beautiful example of monumental sculpture from his chisel, is erected in memory of the late Right Hon. Sir J. B. Bosanquet, one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas, in the Church of Dingestow, Monmouthshire. He has executed monuments to the sixth and seventh Dukes of Beaufort, and is at present, we believe, engaged upon a similar memorial of the late Duchess of Beaufort. In St. Botolph's Church, Colchester, is also an elegant monument from his chisel to the memory of W. Hawkins, Esq., and two of his children; another at Berechurch, Essex, to Mrs. White; besides others we have not space to point out. Among the ideal subjects for reliefs and statues which he has exhibited at the Royal Academy and the Industrial Exhibition of 1851, we may name 'The last Dream,' 'The Daughter of the Dawn,' 'The Spirit ascending,' 'The Weary reassured,' 'A Philosopher instructing a Youth,' and 'The High Priest-Priest of Science.'"

MOONLIGHT LOVE.

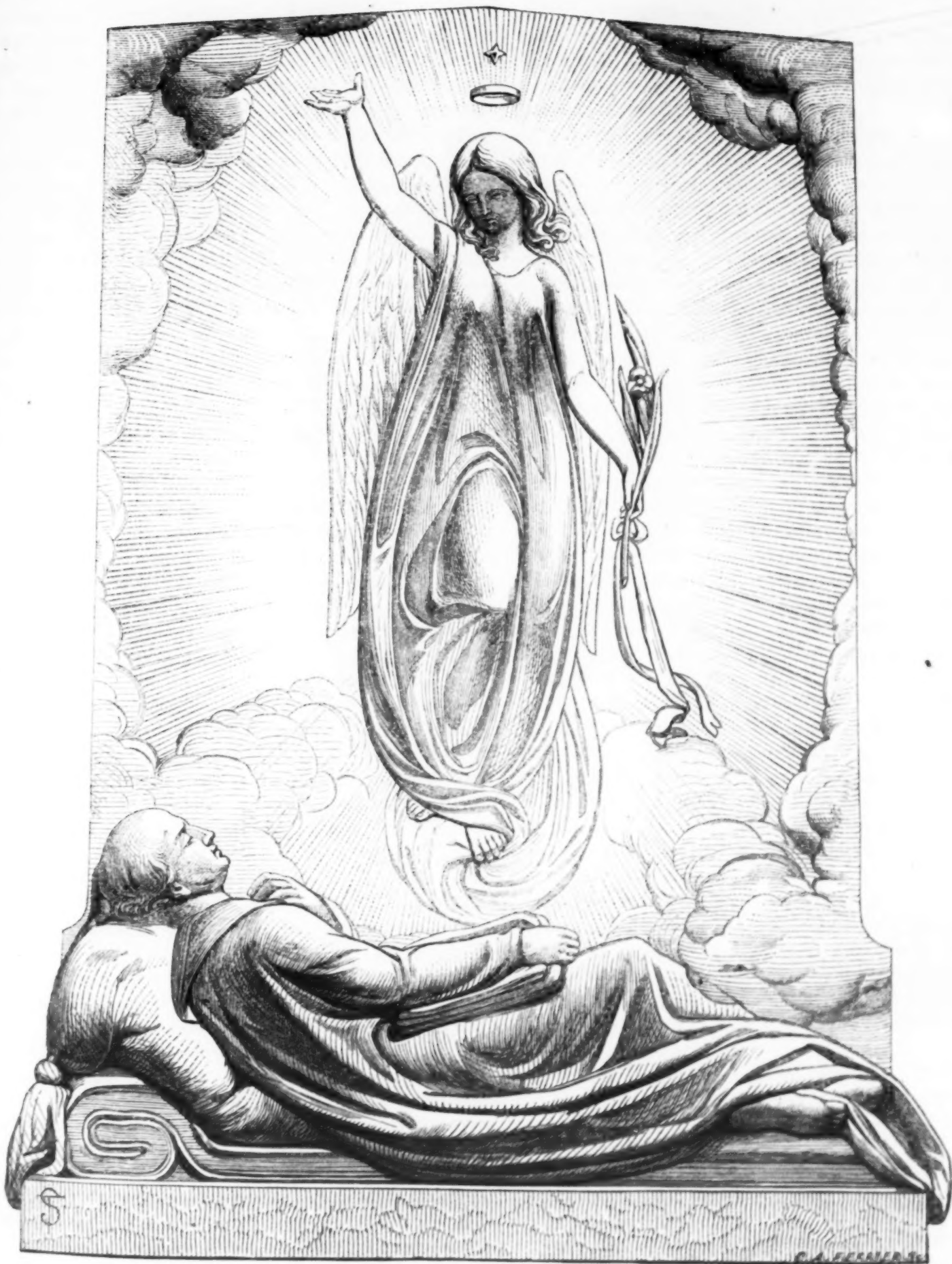
It was born of the moonlight—a perishing gleam;
What wonder, my love, that 'twas only a dream—
A vanishing dream—a beautiful part
Of the infinite love that lives in the heart!

It was born of the moonlight—a delicate ray;
What wonder, my love, that it faded away,
Mid the glitter and glare of a wearisome life
Of innermost passion and outward strife!

Sweet as the scent of a delicate flower,
'Twas the fragrant breath of an indolent hour;
It lived, and it died—O, say not in vain,
While linked with a smile and unmixed with a pain!

NEWSPAPER PEOPLE.

WHAT would the Englishman do without his newspaper I cannot imagine. The sun might just as well refuse to shine, as the press refuse to turn out its myriads of newspapers. Conversation would cease at once. Brown, with his morning paper in his hand, has very decided opinions indeed,—can tell you what the French Emperor is about,—what the Pope will be compelled to do,—what is the aim of Sardinia,—and what is Austria's little game. I dined at Jenkins' yesterday, and for three hours over the wine I was compelled to listen to what I had read in that morning's *Times*. The worst of it was, that when I joined the ladies I was no better off, as the dear creatures were full of the particulars of the grand Rifle Ball. When I travel by the rail, I am gratified with details of divorce cases—of terrible accidents—of dreadful shipwrecks—of atrocious murders—of ingenious swindling, all brought to light by means of the press. What people could have found to talk about before the invention of newspapers, is beyond my limited comprehension. They must have been a dull set in those dark days: I suppose the farmers and country gentlemen talked of bullocks, the trades-people about trade, the ladies about fashions, and cookery, and the plague of bad



THE WEARY REASSURED.

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servants. We are wonderfully smarter now, and shine, though it be with a borrowed light.

A daily newspaper is to a man of my way of thinking one of the most wonderful phenomena of these latter days. It is a crown of glory to our land. It is true, in some quarters, a contrary opinion is held. "The press," Mr. David Urquhart very seriously tells us, "is an invention for the development of original sin." In the opinion of that amiable cynic, the late Mr. Henry Drummond, a newspaper is but a medium for the circulation of gossip; but, in spite of individuals, the general fact remains that the press is not merely a wonderful organization, but an enormous power in any land—in ours most of all, where public opinion rules more or less directly. Our army in the Crimea was saved by the *Times*. When the *Times* turned, free-trade was carried. The *Times* not long since made a panic, and securities became in some cases utterly unsaleable, and some seventy stockbrokers were ruined. The *Times* says we don't want a Reform Bill, and Lord John can scarce drag his measure through the Commons. But it is not of the power, but of the organization of the press I would speak. According to geologists, ages passed away before this earth of ours became fit for human habitation; volcanic agencies were previously to be in action—plants and animals, that exist not now, were to be born, and live, and die—tropical climates were to become temperate, and oceans solid land. In a similar way, the newspaper is the result of agencies and antecedents almost equally wondrous and remote. For ages have science and nature and man been preparing its way. Society had to become intellectual—letters had to be invented—types had to be formed—paper had to be substituted for papyrus—the printing press had to become wedded to steam—the electric telegraph had to be discovered, and the problem of liberty had to be solved, in a manner more or less satisfactory, before a newspaper, as we understand the word, could be; and that we have the fruit of all this laid on our breakfast table every morning, for at the most fivepence, and at the least one penny, is wonderful indeed. But instead of dwelling on manifest truisms, let us think awhile of a newspaper office and those who do business there. Externally, there is nothing remarkable in a newspaper office. You pass by at night, and see many windows lighted with gas, that is all. By daylight there is nothing to attract curiosity, indeed in the early part of the day there is little going on at a newspaper office. When you and I are hard at work newspaper people are enjoying their night; when you and I are asleep, they are hard at work for us. They have a hot-house appearance, and are rarely octogenarians. The conscientious editor of a daily newspaper can never be free from anxiety. He has enough to do to keep all to their post; he must see that the leader writers are all up to the mark—that the reporters do their duty—that the literary critic, and the theatrical critic, and the musical critic, and the city correspondent, and the special reporter, and the host of nameless contributors, do not disappoint or deceive the public, and that every day the daily sheet shall have something in it to excite, or inform, or improve. But while you and I are standing outside, the editor, in some remote suburb, is, it may be, dreaming of pleasanter things than politics and papers. One man,

however, is on the premises, and that is the manager. He represents the proprietors, and is, in his sphere, as great a man as the editor. It is well to be deferential to the manager. He is a wonder in his way,—literary man, yet man of business. He must know everybody, be able at a moment's notice to pick the right man out, and send him, it may be, to the Antipodes. Of all events that are to come off in the course of the year, unexpected or the reverse, he must have a clear and distinct perception, that he may have eye-witnesses there for the benefit of the British public. He, too, must contrive so that out-goings shall not exceed receipts, and that the paper pay. He must be active, wide-awake, possessed of considerable tact, and if, when an Irish gentleman, with a big stick, calls and asks to see the editor or manager, he knows how to knock a man down, so much the better. Of course, managers are not required for the smaller weeklies. In some of the offices there is very little subdivision of labour. The editor writes the leaders and reviews, and the sub-editor does the paste and scissors work. But let us return to the daily paper;—outside of the office of which we have been so rude as to leave the reader standing all this while.

At present there is no sign of life. It is true already the postman has delivered innumerable letters from all quarters of the globe—that the electric telegraph has sent its messages—that the railways have brought their despatches—that the publishers have furnished books of all sorts and sizes for review—and that tickets from all the London exhibitions are soliciting a friendly notice. There let them lie unheeded, till the coming man appears. Even the publisher, who was here at five o'clock in the morning, has gone home: only a few clerks, connected with the financial department of the paper, or to receive advertisements, are on the spot. We may suppose that somewhere between one and two the first editorial visit will be paid, and that then this chaos is reduced to order; and that the ideas, which are to be represented in the paper of to-morrow, are discussed, and the daily organs received, and gossip of all sorts from the clubs—from the house—from the city—collected and condensed; a little later perhaps assistants arrive—one to cull all the sweets from the provincial journals—another to look over the files of foreign papers—another it may be to translate important documents. The great machine is now getting steadily at work. Up in the composing room are printers already fingering their types.

In the law courts, a briefless barrister is taking notes—in the police courts, reporters are at work, and far away in the city, "our city correspondent" is collecting the commercial news of the hour—and in all parts of London penny-a-liners, like eagles scenting carrion, are ferreting out for particulars of the last "extraordinary elopement," or "romantic suicide." The later it grows the more gigantic becomes the pressure. The parliamentary reporters are now furnishing their quota; gentlemen who have been assisting at public dinners come redolent of postprandial eloquence, which has to be reduced to sense and grammar. It is now midnight, and yet we have to wait the arrival of the close of the parliamentary debate, on which the editor must write a leader before he leaves; and the theatrical critic's verdict on the new play. In the mean while the fore-

man of the printers takes stock, being perfectly aware that he cannot perform the wonderful feat of making a pint bottle hold a quart. Woe is me! he has already half a dozen columns in excess. What is to be done? Well, the literature must stand over, that's very clear,—then those translations from the French will do to-morrow, and this report will also not hurt by delay—as to the rest, that must be cut down and still further condensed; but quickly, for time is passing, and we must be on the machine at three. Quickly fly the minutes—hotter becomes the gas-lit room—wearier the editorial staff. But the hours bring relief. The principal editor has done his leader and departed—the assistants have done the same—so have the reporters, only the sub-editor remains, and as daylight is glimmering in the east, and even fast London is asleep, he quietly lights a cigar, and likewise departs; the printers will follow as soon as the forms have gone down, and the movements below indicate that the machine, by the aid of steam, is printing.

We have thus seen most of the newspaper people off the premises. As we go out into the open air, we may yet find a few of them scorning an ignoble repose. For instance, there is the penny-a-liner—literally he is not a penny-a-liner, as he is generally paid three-farthings a line, and very good pay that is, as the same account, written on very thin paper called flimsy, is left at all the newspaper offices, which, if they all insert, they all pay for, and one short tale may put the penny-a-liner in funds for a week. The penny-a-liner has long been the butt of a heartless world. He ought to be a cynic, and I fear is but an indifferent Christian, and very so so as head of a family. His appearance is somewhat against him, and his antecedents are eccentric; his face has a beery appearance; his clothes are worn in defiance of fashion: neither his hat nor his boots would be considered by a swell as the correct stilton; you would scarce take him as the representative of the potent fourth estate. Yet penny-a-liners rise; one of them is now the editor of a morning paper; another is the manager of a commercial establishment, with a salary of almost a thousand a year; but chiefly, I imagine, they are jolly good fellows going down the hill. Charles Lamb said he never greatly cared for the society of what are called good people. The penny-a-liners have a similar weakness; they are true Bohemians, and are prone to hear the chimes at midnight. Literally, they take no thought for to-morrow, and occasionally are put to hard shifts. Hence it is sub-editors have to be on their guard with their dealings with them. Their powers of imagination and description are great. They are prone to harrow up your souls with horrors that never existed; and as they are paid by the line, a harsh prosaic brevity is by no means their fault. Occasionally they take in the papers. Not long since a most extraordinary breach of promise case went the round of the evening papers, which was entirely a fiction of the penny-a-liners. Yet let us not think disparagingly of them—of a daily newspaper no small part is the result of their diligent research. And if they do occasionally indulge in fiction their fictions are generally founded on fact. The reader, if he be a wise man, will smile and pass on—a dull dog will take the matter seriously and make an ass of himself. For instance, only this very year there

was a serious controversy about Disraeli's literary piracies, as they were called in the *Manchester Examiner*. It appears a paragraph was inserted in an obscure London journal giving an account of an evening party at Mr. Gladstone's, at which Mr. Disraeli had been present—an event just as probable as that the Bishop of Oxford would take tea at Mr. Spurgeon's. Mr. Disraeli's remarks were reported, and the paragraph—notwithstanding its glaring absurdity—was quoted in the *Manchester Examiner*. Some acute reader remembered to have read a similar conversation attributed to Coleridge, and immediately wrote to the *Examiner* to that effect. The letter was unhandsomely inserted with a bold heading,—several letters were inserted on the same subject, and hence just because a poor penny-a-liner at his wits' end doctored up a little par, and attributed a very old conversation to Mr. Disraeli, the latter is believed in Cottonopolis guilty of a piracy, Cottonopolis being all the more ready to believe this of Mr. Disraeli, as the latter gentleman is at the head of a party not supposed to be particularly attached to the doctrines of what are termed the Manchester School. Really editors and correspondents should be up to these little dodges, and not believe all they see in print.

I would also speak of another class of newspaper people—the newspaper boy, agile as a lamp-lighter, sharp in his glances as a cat. The newspaper boy is of all ages from twelve to forty, but they are all alike, very disorderly and very ardent politicians; and while they are waiting in the publishing office for their papers they are prone to indulge in political gossip, after the manner of their betters at the west-end clubs. On the trial of Bernard, the excitement among the newspaper boys was very great. I heard some of them, on the last day of the trial, confess to having been too excited all that day to do anything; their admiration of the speech of Edwin James was intense. A small enthusiast near me said to another, "That ere James is the fellow to work 'em; didn't he pitch him to the hemperor."

"Yes," said a sadder and wiser boy; "yes, he's all werry well, but he'd a spoke on t'other side just as well if he'd been paid."

"No; would he?"

"Yes, to be sure."

"Well, that's wot I call swindling."

"No, it ain't. They does their best. Them as pays you, you works for."

Whether the explanation was satisfactory I can't say, as the small boy's master's name was called, and he vanished with "two quire" on his youthful head. But generally these small boys prefer wit to politics; they are much given to practical jokes at each other's expense, and have no mercy for individual peculiarities. Theirs is a hard life, from five in the morning, when the daily papers commence publishing, to seven in the evening, when the second edition of the *Sun* with the *Gazette* appears. What becomes of them when they cease to be newspaper boys, must be left to conjecture. Surely such riotous youths can never become tradesmen in a small way, retailers of greens, itinerant dealers in coal. Do not offend these gentry if you are a newspaper proprietor. Their power for mischief is great. At the *Illustrated News* office I have seen a policeman required to reduce them to order.

Finally, of all newspaper people, high or low, let me ask the public to speak charitably. They are hard-worked, they are not over-paid, and some of them die prematurely old. Ten years of night work in the office of a daily newspaper is enough to kill any man, even if he has the constitution of a horse; one can't get on without them; and it is a sad day for his family when Paterfamilias misses his paper. Whigs, tories, prelates, princes, valiant warriors, and great lawyers, are not so essential to the daily weal of the public, as newspaper people. In other ways they are useful—the great British naturalist, Mr. Yarell, was a newspaper vendor.

THE SOCIAL EVIL.

A TALE.

CAPTAIN ALFRED RAMSAY stood leaning over his dressing-table with a scowl on his forehead, and a curling-iron in his hand. One of his glossy, purple-black ringlets, fresh from the artistic hands of his hair-dresser, had taken a notion to straighten itself out in an audacious, unbecoming way, and this was what the scowl and the curling-iron were for. The table was littered up like any woman's; there were brushes and combs, bottles of hair-oil and Cologne, scissors, pin-cushions, and a thousand little knick-knacks essential to the making up of a fashionable toilet, but—as the advertisements have it—"too numerous to mention." A couple of dainty boxes, with French labels, stood side by side under the elegant little mirror. The oval covers were unscrewed and half-removed, and if one had been near enough to catch a glimpse of their contents, they might have taken a second suspicious glance at the brilliant white and red complexion of the young gentleman who stood there winding that refractory lock of hair round the curling-iron. Not that I would insinuate anything against the genuineness of the roses and lilies which blossomed so freshly between the enclosing hedge of whiskers and curls in the garden of the aforesaid young gentleman's face. Not I. I hold that truthfulness to nature is one of an author's first duties, and who ever heard of such a thing as any person, not strictly feminine, resorting to the beautifying influence of pearl-powder and rouge?

There the little oval boxes stood, however, with their covers unscrewed and half removed, and their Parisian inscriptions staring up saucily at the brilliant complexion above them, as though they could have told queer stories had they wished to, and preached queer sermons, and given queer advice. As if they could have said, and *would* have said it, too, only that their auditor understood nothing but English, and they talked nothing but French:

"Alfred Ramsay, you are a weak, vain fop of a fellow. You are effeminate—you are silly—you are insincere—your heart is as false as your complexion—as hollow, and unreliable, and easily twisted about as that lock of hair you are scowling at."

Perhaps they did manage to make themselves understood a little, for the young man suddenly gave an uneasy, downward glance, frowned, and pushed the

little oval boxes impatiently out of sight under a crumpled newspaper.

"Heigh-ho! Now for an hour or two at the Rag and Famish, and then an evening with Julia—charming Julia!"

These were his thoughts, not his words (for only children, and people innocent as children, are apt to talk aloud to themselves), as he laid down the curling-iron, and gave the finishing touch to his hair by smoothing it over with his jewelled hand.

"Beautiful Julia!" his thoughts ran on, "how the men envy me, and what would n't some of the dear creatures give to stand in my shoes—the affianced lover of one of the best matches in town this season."

A gleam of the rich September sunset shot in just then at a window of the luxuriously furnished room, and fluttered against the satin-papered wall. It looked like a little golden bird alighting there, ruffling its pretty plumage, and perching its rosy head on one side, as if it had a faculty of hearing the young man's unspoken thoughts, and had come in on purpose to listen.

"Jupiter! what would Julia say to see me now? (He was softening down the rather hectic brilliancy of one cheek with the corner of a dampened handkerchief.) Confound it, what a daub! But it's a poor rule that won't work both ways, and if she does n't come out once in a while with more colour than nature gave her, then I'm mistaken. She do n't think I know it though, any more than I think *she* knows that I am by nature as sallow as an East Indian, and as straight-haired as a cat. By the way, what fools the women are, to take so much pains to please us men, and what fools we men are to take equal pains to please *them*. I vow I would n't do it—I would be as indifferent as a stone—I would let paint and hair-oil and curling-tongs go to the — if it was n't that my purse was so mighty lean, and I must fatten it by marrying an heiress. O dear, why could n't I have been born rich instead of handsome?"

At this period of his thoughts he smiled a faint, sarcastic smile to himself, and the little golden bird, listening as it flitted softly along the satin-papered wall, grew pale with disgust or fright, and as he went on thinking his vain, selfish thoughts, it grew dimmer and dimmer, fluttering and shrinking away across the clusters of roses on the paper, still fluttering, and shrinking, and fading away, till at last its little pale, gold wings shut together languidly, the listening head drooped, and creeping into a dim corner of the chamber, it vanished altogether.

Perhaps if Captain Ramsay had watched his little timid visitor, instead of studying his mirror so attentively, and if his spiritual ear had been delicate enough to hear the divine song it sung, he would have washed the roses from his face, and straightened out his curling hair, for very shame—shame born of the dim perception that he was a most unmanly man. As it was, however, he only drew on his faultlessly fitting kid gloves, holding up his small hand before the glass as he did so to admire its feminine whiteness and size, set his hat stylishly over his curls, took up his fashionable walking stick, and giving it a nonchalant twirl, sauntered downstairs into Regent Street.

A little, thinly-clad figure, holding to its bosom a bundle that had a human look, as if it might be a baby,

fluttered timidly out from one of the dark, narrow by-streets, as he went along, and laid its hand on his arm—a thin, white, tremulous hand, that one might have taken for a snow-flake, and almost looked to see it melt in the warmth of the glossy broadcloth sleeve, to which it clung so shyly, yet so pleadingly.

"A few pennies, sir—my baby is starving."

There was a pitiful sadness in the sweet, faint voice, but nothing that should have made the hot, red blood dash up into Captain Ramsay's face, as it did, showing its crimson stain, even through pearl-powder and rouge.

"How dare you dog my steps in that way, you beggar?" he said, angrily shaking off the little hand as remorselessly as though it had been the snow-flake it looked. "This is the third time I have seen you to-day."

The girl's head, which had been drooped, as if for shame, during her appeal for charity, was lifted with a sudden start.

"Indeed—indeed I did not know who it was, Alfred! God knows I would rather starve than beg of you!"

And then the little slight, thinly-clad figure, holding its human-looking bundle to its bosom, fluttered and shrank away, as the sunshine had shrank away on the wall—fluttered and shrank away in the darkness and noise of the great crowded street—fluttered and shrank away, God only knows with what utter despair and weariness of heart and limbs!

Time hung heavily on Miss Julia Knowlton's hands. Time is apt to hang heavily, I believe, when young women are expecting their lovers, as Miss Julia was expecting hers.

The tiny hands of her jewelled watch (dear, busy, industrious hands—did they ever teach their wealthy, petted mistress, I wonder, the lesson of patience and faithful duty which those little golden pulses throbbed out day after day, and month after month!) indicated the hour of six, and Alfred was not coming till eight. Dear, dear, what a weary time it was to wait, Julia thought. She had yawned over her embroidery, bored herself almost to death at the piano (though she played only Alfred's favourite songs), got sleepy over the last fashion plates, and cross over the last novel. She had paced the long parlours up and down, not because she was impatient for his arrival (she was too well-bred to love him heartily enough and healthily enough for that), but because she was alone in the house, with only the stupid servants to keep her company, and could think of nothing better to busy herself about—walked till her dainty feet fairly ached with their restless pacing back and forth. Then she had stopped before one of the long mirrors and arranged and re-arranged, to suit her own capricious taste, the stylish braids of her abundant hair, petulantly wondering how much a fright her dressing-maid would make her, if left to herself. At length she made up her mind to call the maid, and take a turn in the garden of the square. She did, and felt all the better for it. As she came back there sat on the door-step—weary, and faint, and woe-begone—a young scared, tender-looking girl, for she was scarce a woman. A strange impulse came over the lady as she caught sight of the wayfarer's mournful face. Truly it was a striking face, with the roses blanched entirely out of the

waxen cheeks—with the light of all womanly faith, and joy, and hope faded from the melancholy eyes, as though drenched away by constant weeping, with the delicate lips quivering, as in a pallid supplication for rest and peace, and the soft hair astray about the temples, as beautifully and sadly golden as sunshine on new-made graves. O yes, what a very sweet, white, mournful face it was—so wan, so pleading, so wistful, and so weary, with such a forlorn, dejected, penitent expression lying about the young mouth, and over the low smooth brow, like a shadow! And what an old—old look it gave to the girlish countenance to have that little human bundle hugged to the youthful bosom beneath! The woman, as if ashamed, hurried away.

"Stop!" said the lady, "what do you want here?"

"I was merely resting myself, ma'am," was the reply.

"Poor thing!" Julia said, "poor thing! tell me your story; you have a story, I am sure."

"Not much—of—a—one—ma'am." Still more wearily and wanderingly came the faintly-spoken words, and still more thin and pallid for their utterance looked the attenuated face. "It is a—very—very—old—story, ma'am. I was so young—so silly—so vain—so credulous—"

She stopped there, raised her head a little, and withdrew the ragged covering from the tiny bundle nestling at her breast, revealing a baby face still more wan and sharp and pitiful than her own, and holding it forward a little more into the light (drooping her head as she did so), as though that would finish her story for her better than words.

"You were seduced, then!"

Seduced! What a hard, cold word it seemed, coming from those haughty lips, and what a wide gulf it fixed between those two young and beautiful women—so near together, because they were young and beautiful, and yet so infinitely far apart in the world's dimly-seeing eyes.

But the angel came down and troubled the waters of Julia Knowlton's heart once again. There came before her, while she stood there, the memory of a sweet story that has been handed down to us through the centuries—the story of the Magdalen of old—the penitent Magdalen, who found strength, and pardon, and peace, because of the holy, pitying love and tenderness of her Divine Brother and Saviour! Somehow, though Julia was a frivolous, giddy woman of the world, that memory touched and softened her heart.

"Poor child!" she said. "Poor child! poor child! I pity you from my heart. You have been sadly wronged. What is your baby's name, dear?"

The bent face lifted itself at the question, flamed all over for an instant with the sudden stain of shame, like snow turning blood-red under the sunset, then grew white with a whiteness as of death, and fell back faintly on the steps.

"Alfred."

"Alfred?—Alfred *what*, poor dear?"

"Alfred Fray, now. (What a feeble, forced, wandering whisper it was!) I have—called him—Alfred Ramsay—until—to-day—but I saw him—saw him—its father—and he was—cru—el—O so cruel!"

With a face so changed that it seemed suddenly

petrified into marble, Julia Knowlton turned away, and walked unsteadily to and fro, stretching out her clasped hands between herself and the poor girl—seeming to shrink away from the harmless, quiet little figure, as though the very sight of it hurt some tender place in her heart—seeming to shrink away, as that had shrunk away not long before, in the darkness and noise of the great crowded street.

Ah, even fashionable women have hearts sometimes capable of loving and of suffering, and hers, wrestling stormily with its pain, was one of them. One of the barriers which she had so proudly built up between herself and the little outcast had been thrown down with such force, that her whole womanly soul recoiled from the shock. She went forward at last, still holding her clasped hands between herself and the outcast, as though to ward off some apprehended hurt.

But there was no need of that—the poor thing was fainting fast. The lady rang the bell, and out came the powdered footman, who reluctantly and wonderingly obeyed Julia's command to help the poor creature in. They laid her on a couch—she moved not. When the lover came Julia could not see him—did not dare to trust herself to see him, for was she not nursing his victim? Medical aid was sent for, good nursing and tender care were provided, but it was too late; disease had done its work, and in three days from the time of her entering that splendid mansion, the poor girl whom Alfred Ramsay had left to perish, died.

People wondered why the match was broken off between Captain Alfred Ramsay and the beautiful heiress, Julia Knowlton—they had seemed so devoted to each other! And they wondered still more, as the years went by, why she remained single, and what strange whim had got into her head that she should adopt and educate as her own that pale-faced little pauper boy, whose antecedents no one knew or could even guess at. Perhaps if they could have looked into her heart, knowing whose child it was, and seen that she loved it less for its own sake than for its erring father's, yet loved it greatly for its own, they would have wondered still the more. But so it was.

THE SHADOW IN THE HOUSE.

BY JOHN SAUNDERS.

AUTHOR OF "LOVE'S MARTYRDOM," &c.

[Continued from vol. vii. p. 312.]

CHAPTER VII.

THE QUARTER-MASTER'S WIDOW.

As Jean was crossing the kitchen in her swift, noiseless way, looking, as she always did look, straight before her, and at nothing and nobody else, she felt a hand laid on her arm; she turned,—a pair of blue eyes looked into her own troubled ones, and a sweet voice said—

"Jean, if you're going into the village, I wish you would take Meggy with you as far as the lane. You can leave her there till you come back."

Had Cook, or indeed any other person, asked this, just now, Jean would most likely have refused impa-

tiently, and passed on. As it was, however, with those eyes looking into hers, and that hand upon her arm, she smiled faintly, and looked back for Meggy, who stood bonnetted, flushed and proud as a newly-blown peony, and with a broad grin on her face that scarcely left her eyes perceptible. And so, before Jean recollected that she was probably not coming back that night, she found herself in the lane with her charge.

The two walked along pretty quickly. Jean, with her lips moving now and then, as though in imaginary conversation, and her grey eyes fixed on the ground before her, had no thought or remembrance of Meggy; who, on her part, saw little difference in the lane week day or Sunday; indeed, what with the discomfort of a bonnet, and the creak of her Sunday shoes, she felt at first very much as though she were being cheated into an extra visit to church. But when they got out into the common, and began to breast the strong breeze that blew her bonnet off, she seemed to imbibe new life, and be seized with an instinctive desire, behind Jean's back, to use her limbs in all sorts of odd ways, and altogether to behave like one of the hardworking donkeys that were turned out on the common on Sundays, for a day of liberty and refreshment. But Jean's presence, and swift step, kept her under some restraint. Now she would leave the footpath, and crushing hundreds of tiny delicate turf flowers beneath her clumsy feet, pluck a great glowing dandelion, which after sniffing at rapturously for the next few yards, she would thrust shyly in Jean's face; and Jean, without pausing in her walk, and without a trace of emotion of any kind, would raise her hand, and put Meggy's offering away, as she would put away one of the tiresome gnats which were beginning to swarm about them in the soft light. It was not until they had left all the furze behind, and were on the bleak barren side of the common, that Jean thought of Meggy at all; and then she remembered that it would not be convenient to take her further. So, turning round, she said abruptly—

"You had better go back now. Good bye;" and then, drawing her shawl round her, she walked on more swiftly than before. Meggy, after scratching her arms and hands with trying to pick a solitary spray of blossom that here and there remained on the furze, followed a footpath which she thought must lead her homewards, and was soon out of sight.

Jean paused a moment before a double row of tenements on the border of the common, considering whether she should go round them to reach the low-fenced cottage that stood by itself, behind the three poplars, or whether she should go through them as the nearest way, which she did not care to do generally. She had always been looked upon with suspicion by the villagers. This was partly on account of her plain, almost mean dress, so out of character with the position she held at the Hall, where she had been for many years, under the Bletchworth dynasty, a trusty servant; and then, when the Dells succeeded, a kind of mistress, until the appearance of Miss Addersley at the Hall; who found in Jean a treasure, and had had good sense enough to practically acknowledge it, not by liberal wages only, but by friendly and seemingly confidential treatment. Yes, Jean's "stinginess" was one cause of the villagers' dislike. Another was her reserve. She held herself

aloof from all intercourse with them ; the only exception being Mrs. Cairn, the schoolmistress—the “ poor lady.” She “ was the only person good enough for Jean to visit,” they supposed. Until lately, this kind of talk had not much troubled Jean ; it may be doubted, indeed, whether she had been conscious of it, till the occurrence of an incident at the church two or three Sundays back, led to remarks upon her as she was passing through the village, which sent the blood rushing hotly into her pale face, and the remembrance of which now arrested her steps.

It was after service one morning, when a subscription was being raised for a poor old woman, whose cottage had been burnt to the ground. Such charities are not unusual in the district to which my story relates. The old woman stood at the church-door, leaning on her crutch, watching the coins being dropped into the little box opposite, and noisily blessing the givers. Every one of the Hall servants as they passed dropped a piece of silver into the box, except Jean ; who, in her transit across the old woman’s vision, clutched nervously the Prayer Book in her hand ; and heeding neither the many eyes that were fixed upon her, nor the example that had been given, slid quickly past ; but not so quickly but she was compelled to overhear some of the gossiping comments made upon her meanness.

It would, however, have been out of place with one of Jean’s character to let such an incident prey upon her mind at any time, and least of all now. So it was but for a brief moment that her irresolution lasted ; and then, raising her head almost proudly, and with a sort of dignity of mien, she entered the narrow court between the rows of cottages. She only felt a slight tingling of the ears, as she became conscious of—though she would not see—the contemptuous eyes that glared at her out of dirty, broken windows, or from under low doorways. She drew a long breath of relief as she found the soft yielding grass of the common once more beneath her feet. She had felt relieved that the children were not in the court when she passed through it. There was something horrible in their dislike. And now, as she laid her hand on Mrs. Cairn’s garden gate, she felt impatient at the sound of their voices within, and heartily longed for school to be over. She thought she would wait outside until they were dismissed. She loosened her bonnet-strings, and leaned against the great apple-tree, looking down a tiny over-arched avenue of scarlet-runners, and listening to the rustling of the boughs that fanned her heated face, with a delicious feeling of rest, after her wearisome walk. The thatch of the cottage was old and out of order, but the edges were neatly cut ; and in the garden all round the cottage nothing was neglected that it was in the power of a woman’s thoughtful—but not very strong—hand to do. But Jean soon began to weary of inaction. She had work to do, she felt. The sweet smell of the flower-leaves of roses, freshly strewn about by the last night’s rain, and the tender, happy carolling of the birds, whom her presence disturbed not—in the branches above, could not long soothe Jean’s busy mind ; so she hurriedly put her hand on the latch, opened the door, and then stood on the threshold, dinning for an instant by the hum and buzz of the many small voices.

The schoolmistress, Mrs. Cairn, sat near the window

on a high-backed chair, talking sternly to a child before her. Her brows were slightly contracted, and her face had that worn, harassed look, that always settled upon it towards the close of each afternoon. But her penetrating, unflinching brown eye was as bright, and her figure as straight and erect, as any girl’s in the village. She wore a black silk dress, which had been rich and luxuriant once, but had become dull and pinched under the grasp of poverty. A high-crowned and snow-white cap concealed every bit of her silver hair ; and above the broad frill which fell over her forehead was a band of black velvet.

Jean stood looking at her ; and, anxious as she was for the children to go, yet when she saw them waiting with their bonnets on for the order to depart, her heart throbbed faster to feel her trial so near ; for it was a trial to bring such unexpected and afflicting news to one—to whom that heart was accustomed to be so open—and yet with whom it needed to be so guarded.

But while she stands, fixing her troubled gaze upon the mistress, whose stern face still bends over the child, Jean hears a word—a murmur—that makes her very eyes seem no longer to look, but to listen—unwillingly, yet irresistibly—while the thin face droops, and the folded hands clutch each other tightly in the coarse thread gloves, as though to check their impulse to rise and shut out the feared yet uncertain sound, before it should cease to be uncertain, and the meaning should enter and sting the unguarded, and, for the moment, timorous soul. “ Miser ! ” Was that the word ? she asked herself ! the light in the straight-staring eyes becoming wilder and wilder. Was that the word that ran hissing about the room, or was it only in fancy that she had heard it ? If she were to turn suddenly round upon the knot of girls behind her, most likely she would find them occupied among themselves, perhaps quarrelling about some childish affair of their own, which had given rise to the epithet. She *did* turn unexpectedly upon them, and felt a hand let go her shawl, and saw bold eyes shrink before her own searching gaze. And there was a something in Jean’s face that would have made older assailants shrink too. But just then she was thinking of another even more than herself ;—of what Mrs. Cairn would say or do if she heard the word. Jean turned ; yet Mrs. Cairn *had* heard ;—had seen Jean—had risen, and was going to speak to the children. Jean stepped hurriedly to her, between the forms, and whispered—

“ Don’t say anything, Mrs. Cairn, please don’t ! ”

Mrs. Cairn drew her hand across her aching brow, and then said with her usual stern voice—

“ Children, you can go.” And, standing with her hand resting on the chair, she watched them all out, and shut the door ; then she dropped into the seat, leaned her elbow on the arm, and her brow upon the hand, repeating, in a low voice, “ This must not be, Jean. This must not be.”

“ Don’t think about it, Mrs. Cairn. They must have something to say of everybody.” Mrs. Cairn did not answer ; but got up, and busied herself about the room, putting it to rights, as Jean went on—

“ You have had another trying day of it. I can’t think how you can bear with children this hot weather.”

“ Yes, yes,” Mrs. Cairn replied ; “ it has been a try-

ing afternoon altogether. I get along pretty well all the week—when pay day is over; but it's hard work when it comes to that. Look at those twopences." Jean looked; they were ranged along the mantelpiece. "There they are, all of them; but you wouldn't believe the work I had to get them. Perhaps I'm too hard on those who I know can pay, and won't without plain speaking. I think I am sometimes. But where I know the little things have had to ask and ask for it from parents who can scarcely at times give them food, the money seems to scorch my hand, Jean. It seems to scorch my hand. Ay, that's right, put out the things, girl; let us have some tea."

Jean set the tea out on a little table in the inner room, which was only a kind of back kitchen, and had a stone floor; but it had a nice window, with a Canary flower climbing all round it, and so made a pleasant change from the hot dusty school-room. And the two pale, jaded women sat gazing into the fire, which seemed not altogether unseasonable to their wintry hearts, and listening to the cheering singing of the kettle on the hob. They were so still and silent that a sparrow pecking at the fallen fruit beneath the currant bushes, just outside the open door, came and sharpened its beak upon the stone at the threshold more than once, before a sound from within drove it away.

"Jean," said Mrs. Cairn, at last, calling the listener's thoughts back from a long wandering journey to the business in hand, and to the letter that must be delivered; "Jean, this must not go on. You put yourself and me into a painfully false position by this strange secrecy. Why is it you stoop to let your actions and your character be so falsified by this gossip scandal? Why should they not know the cause—that you stint yourself in all sorts of ways—that it is for me; and that if I submit to be so helped, it is because we share our weal and woe together, not only as countrywomen and friends, but as mother and daughter, both alike looking forward to the day when he shall come, to repay us for all the sacrifices we have made?"

Jean took up a bunch of dripping watercresses, and went to the door with them, apparently to shake off the superabundant moisture, and for a moment a wan, bitter-bitter smile quivered on the thin lips. She was paler when she sat down again, but perfectly collected; and even ventured to answer the kindly look of Mrs. Cairn, who now took her hand, as she continued—

"I know you can't have the trust in him, my child, that I have. But surely you have enough, Jean, to stop these gossips' mouths by telling them the truth. Of course," she added, a little proudly, dropping her hand, "I know you could not do this by halves; you could not tell them that I have shared your earnings without letting them know of your engagement, long ago, with Archy. Why do you turn away, Jean? Come, tell me; is this the secret—do you doubt his love for you?"

"It isn't that," said Jean, evading Mrs. Cairn's searching eye, and feeling that, quiet as were the tones, there was danger lurking behind them; and that if she told all she did feel and think, Mrs. Cairn would starve before Jean's own eyes before she would any longer consent to be helped—as she had been helped already. There had been long struggles on this matter, even as

it was. But if the sole support to Mrs. Cairn's pride and self-respect failed her—the belief that in sacrificing her all for Archy she was indirectly benefiting Jean, as his future wife, and might therefore take, nay, could not practically refuse, the aid that was always so humbly proffered, and so indispensable—Jean knew well that if this belief failed, all her power and influence were at an end, so far as they might be necessary to Mrs. Cairn's pecuniary welfare. "It isn't that," she repeated, "only, you see, he has been a long time now, and we have heard nothing of him; and it seems strange, everybody says so, that he has never written; and sometimes I think—suppose—suppose—while we are talking such grand things of him, he should be—"

"Be? Well, be what? What do you mean, Jean?"

"Suppose he should be in trouble!" Jean's voice was husky, and her hand closed nervously on the letter in her pocket.

"Jean, Jean! you've come to tell me something. They've heard something at the Hall. Speak! What is it? What have you heard about my boy?"

They had both risen, and Mrs. Cairn had grasped Jean's right arm, so that she could not get at the letter. They felt each other tremble, with the consciousness of that which had to be told and listened to. The tears gathered in Jean's eye, as she said—

"It is not so very bad; nothing but what we can remedy. He has written to me. Let me show you the letter."

Jean gave the mother the letter, and watched her reading it. The face, which had lost all its calmness in the rush of motherly feeling and alarm, grew rigid, and the lips compressed, as Mrs. Cairn, at the close, crushed the letter up in her hand, which she almost dashed upon the table, as she exclaimed—

"Archibald Cairn, my husband—I thank God you never lived to see your name disgraced as it is in this letter."

"No, no, Mrs. Cairn, not disgraced!" interrupted Jean passionately, burning with a sense of injustice done to him,—injustice which she had expected, was prepared for, and determined to contend with; injustice toward him who had embittered her whole life. Yet even while she did this she dreaded the mother's anger.

"Not disgraced!" repeated Mrs. Cairn, turning upon her. "Not disgraced by entering on such a life, in such a manner, lightly, wholly unprepared, as a mere matter of convenience, as a cowardly way of getting out of a scrape into which no doubt he has shamefully fallen! Not disgraced! With his mind, views, and ability, to go forth to kill or be killed—with as little care or sense of responsibility as if he were one of a band of idle sportsmen, or as a man having no ties among his fellow-creatures—no duties toward God. Is this what he learned under our roof? Is this the fruit of all his father's teaching? Not disgraced! Tell me, has he not now made himself into one of those whom his father held in such contempt and abhorrence—men who sell their sword for hire, and in so doing sell their souls with it? My husband, Jean, was a soldier. He fought against his country's enemies—no man more bravely, or, within his sphere, more successfully; but he did it with a clear conscience. Rightly or

wrongly, he believed it was his vocation. He gloried in it, and I—his wife—dare to say it, he helped to glorify it. He was at once—soldier of his king, and of the King of kings. Not disgraced! Oh, Jean, do you feel so little with me? You, who were to have been my daughter! He becomes a soldier, does he? and before he has found time to let us know the fact he finds it is not to his liking—and I must purchase his discharge? Well, he shall be answered. He shall be satisfied—quite satisfied. I will tell him now, what hitherto I have striven to conceal,—that to give him the means of realising his boyish dreams—dreams that now as a man he renounces—I have parted with my last shilling, and have lived upon your bounty.”

“Oh, Mrs. Cairn!”

“Stay, yes—I forgot for a moment—there is one thing more. This roof is mine. We can sell that, and become houseless. And should we not do so for so noble—noble a son?”

“Oh, Mrs. Cairn!” was all Jean could say, as she listened to these bitter—cruel words, but which yet she felt to be more just than she was willing to acknowledge.

“No—no, Jean! he is mistaken! Purchase his discharge! No—no—no; let him not believe it. I will not do him or ourselves so poor a service. As he has made his bed, so let him lie. Go away, Jean, a little while; we will talk again. Oh, my poor—poor child! Is this the hope I have been holding out to you. Nay, leave me alone.”

“No, Mrs. Cairn, I must say this: if Archy isn't prosperous, if he is in trouble and misery, and then appeals to us, I can't harden my heart to him as you do, just because we've talked great things that were not to be, and can't stoop to accept the little things that God pleases to give us. I cannot do that, Mrs. Cairn—I will not.” This was said almost defiantly; but Jean's mood instantly changed. She came to the table, placed her hand on Mrs. Cairn's that lay there—clenched; and looking up with streaming eyes into the stern face, she said, “We must go to him at once. We must go, and save him from what might be real disgrace.”

“What do you mean?” asked the mother, throwing off Jean's hand, and spreading out the crumpled letter before her, to look at it again.

“Didn't you see that?” inquired Jean, pointing with trembling finger to the passage in Archy's letter that said—“I have that to answer for to-morrow which will probably decide me.” “We must go to him,—we must save him,” she repeated. But Mrs. Cairn stood, darkly silent, making no sign of acquiescence.

“Jean,” said she at last, in a changed and painfully unnatural voice, as she walked into the next room, “Come here.” When Jean came to her side, she held her by the wrist, and said, as she pointed up to the quarter-master's sword slung in leather bands over the mantelpiece, “You know that that was his father's sword, Jean; and look here.” She took from a drawer a little parcel carefully folded in a handkerchief, and opening it, showed Jean a worn old spelling-book. She then turned over the tattered yellow leaves, speaking the while, with the same slow, measured, painful utterance. “He learned his letters from this. One day he was sitting on my knee; I had been hearing him read, and he was talking to me about what he had been reading.

I don't remember his words, but I almost held my breath to hear a child of four years old say the things he did. His father came in, and pointed that sword at him in play, and Archy screamed and clung to me, almost convulsively. Cairn was hurt with the child, and angry with me for holding him; and he bade me put him down, and not make a coward of him. And I smiled; and said, laying my hand on this little book—‘Husband, this is the weapon with which our boy will win us glory!’ And I told him then of Archy's sayings. They touched him—almost drew tears to his eyes; and he placed his hand upon the child's head, and said, ‘God bless him; he shall have his free choice of both.’ Jean, he has tampered with and dishonoured both. Yea, both—both!”

Jean's whole body shook with the violent trembling of the hand that grasped her wrist; but her heart rejoiced, for she knew by that trembling—that broken voice—those slowly dropping tears, the worst was over, that love had conquered pride, and that Archy was safe.

“You will go to him,” she ventured to whisper; “you will save him yet—won't you?” And Jean gazed up into the worn, furrowed face, that seemed to have grown years older in the last half-hour; hoping—yet dreading, a reply.

“Jean!”

“Mother!” She used the word with a sense that Archy's whole future might be hanging on his mother's resolve; and yet sick of herself the instant it had passed her lips.

“Jean, how are we to do this?”

Jean's little wash-leather purse came forth, and was laid on the spelling-book.

“It's what I put by for a time like this. I think there's enough.”

There was silence again—silence on both sides. Jean feared to say any more, and Mrs. Cairn could not speak. Oh, how well Jean knew the suffering of that pained pride; and how she dreaded a revival of the former bitterness in the mother's heart. So she came close to her, put the purse timidly into her hands, closed the unwilling fingers over it, and then—in a voice that was strangely sweet and pathetic, as coming from Jean—she once more murmured—

“Mother!”

The two wan faces looked into each other, through the deepening twilight, and met. No more differences that night.

Two hours later, weary, but still sleepless, the two lay down side by side in the little bed-room up-stairs; talking over all their arrangements for the journey, the start to-morrow morning, and of the future which Miss Addersley's words had opened to them; Jean listening to and talking of happiness that she was quite sure would never be hers, but which she must appear to believe in, lest her little help should be refused when it was so much needed; and so comforting her older companion until she fell asleep, when Jean turned away, with her despair, almost passionately hugging it, as it were, to her breast, lest she might be induced suddenly to believe all this semblance real, and awake to a deeper suffering and humiliation than any she had yet tasted. And so she lay, all the long weary night—her sad eyes never once closing—never once quitting that dim line

of sky that appeared over the low window curtain, until the cocks began to crow to each other from distant farm-yards, and the new light broke in pale streaks of red behind the tops of the three poplars. And then—just when Jean thought she must get up—there was silence, cessation of pain and thinking, and an hour or more of peaceful, blessed sleep.

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. DELL'S STUDIO.

"Now, ladies, tell me candidly, do you think Raphael himself could have painted under such circumstances?"

Bursts of laughter, from Mrs. Dell and Grace, are the only answer.

"Well, be warned, for I am growing savage, and may do that you will be sorry for. Have you any more questions to put, Mrs. Dell? I have told you, with wonderful patience, I think, *why* I thus darken my room; *why* I prefer to stand while painting; *why* I put my crayons here and nowhere else, and must have that particular shade of paper for my first sketches, and no other; *why* I choose to keep my studio in this 'blessed mess,' as you are pleased to call it; *why* I think it is, on the whole, worth my while to try to paint; *why* I don't generally admit anybody here, and especially ladies; *why* I have let you both in to-day; and *why*—if you don't behave better—I shall turn you both out again, and never more try such a weak experiment."

"Ah, but Grace, he hasn't told us yet—has he?—why he goes on painting subjects, with our help as models, without obtaining our previous permission to his making such displays of us; and why he won't even let us see what he is doing! How do we know in what posture he will present us to posterity? I declare it makes the flesh of my ghost-body creep as I feel it walking through the long gallery up-stairs some two hundred years hence, and coming to a picture, and there recognising myself, in—oh, I dare not imagine what guise, or drapery, or absence of drapery!"

"Well, dear, I must say he ought to let us have some voice in the matter, certainly."

"Come then, ladies, a compromise. I am not particularly in love with the subject I have begun, so give me another. Grace, what say *you*?"

"Oh, no; I can't suggest anything."

"Then, Mrs. Dell, if—as I suspect—all this is your planning, and subtle contrivance, in order that you may be once more master, even here—in my own especial domain,—out with it; impose your gracious commands, and let me see whether I shall obey, or turn rebel in sheer self-protection."

"And in the cause of high art?"

"Come, come, madam, no more mockery. What is that little paper that I have seen peeping out of your tightly-closed hand for some time past—eh?"

Winny gave a half-laugh; but somehow it seemed to subside into a smile, and that again into a deep blush, as she allowed Mr. Dell to unclothe, one by one, the pretty little fingers. I don't think he would have succeeded but for an unfair advantage he took, while Grace was looking another way—he kissed them, and they loosened at once. Triumphant he called out to Grace,

"I have it! Now we shall see what all this rebellion in the place means. Here is the arch-offender's own unwilling confession." He began to read—"Lady Hester: a Legend of Grey Ghost Walk.' Why, didn't I tell you that Grey Ghost Walk had no legends?"

"For that very reason, cousin, I am glad Winny has given us one. That is a favourite walk of mine. Come, I grow curious; read it?"

Mr. Dell did so, with eager, glowing eyes, but at first in silence. When he had finished he came to his little wife, who sat now very pale and tremulous, seeing that her fondly-guarded secret of poetical tastes, and struggles, and ambitions, must be acknowledged, and that the sense of responsibility—the fear of criticism—the shame of failure, must all now be encountered. Her husband came to her, took her hand, looked into her face with a mute eloquence of affectionate respect, and deep sympathy, and manly pride, that gave only too much meaning to the single kiss he pressed upon the tearful, yet glad face. Winny was in no danger of mistaking him; was incapable of drawing more from his encouragement than he had intended. She knew him too well to suppose he rated very highly, as poems, these her first utterances; but it was everything to her to be assured that he did not look upon her as fostering an idle delusion. It would have alarmed her beyond measure to be called a poet. That was a word to her of awful—super-humanly beautiful meaning. But she only gave due play to her own instincts when she thought it possible she might in time become a poet. And if even in that she were deceived, it was at all events pleasant and consolatory to be deceived in such companionship.

Mr. Dell again read the paper through, and then said hastily, "I will paint this picture. I will begin at once. Grace, you must read it aloud to me. If you like it—and I am sure you will—do your best to set me off. Throw yourself into the feeling of the chief person. Be Lady Hester. I couldn't possibly have a more beautiful model—(no, no, cousin, *we* don't compliment, you know that); not one whose style of beauty could be more appropriate. Lady Hester's bearing is that of a high-born lady of majestic presence, somewhat reserved I imagine, but with that in her which only rare occasions brings forth. You will fail in one thing, I fear."

"And what is that, cousin?"

"You won't be able to bring forth the bad feelings strong enough. Excuse the word, you can't play the devil. But there is where the dramatic art serves us—whether painters, or actors, or simply sympathetic readers. You have that art, Grace, strongly from Nature. Be an actress, therefore, for once; throw yourself into Lady Hester with all the power of your imagination, of your will, your wish to please and to benefit me—and of your hatred towards anybody else, if—which I don't believe—there is any one in this wide world you can hate. You will see that Lady Hester has a strongish infusion of that quality. Now, stand there, as though you were descending a turret staircase, and your foot was leaving the last step at the bottom. Now, Mrs. Dell—ah, capital! your white dress is just suited for the occasion; only let me give you this bride-favour; it's dusty, I know, but 't will do. An artist, you see, has all sorts of out-of-the-way things ready at his call. Now, begin."

Stay, just a moment, while I modify the light. That's it; couldn't be better. Now, Grace, begin."
And Grace read—

LADY HESTER.

A LEGEND OF GREY GHOST WALK.

WHEN the ruddy sunset stained
All her casement,—diamond-paned,
Triumphant joy possessed her:
"He has sued me for his son;
Wealth, dominion, all are won;"—
Cried the Lady Hester.

When sweet moonshine bathes her bower,
Leaning forwards from the tower,
Familiar tones arrest her;
Footsteps in the chesnut walk,
Low-hushed hum of lovers' talk,
"Tis he!" breathed Lady Hester.

She heard the murmur sink and swell;
She heard the name of Isabel;
Tumultuous fears possessed her.
"Ah, no," she heard, "by Heaven I swear,
He shall disown me as his heir,
"Ere I wed Lady Hester!"

* * * * *
Again rich flooding sunlight stained
Her little lattice, diamond-paned;
Deep shame and hate possessed her.
A figure 'neath the chesnuts came,
"Tis she!"—with brow and cheek a-flame,
Low hissed the Lady Hester.

Her foot was on the turret stair;
Her shoulders, from the chilly air,
The loosened robe scarce covered.
Her hair, as raven's plumage black,
In two wild masses floating back,
Like pinions round her hovered.

Her dark eyes flashed with fearful light;
She met her in her bridal white,
And by her breast-knot seized her;
And gazed and gazed her beauty through,
As from it deadlier hate she drew,
And conscious power appeased her.

She held her back against the gate;
She gazed out all her strength of hate,
Until the curse possessed her—
Till strange cries haunted hill and heath;
Till stony grew the face beneath
The curse of Lady Hester.

"Ah, glorious, Grace, glorious! Don't change or move limb or muscle. Be silent both. Think, Grace, I beg of you, of every ill deed, or unlucky word, I or anybody else ever said to your injury or annoyance; and especially don't pity her—the poor thing in white there. Back with her to the gate! Fine! fine! Oh, let me but do justice to you, Grace, and you shall be immortal."

He worked on, minute after minute, with a kind of madness. Once, when he raised his eyes to that face, they became fascinated. He threw down his brush, and pushing the hair from his moist brow, he gazed, as in a dream, upon the fearful strength of that white clenched

hand, and those stormy square brows, lowering over the orbs of burning light. There was a weak suppressed cry, something between a laugh and a scream. His eyes fell upon another face—white, awe-stricken. He rushed forwards, and caught his wife in his arms. But she broke from him, laughing—

"O Grace, how you frightened me!"

Her voice was so tremulous and low, that Grace roused herself; and a faint flush overspread her cheeks, as she stole a rapid, searching, half-alarmed glance at Mr. Dell's face. The eyes of the three met; and then there was a burst of sudden and musical laughter from Grace, which was more than echoed by the responsive mirth of Mr. and Mrs. Dell.

"What! Winny," cried the latter, "like the engineer, hoist with your own petard?"

CHAPTER IX.

JEAN'S DOWRY.

If the first effects of mental trouble are depressing (as though it had been determined we must be stopped in our mid-career, and brought face to face with fresh experiences), when that first shock passes away, and a gentler sorrow sways in turn, and a kind of holy dew falls upon the soul, the results are often to leave a greater strength behind; and to give unto our life a renewed sense of elasticity that can look unmoved upon the possible recurrence of further pain, yet feel reviving the while old and pleasurable instincts. So was it with Mrs. Cairn under the humble and kindly ministrations of Jean. She felt the maiden's love for ever around her; she believed also in her son's love for his mother, in spite of his errors; and, if she looked back, she remembered how devotedly attached to her her husband had always been; these were things that enabled Mrs. Cairn to bear much humiliation and distress without repining. But, alas! for poor Jean; past, present, and future were alike a desert for her! And had not the same sense of duty that laid such heavy burdens upon her brought also its own secret and subtle compensations, she would have failed and dropped down by the wayside. Poor Jean! There was seemingly nothing elastic now about her. She gave way—meekly bending—ever lower and lower, to each new pressure of Fortune's hand, except when either of the two dear ones who possessed her heart were threatened; then she seemed to rise, to dilate, to recover in an instant much of the lost ground; and so the very excess of her suffering was that which alone enabled her to continue to bear suffering at all. While, therefore, Mrs. Cairn, in the early morning of the day immediately following the night of their arrival, moved on through the streets of Chatham, buoyant, hopeful, full of a thousand professional recollections of her—and her husband's former life, which were naturally suggested by the sights and sounds of the place; while she took upon herself the task of explaining to Jean, with a kind of garrulous pride, whatever she thought might interest her; and that made Jean—who had never viewed Mrs. Cairn in any other light than in the stern, patient, and learned schoolmistress of Yelverton—look up in amazement at the manly, almost jocund expressions that burst from her, when

some objects around brought back the old days of action and excitement, which had been hers before she settled down, on her husband's death, with a stern sense of duty, to a vocation previously so little to her tastes. Jean, on her part, if she did not reciprocate the inward feeling, or listen very earnestly to the flood of outward talk, did also feel less miserable than usual, though still full of anxiety as to how she should meet Archy—how speak to him—how let him see (without risking explanations, undesirable alike for both), that she had long ago released him in her thoughts from the early engagement they had entered into.

The morning was one of those delicious ones that are in themselves enough to take away half the miseries of the world they environ; to make invalids feel well again; and healthy people long for some extraordinary things to achieve, worthy of the new energies that seem to quicken with the dancing blood. Every man, woman, or child, the pair met, seemed for once to have something in hand which it was a conscious pleasure to perform. The poor blind beggar on the door-step of the unlet house, with upraised face and winking eyes, seemed to have actually forgotten the coveted half-pence, and to be drawing in and in fresh and fresh draughts from the vigorous life of the sun. Then there was music perpetually rising and falling in the air, just as it was caught or lost in the distance; and then again, at intervals, came the spirit-stirring blast of the trumpet, rousing even in Jean's feeble military tastes a sudden sense of all the

"Pomp, pride, and circumstance of glorious war."

The "Jolly Soldier," to which they had been directed by Archy's letter, was, they were told, a little beyond the Marine Barracks. So they went along nearly to the further extremity of the town, until they saw, through an opening on the left, the face of the hill, with its heights everywhere studded with cannon. Winding round with the road they came to a drawbridge, and Jean read with alarm the words—

"Drive slowly over the bridge."

She looked down, timidly, to see if the supports were unsafe, or if she was passing through some terrible military snare which might be dangerous to the uninitiated. Mrs. Cairn laughed, and made Jean look down into the great trench below them, the narrow bottom of which was probably not less than forty feet deep, and the broad top, measuring across from the edge of one sloping wall to the other as many feet wide.

"That's for the Frenchmen, my girl, when they land. Nice place, you see, for them to walk in, if only they would be so good as to keep there. And look, Jean, where the trench, as it extends straight up the hill, makes a turn to the right; you see, there, those openings in the earth, and in the masonry, don't you?—well, that's where our countrymen would prepare politely to look out, to see what was going on, and to extend their helping hands to the coming guests. Ah, Jean, my girl, you can't see, as I can, what death and destruction lurks within those now quiet openings; what volleys of musketry, what storms of shot and shell; what avalanches of troops, bursting down and sweeping away all before them; in a word—what a hell this morning's paradise might be suddenly

changed into by a few bands of our fellow-creatures being suddenly found trying to go up, or to cross over this trench, and a few other bands of our fellow-creatures seeing decided reasons to prevent them. But come, let us ascend to the heights. I should like to show you the heights; it won't detain us long, and perhaps I may not feel disposed to come here again. Another bridge, you see, across the trench.

"There, girl, now we have reached the top, and can see where we are, and what lies about us. That magnificent river is the Medway. When last I was upon it I counted above forty men-of-war lying there. All this great space between us and the river is called the Lines—the famous 'Chatham Lines.' I have seen some fine sights there in my time. Ah, how often have I talked about them, and sighed for a sight of them, in India, and in Canada, and upon that miserable rock of Gibraltar, for I have been in all those places, Jean.

"You see, Jean, don't you, how all these batteries command the river, and every possible mode of approach? True hospitality, you know, always likes to step out as far as possible to welcome the stranger. When he comes closer he will find these breastworks—see there, and there, these little slopes with a low wall at the top are called breastworks. The soldiers load at the bottom, run up the slope, say what they have to say, or, as they are not naturally so eloquent as the strangers, let their guns speak for them, and then as rapidly descend again. Jean, would you believe it, I have loaded guns for my husband in just such a position, when he was commanding a small party in the hills of India, and we beat the enemy off—by Heaven we did, Jean; and I had much to do to quiet their jokes about making me Commander-in-Chief."

"Well, but Mrs. Cairn," said Jean, who was moved by the elder woman's enthusiasm, whose eye literally blazed as she saw rising before her so many and deeply interesting things, which she had thought she had altogether forgotten, or ceased to care about; "Well, but Mrs. Cairn, suppose they did get even within these breastworks, would it be all over then? And would the Arsenal, and the stores, and the—the—"

"All over, you simple child? Why that to British soldiers would scarcely be the beginning. Say the Frenchmen are here, as many thousand strong as you please; well, they won't want to stay on these heights, to be a mark for the kind attentions of the whole garrison; no, they must descend—and how? See, I will show you; come along. These are the roads down to the dockyard. Nice winding roads, aren't they? Nicely shut in, aren't they? Just a little sky, you see, above; that's all. Nice perpendicular walls to climb. Heaven help the poor soldiers that were compelled to pass through this valley, which would be to them no valley of the shadow of death—but death itself—merciless, wide-sweeping, horrible."

Jean began to understand now something of the strength of Chatham, and to feel a sort of inkling of rapidly increasing military knowledge; and a quiet confidence not only as to her own particular safety, but as to that of Chatham, and Britain at large, when she was rather taken aback by Mrs. Cairn's next observations.

"And if all that didn't do to stop them, what then, Jean?"

"Can't imagine, I'm sure."

"We"—that was Mrs. Cairn's own word, "we should blow up the whole place—trenches, roads, breastworks, magazines, nay, the very hill itself, with all who were upon or among them."

"Mercy on me—how would you do that?"

"Why, Jean, you can't be sure you tread on a single foot of solid ground hereabouts. No—no, child; don't be afraid. It won't be your little foot that will discover the abysses beneath. Why, there are underground communications running about in all directions, and connecting together the most distant points; and what would these subterranean ways be but so many mines, child, if they were wanted; mines, to blow us all up if the time were come?"

"Ah, well," said Jean, "I hope the Frenchmen will be wise enough to keep away, both for their own sakes and ours."

"Oh, for that matter, Jean, I wish them no harm, if they will only understand this is our country, and not theirs; and that we will allow no sorts of liberties to be taken with it. There are guests, you know, that if they once get into your house, you can't get rid of; we must have no more guests of that kind in England, eh, Jean?"

Mrs. Cairn turned, and saw Jean had stopped opposite the gate of some barracks they were passing. The gate was closed, but there was a crowd outside, waiting apparently for some unusual exhibition. Mrs. Cairn drew near to Jean, and also tried to gain some glimpse of what was passing within. In answer to an inquiry a man said he had been told a soldier was going to be drummed out of the regiment.

"What for?"

"Bad character."

"And his name?"

"Martin Todd, or Dodd; I don't know exactly."

Jean, who had hastily put these questions, with a feeling she would not like to have owned, now that she saw it was mistaken, was for passing on, though not the less nervously dreading the interview that might soon be taking place at the "Jolly Soldier." But Mrs. Cairn, to whom every incident brought fresh matter for recollection, stopped her, saying—

"Let us see what passes. Perhaps I may know some of the officers. An old friend of his father's might be useful, if any such person could be found after all these years. It is not his regiment, I see; but then you know, officers shift about so."

Drawing as near as the crowd will permit them, they both now peer curiously through the iron railings.

The ordinary exercises of morning parade seem at present to be engaging attention. There is a considerable number of soldiers drawn up in a double line on the further side at the bottom of the sloping ground; and extending not only along the whole line of barrack front, but curving round the extremities of the parade. An aged-looking officer is giving the word of command, standing alone in the centre.

"The Lieutenant-Colonel, Jean," observed Mrs. Cairn, "he is the actual commander of the regiment."

"I should have thought that that magnificent-looking man with the white feathers, standing by the band there, had been the head," replies Jean.

"He!" and Mrs. Cairn fairly laughs out—and some of the by-standers who have overheard join in; "why, that's the drum-major!"

Poor Jean does not know what that means, and does not care to illustrate the state of her military knowledge by any further questions, and so looks on silently henceforth.

A knot of officers are standing on the steps of the Adjutant's office to the right of the entrance; and the band occupies a corresponding position by the guard-room on the other side. There, too, stands the Adjutant of the regiment, with a paper in his hand, ready to read some document from head-quarters. To complete the picture, a soldier, an orderly, with no other arms than a stick, walks continually to and fro close by the gate, looking as though he knew something of importance was to be done, although his lips are sealed.

For some little time, however, nothing occurs to arrest attention, unless it be the pleasant way in which the tediousness of the manœuvres is broken up as it were, and relieved, by the constantly recurring snatches of music from the band, and which are as exhilarating as the morning itself. Surely no punishment can be here impending! alas, for the poor wretch who listens if there be.

But now there is a sudden and dead silence, broken again, for an instant, by a word of command. The petty officers step forward from the ranks, with their swords raised, and stand in front of the long line, while the double row of soldiers faces us. Hark! it is the Adjutant who speaks. With a clear loud voice, penetrating to the furthest corner of the ground, he reads from the paper in his hand the terms of a sentence passed upon one Martin Todd. But he reads fast, and in a mechanical routine sort of manner, that makes the result little else than voice to those present; to those, at all events who, like Mrs. Cairn and Jean, are without the gates. In vain do they strive to understand its tenor after the first few words; they catch the name, and that is about all they can rely on. In vain also, like many of those around, have they tried to separate the culprit from the mass. But now, as the Adjutant concludes, there is a movement among the group by his side, and a man, bare-headed, walks forth, and the magnificent drum-major by his side.

Mrs. Cairn happened at that moment to look at Jean's face. O God! Will she ever forget the expression she saw there? or the instantaneous frightful rush of the blood to her own brain, as she understood, with intuitive perception, what it was that Jean saw—and that, in truth, Martin Todd was her own son—Archibald Cairn. For an instant or two Jean had no eyes or thoughts even for the stricken mother. Her whole soul was absorbed in the one idea—too vast, too hideous yet for her even dimly to comprehend, that that was Archy—her Archy—the scholar and the gentleman of her imagination, treated as infamous. Mrs. Cairn clutched at Jean's arm, to save herself from falling with the sickness that seized her; Jean turned mechanically—saw who it was, and at once renewing the eternal struggle with self—murmured—

"Wait! wait! Don't judge."

And Mrs. Cairn did wait. Both were for the moment supported in an unreal strength for endurance by the

awful fascination which such calamities, while in actual progress, will exercise.

They see the drum-major come to the miserable man, who appears buried in a stupor; they see him cut off from Archy's coat the cuffs and collar, those military facings which, in modern times, are held as symbolical of the military profession and honour, as were the spurs in the days of chivalry. They see the pieces flung to the ground, as they are torn away, with an expression of measureless contempt; they see a drummer-boy advance, with a long halter in his hand, having at one end a wide loop or noose, which the drum-major places over the man's neck.

Jean now turned, and exclaimed, in a hoarse whisper—"You must go. I will see you to some safe place for awhile, and then—"

But Mrs. Cairn, with lips that met like the iron lips of a vice, and hands that seemed to have the strength and tenacity of the same instrument, as they forcibly restrained Jean from making the slightest movement, forbade all further question; and Jean turned to watch the whole of the sickening ceremony.

A pair of boards are now brought forward, and the inscription on each is—"A notoriously bad character." They are strung round the culprit's neck, one hanging against his breast, the other resting on his back. Thus arrayed, he is placed at the head of a procession, having on each side of him a soldier with naked bayonet, and followed by the drummer-boy, holding the end of the halter. After these comes the magnificent drum-major, stalking alone in his glory, with plumes portentously nodding, and after him follow the band, two and two.

The music now burst forth.

"The Rogues' March, Jean," said Mrs. Cairn, with a terrible meaning and eloquence in the tone.

And so the pageant moves on to the left, through the open ground in the centre of the parade, until it reaches the curving end of the double line of soldiers, then it turns and follows that line, keeping so close to it in front that every man can see even the slightest play of the muscles in the offender's face, until the opposite curve is reached at the other end of the parade.

"Halt!" thunders the Lieutenant-Colonel. And then, as he again gives a word of command, a movement takes place all along the line; and in a moment the two lines are facing each other, forming a lane between them.

"March!" again thunders the guiding voice. The procession winds round, goes through the lane, thus retracing its steps, in order, apparently, that those men who were previously at the back shall all be able to see, more closely, the brother who is to be cut off, like a moral gangrene, from their body.

Simultaneously a soldier leaves the guard-room, bearing a knapsack and a canvass bag. There is no mistaking their meaning.

Mrs. Cairn almost laughed out, as she said—"That's your dowry, my girl."

But Jean, beyond a dim sense of something frightful in the sound of the mother's voice, heard nothing—saw nothing—felt nothing that extended a hair's breadth beyond the central figure of that spectacle in front.

Soldiers come to the gates, and throw them wide apart, and the procession advances toward them. Jean sees, but has neither time nor power left to think what she shall do; every energy of her mind, every muscle of her body is paralyzed; and Mrs. Cairn still presses on her with a constantly increasing weight. Yes, the procession comes to the gates, passes through them into the road, until Archy, in his place, is also beyond the garrison limits; then they remove the halter and the boards; they put the knapsack and bag by his side—they say, in effect, to him, "You are free—and infamous"—and so retire, and leave him.

Archy moves mechanically to take up his knapsack, but feels a hand upon his arm. He looks up, and there is a great cry heard from him, but not of joy—nor greeting;—a cry impossible to be described. His face at the same moment blazes with emotions that play over it, now redly lurid—now deeply black, as though the fires and smoke of some volcano had suddenly blazed forth, and lit it up. But before Jean can speak, or be spoken to, that cry is answered by another, and fainter one—Mrs. Cairn has fallen senseless—the blood is oozing from her lips.

Archy sees—in an instant he is at his mother's feet.

Such was the meeting of mother and son!

[To be continued.]

THE LETTER.

THE summer day is o'er, but night
Deprives not long the earth of light,
For the star-spangled vault is soon
Illumined by the silver moon;
On lonely field and crowded town,
Its rays stream down.

It looks on many scenes of woe,
And guilt and folly here below;
On revelry and riot wild,
On human beings self-defiled;
On foul deceit—on deeds of blood,
War, fire, and flood.

Much, too, that's fair and good it sees,
Domed cities, Halls amidst old trees,
The forest dark, the sparkling lake,
Fond lovers met their vows to make;
But still a fairer, lovelier sight
Reveals its light.

Upon a little window play
The moonbeams, lighting, as 't were day,
The room within, a downy bed
With snowy curtains round it spread,
Forming a pretty, peaceful nest,
For maiden rest.

The flowers on the window sill,
The volumes which the book-shelves fill,
The harp in that snug corner placed,
And walls with lovely sketches graced,
Her pleasures pure and simple show
As drifted snow.

And she, so lovely, pure, and sweet,
For this fair realm a mistress meet,
In graceful attitude reclines
On a small couch, while round her shines
The moon, and bathes her in its light,
So soft and bright.

Graceful and beautiful she seems,
As the young poet's brightest dreams;
Her slight, but rounded form is shown
By the light wrapper round her thrown;
Fancy can paint the charms concealed
From those revealed.

All unconfined her silky hair
Falls down upon her bosom fair,
Veiling it partly; as it heaves
Beneath the net her soft hair weaves,
Like silver chased with gold it gleams
In the moonbeams.

One little foot, than which could be
Purer nor whiter ivory,
Peeps out the drapery below,
As if its instep arched to show,
Its slender ancle, straight and small,
And beauties all.

Her soft blue eye beams through a tear,
Caused by no sorrow, pain, or fear,
Nor ev'n unmingled joy; but by
The tumult fierce, the intensity
Of passion, and the mere excess
Of happiness.

The varying hues, which quickly chase
Each other o'er her fair young face,
Her rosy lip, which quivers while
'T is curved with that sweet, pensive smile,
How sensitive her soul displays,
Which love thus sways.

One hand with taper fingers holds
A letter, which she closely folds
To her fast beating heart, and then,
Spreading it open, reads again
With eager joy the words which prove
The writer's love.

Then filled with heartfelt love and bliss,
On it she prints so warm a kiss,
That at her own fond ardour she
Blushes, while half unconsciously
Her lips with lingering fondness frame
His much-loved name.

"My own dear one," she murmurs low,
"What joy I feel thy love to know,
But greater far I feel must be
My fond devotedness to thee,
I live but in our love, and I
Without must die."

Once more in silent revery
Absorbed, she shuts her eyes to see
Of her beloved the image bright,
Recalling with a wild delight
Each fond caress and loving word
Of her heart's lord.

Unmindful of the flight of time
She sits, till rings the midnight chime,
Then startled, slowly seeks her bed,
Placing his letter 'neath her head—
His, whom so soon with rapture sweet
In dreams she'll meet.

MOZART.

It is an old worn-out remark, that genius has generally been to its possessor a fatal gift; that the man in whose life it has been exemplified has had, but too generally, to carry on a long and hard struggle with want and woe in their direst forms; that whilst with a lavish hand he has scattered round him his rich stores of intellectual wealth, society has in return given him, not bread, but a stone; and that for the valiant toil of a life, his best temporal reward, too often, is the silent grave. In all times this has been the common lot of the gifted and the great. In time to come it bids fair to be much the same. In the greater luxuriousness of the present age we see nothing to convince us that genius now is more highly revered or better understood; and he who would portray a life illustrated and adorned by its divine power, will have to repeat the old tale—the tale old as creation's dawn—the tale that has been repeated in every variety of human suffering and sorrow: the tale of bright hopes and sad realities—of brilliant purposes and bitter disappointments—of sinking frames and broken hearts—of neglect when living, and applause when dead. This sad truth, we firmly believe, was never more fully established than in the life, eventful, rugged, bright in its morning, but clouded at its close, of John Chrysostom Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.

The 27th of January, 1756, was the date of the birth of one of the most extraordinary musicians Germany can boast. Wolfgang's father, Leopold Mozart, was a musician, according to the custom of the times, in the establishment of the Archbishop of Salzburg. He did much to raise the character of the Archbishop's musical establishment. Leopold's wife was a native of Salzburg, and six children were born to him; of them but two—Wolfgang and his sister, Anna Maria—survived the period of infancy. The father and mother were so conspicuous for beauty of form, that it was said, at the time of their marriage, so handsome a couple had never been seen at Salzburg. Leopold Mozart, as his family increased, was obliged to devote every hour he could spare from his official duties to tuition on the violin and clavier. A work he published, entitled "An Attempt towards a Fundamental System for the Violin," gradually extended his reputation as an artist and as a methodical and sound instructor. Mr. Holmes tells us—"The wonderful musical genius of his family came to light almost accidentally. When the girl had reached seven years of age, she became her father's pupil on the

clavier, at which her progress was great and uniform; and, finally, made her mistress of the highest reputation that any female performer had ever acquired on a keyed instrument. Her brother, at this time three years old, was a constant attendant on her lessons, and already showed, by his fondness for striking thirds, and pleasing his ear by the discovery of other harmonious intervals, a lively interest in music. At four, he could always retain in memory the brilliant solos in the concerts which he heard; and now his father began, half in sport, to give him lessons. The musical faculty appears to have been intuitive in him, for in learning to play he learned to compose at the same time; his own nature discovering to him some important secrets in melody, rhythm, symmetry, and the art of setting a bass. To learn a minuet he required half an hour longer; for a longer piece an hour; and having once mastered them, he played them with perfect neatness, and in exact time. His progress was so great that, at four years of age, or earlier, he composed little pieces, which his father wrote down for him." In 1762 the father, having no doubt by this time of the musical genius of his son, resolved to bring both him and his sister to the Bavarian court at Munich, where they remained three weeks. It appears that Wolfgang performed a concerto in the presence of the Elector, and that with his sister he excited lively admiration.

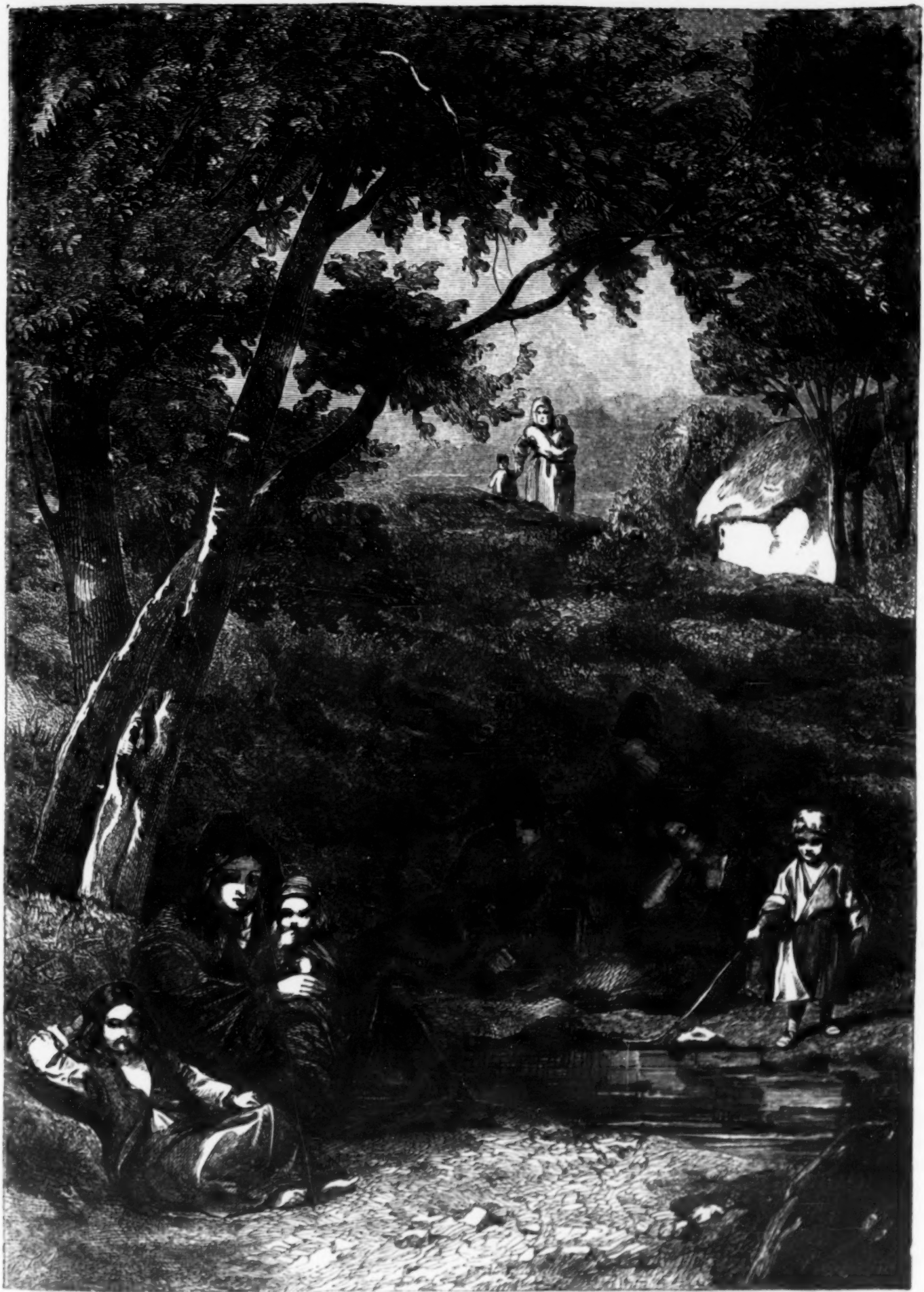
That he might the better superintend the education of his children, Leopold Mozart declined all engagements as teacher of music at Salzburg. The trip to Munich had answered so well, that another and a more formidable one was planned. On the 19th of September, 1762, the whole family set out for Vienna, at which place they arrived after a journey of a month. There they became at once famous. Wofeil, as his father affectionately termed him, was admired and caressed by the fashion and beauty of the place. Mozart's first appearance at the Austrian court is thus described by his father:—"At present I have not time to say more than that we were so graciously received by both their Majesties that my relation would be held for a fable. Wofeil sprang into the lap of the Empress, took her round the neck, and kissed her very heartily. We were there from three to six o'clock, and the Emperor himself came into the ante-chamber to fetch me in to hear the child play on the violin. Yesterday, Theresa's day, the Empress sent us, through her private treasurer, who drove up in state before the door of our dwelling, two robes, the one for the boy, the other for the girl. The private treasurer always fetches them to court." The next letter of the eldest Mozart is in the same hopeful strain; but the sunshine was darkened by a cloud—happily, but a passing one:—"Happiness and glass, how brittle are ye! I had already been thinking that we had been for a whole fortnight but too happy, when it pleased God to send us a little cross, and we thank his infinite goodness that it is now over. On the 21st, at seven in the evening, we were with the Empress, on which occasion Wofeil was not himself, and soon after exhibited a sort of scarlet eruption. Pray get read three holy masses to Loretto, and three to the holy Francis de Paula." Wolfgang was soon well again; but the nobility, who dreaded small-pox, and every other eruptive disease, were too much alarmed to come near him, and for four

weeks the family remained in profitless seclusion. When this time had elapsed, however, he was as much in request as before. He was much with the royal family. "But," says Mr. Holmes, "it must be confessed that he was but an indifferent courtier. The princes of the imperial family cultivated music, and one of them, afterwards the Emperor Joseph, happening to exhibit a solo on the violin when the Mozarts were in attendance in the ante-room, heard the little circle exclaiming, 'Ah! that was out of tune;' and then again 'Bravo!' The honest, undisguised truths which the prince heard on this occasion he never forgot, nor ever recurred to them without good-natured laughter. The following anecdote also relates to this visit:—"As the two arch-duchesses were one day leading the boy between them to the empress, being unused to the highly-polished floor, his foot slipped and he fell. One of them took no notice of the accident, but the other, Marie Antoinette, afterwards the unfortunate Queen of France, lifted him up and consoled him. He said to her, 'You are very kind, I will marry you.' She related this to her mother, who asked Wolfgang how he came to form such a resolution. 'From gratitude,' he replied; 'she was so good, but her sister gave herself no concern about me.'" We find the family again at Salzburg in the beginning of the year 1763. As a proof of the delicate organization of the young musician, we are told that he had at this time "an invincible horror at the sound of the trumpet. He could not bear that instrument when blown by itself, and was alarmed to see it even handled. His father, thinking to remove this childish fear—though one must needs think, in this instance, with less than his usual prudence—desired that it should be blown before him, notwithstanding all his entreaties to the contrary. At the first blast he turned pale and sank to the ground, and serious consequences might have ensued had the experiment been persisted in." One beautiful trait of his character was his reverence for his father:—"Before he went to rest at night a little solemnity took place, which could not on any occasion be omitted. He had composed a tune, which was regularly sung by himself at this time, standing in a chair, while his father, standing near him, sang the seconds. Between the singing, and after it, he would kiss his father on the tip of his nose, and having thus expressed his childish affection, go quietly and contentedly to bed. This custom was observed till he had passed his ninth year. For his father and instructor, who appeared in every point of view in a light that commanded respect, he cherished sentiments of veneration; and one of his most ordinary sayings was, 'God first, and then papa.' It was an odd fancy of his at the time, that when his father became old he would have him preserved in a glass case, the better to contemplate and admire him." On the 9th of June, 1763, the Mozart family set out on a new expedition. Wolfgang, at this time in his eighth year, seems to have been equal to anything. Mr. Holmes thus sums up his accomplishments:—"He played the clavier, the organ, and the violin; he sang, played, and composed extempore; played and transposed at sight, accompanied from score, improvised on a given bass, and was able, in fact, to answer every challenge." At Munich, from whence the father writes on the 21st of June, they, by the help of Prince Zweibrücken, are intro-

duced to the Elector and Prince Clement, from whom they received praise, and, after some delay, a yet more acceptable reward of a pecuniary nature. The next letter is from Ludwigsburg, and describes a profitless stay at Augsburg, where they could get neither "audience, payment, or dismissal," from the reigning duke. Heidelberg, Mayence, Frankfort, Bonn, were successively visited, and then, overwhelmed with presents, such as watches, snuff-boxes, swords, and but few in money, the family started for Paris. Here they were favourably introduced through the lady of the Bavarian Ambassador, daughter of Count Arco, Chamberlain to the Archbishop of Salzburg; the Mozarts were treated with distinction here as elsewhere. Here, too, Wolfgang published his first works; two sets of sonatas for the clavier, with an accompaniment for the violin—the one dedicated to Madame Victoire, the king's second daughter, the other to the Countess Tessé. Grimm was a kind and constant friend. Leopold Mozart writes word—"the single Mr. Grimm, to whom I had a letter from a merchant's wife at Frankfort, did everything; he mentioned us at court, and provided for our first concert, towards which he sold 320 tickets, and consequently paid me eighty louis d'ors. He gave us also our wax-lights." London was the next place visited by the musical family. On the 10th of April, 1764, they began their journey thither. On the 27th of the same month the children were heard by their Majesties, and again in the following month. The father thus describes their first appearance at the English court:—"On the 27th of April, five days after our arrival, we were with their Majesties from six to nine o'clock. The present we received on leaving the royal apartments was 24 guineas only; but the condescension of both the exalted personages is indescribable. Such were their friendly manners, that we could not believe ourselves in the presence of the King and Queen of England. What we have experienced here surpassed everything. A week afterwards we were walking in St. James's Park, when the King and Queen came driving by, and although we were all differently dressed, they then and there saluted us—the King, in particular, threw open the carriage-window, put out his head, and laughing, greeted us with head and hands, particularly our Master Wolfgang." Returning from a concert at Lord Thanet's, Wolfgang's father caught so severe a cold that his life was despaired of. The boy, as every instrument was silent, in order to employ himself, wrote a symphony, which was his first attempt of that kind. No sooner had the father recovered than "he orders twenty-two masses, and undertakes the conversion of one Sipruntini, the son of a Dutch Jew," a great violoncello player. Notwithstanding the scenes through which Wolfgang had passed, the simplicity of his nature remained unchanged. "Whilst playing to me," writes the Hon. Daines Barrington, "a favourite cat came in, on which he left his harpsichord, nor could we bring him back for a considerable time; he would also sometimes run about the room with a stick between his legs by way of horse." Yet Mr. Barrington doubted as to the boy being the age he was represented, till he had obtained a certificate of the boy's birth through the Bavarian envoy. The London visit, however, gradually became less profitable, the novelty wore off, the receipts of their concerts gradually dimin-

ished, the expenses were much greater than what the family had been accustomed to. Leopold writes, after the loss of some money:—"But what does it signify to talk much of a matter that I resolved upon, after deep consideration and many sleepless nights, especially as it is now over, and I am determined not to bring up my children in so dangerous a place as London, where people for the most part have no religion, and there are scarcely any but bad examples before their eyes. You would be astonished to see how children are brought up here, to say nothing of religion." On the 17th of September, 1765, we find our travellers at the Hague, where the daughter was for some time dangerously ill. She recovered; but then Wolfgang was attacked by an inflammatory fever, which greatly reduced him for several weeks. They met, however, all the time, with the kindest sympathy of the court. In Holland they remained some time; the rest of their journey, though protracted to the end of the year 1766, was a mere holiday excursion. It was not without misgivings—misgivings, however, which can be easily accounted for, when we remember the serf-like position he held at the court of his prince the Archbishop—that Leopold Mozart returned to Salzburg. Wolfgang, however, had now an interval of some months of comparative repose, in which he practised the works of Emmanuel Bach, Handel, and Eberlin, and studied the scores of Hasse, Handel, and the old Italian masters. He also received some little honour in his own city. On the 11th September we find the family off again on another journey. A royal marriage was on the tapis at Vienna, but the breaking-out of the small-pox disconcerted all the plans of the travellers, and they were compelled to fly to Olmutz, where Wolfgang sickened, and then his sister. A good Samaritan, a Count Podstatsky, received the family into his house, where they had every attention paid them. As Wolfgang became convalescent he became skilful as a card-player, fencer, and horseman. We now come to an era in his life. Henceforth he was to be an object of envy and dislike. The musicians of Vienna united against him as against a common enemy. At the court, however, Mozart was still well received, but it was desirable to make a bold stroke to retrieve their affairs and silence their enemies. The Emperor suggested an opera, and Mozart gladly embraced the idea. He had, notwithstanding, a low idea of the public taste of Vienna. Poor Wolfgang was thwarted in every possible way. It was in vain Mozart begged that his son might have a fair hearing; but Wolfgang, not discouraged, in little more than a month was ready with three works—a solemn mass, an offertorium, and a "Trumpet Concerto for a Boy." These pieces were so much applauded as to compensate in some measure for his previous ill-fortune. On the return of the family to Salzburg he pursued his studies in the higher departments of composition, and improved his acquaintance with the Italian language. "It appears," says Mr. Holmes, "from the court calendar of his native city, that he was now appointed concert-master in the musical establishment of the Archbishop, a place of little honour and less profit, but which, nevertheless, he would not hold as a mere sinecure."

In December, 1769, Wolfgang and his father set out on a journey to Italy, where they remained till March, 1771. This step seems to have afforded unmitigated



THE GIPSY FAMILY.

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pleasure. Wolfgang's letters to his sister at this period are full of good feeling and fun; had we space we would gladly make a few extracts. At Rome they heard the famous "Miserere," of Allegri. It was held in such high esteem, that the musicians of the chapel were forbidden, under pain of excommunication, to take any part of it away, or to copy it themselves, or through any other person. Mozart, however, committed the unexampled theft, and carried it away. He "accomplished his task in two visits to the Sistine chapel. He drew out a sketch on the first hearing, and attended the performance a second time on Good Friday, having his manuscript in his hat for correction and completion. It was soon known at Rome that the 'Miserere' had been taken down, and he was obliged to produce what he had written at a large musical party, where the *musico* Christoferi, who had sung it, confirmed its correctness. The generous Italians were so much delighted that they forgot to call upon the Pope to excommunicate the culprit."

At Naples they met the notorious Lady Hamilton. The father describes her as a very agreeable person, "who performs on the clavier with unusual expression; she was much alarmed at having to play before Wolfgang." The Queen of Naples was very liberal—in bows; the King, with his dancing, and shooting, and boat-racing, and macaroni-eating, had little time or inclination to patronise genius. At Rome, the Pope presented Wolfgang with a beautiful gold cross, and dubbed him knight. At Bologna he was made member of the Philharmonic Society. At Milan he brings out an opera, "Mithridates," which was performed consecutively twenty nights. Milan was left in February, and in another month the travellers again found themselves at home. In the autumn of the year, he returned to the place to compose a grand dramatic serenata, in honour of the nuptials of the Archduke Ferdinand. Hasse, the Nestor of musicians, was also to write an opera for the occasion. The latter, at the time, is said publicly to have predicted Mozart's future fame. "This boy," said he, "will throw us all into the shade."

In the spring of the year 1772 an event took place that materially influenced the future fortunes of the great composer. This was the election of a new Archbishop—Hieronymus, of the princely family of Colloredo—to the government of Salzburg. The man had no taste for music; and it was long before he could perceive that there was anything extraordinary in his young concert-master. Wolfgang took pains to ingratiate himself with his new master, and at first with some appearance of success. In October, accompanied by his father, he went to Milan, to fulfil his engagement for the carnival opera of the new year, Lucio Silva. After much mismanagement, the opera was performed. In July, 1773, we find the Mozarts at Vienna, where they remained two months. In December, 1774, they went to Munich, that Wolfgang might write the *opera buffa* for the carnival. In March, 1775, the father and son returned to Salzburg. Here Wolfgang spent three years—three years full of unrewarded toil—of slight and disappointment; the handsome salary he received from an archbishop was about £1 1s. English, *per annum*! So much for the patronage of art on the part of the titled and the great. In September, 1777, Mozart, accom-

panied by his mother, commenced a tour in search of some prince who would discern and reward his musical genius. At Munich, which is his first halt, he hopes to be engaged by the Elector. We next find him at Augsburg, on his way to Mannheim, the residence of another German Elector, and the seat of no small pretension in musical matters. Here, after hoping to have a place in the Elector's service, he is doomed to disappointment again. Here, however, for the first time he fell seriously in love; "the lady was a Mademoiselle Weber, fifteen years of age, and a great singer." At Mannheim his father directs his attention to Paris, at which place he and his mother arrived on the 23rd of March, 1778. His great friend is Baron Grimm, through whose influence he has the honour of an interview with the Duchesse de Bourbon; a visit that introduced him to the elegant indifference of the fashionable *salon*.

"On my arrival," writes Mozart, "I was ushered into a great room without any fire, and as cold as ice; and then I had to wait for half-an-hour until the duchess came. At length she appeared, and very politely requested me to excuse the clavier, as not one in the house was in order, but said she would be very glad to hear me. I replied, I should be most happy to play anything, but that at present it was impossible, as I could not feel my fingers from cold, and I requested she would have the goodness to let me go into a room in which there was a fire. 'O, oui, monsieur, vous avez raison,' was the answer. She then sat down and began to draw, in company with several gentlemen, who all made a circle round a large table. This lasted for an hour, during which time I had the honour to be in attendance. The windows and doors were open, and my hands were not merely as cold as ice, but my feet and body too, and my head began to ache. There was *altum silentium*, and I really could not tell what would come of all this cold, headache, and tediousness. I frequently thought, 'were it not for Mr. Grimm, I would this instant go away.' However, to shorten my story, I at last played on this wretched, miserable piano. What most annoyed me was that Madame and all the gentlemen pursued their drawing without a moment's cessation, and, consequently, I was obliged to play to the walls, chairs, and tables. Such a combination of vexatious circumstances quite overcame my patience, and after going through one-half of the 'Fisher' variations, I rose up. There were a great many *éloges*. I, however, said, and it was perfectly true, that I could do myself no credit with this clavier, and that I should prefer selecting another day when there should be a better one. But the Duchess would not let me off, and I was obliged to wait another half-hour for the Duke; meantime, she came and took her place beside me, and listened to me very attentively, and I soon forgot the cold and the headache, and in spite of the wretched clavier, played as I am accustomed to play when in good humour. Put me down to the best clavier in Europe, but with people for hearers who either do not or will not understand, and I should lose all pleasure in playing. I gave Mr. Grimm a full relation of everything." In Paris, as elsewhere, Wolfgang found some crooked destiny was at work. To his father, who recommended him to go out and cultivate the acquaintance of influential people, he wrote—"You advise me to visit a great deal, in order to make new

acquaintances, or to revive the old ones. That is, however, impossible. The distance is too great, and the ways too miry, to go on foot, the muddy state of Paris being indescribable; and to take a coach, one may soon drive away four or five livres, and all in vain, for the people merely pay you compliments, and then it is over. They ask me to come on this or that day: I play, and then they say, '*O, c'est un prodige, c'est inconcevable, étonnant;*' and then, '*à dieu.*'"

Eager as was Mozart to escape from the artificial and heartless Parisians—for so they appeared to him—he settled down for the winter, and commenced lesson-giving, in consequence of the urgent request of his father, who had long ere this learnt that genius did not invariably, like the goose in the nursery tales, lay golden eggs. For the sake of his family Wolfgang submitted to the drudgery of lesson-giving as best he could. The place of organist at Versailles, with a salary of 2000 livres, was offered him, but declined. Another offer is made him, which at length he accepts. The Archbishop of Salzburg, more from the representations of others than from his own judgment, began to be sensible that he made a great mistake in losing Mozart. A negotiation was begun, which was precipitated by the most grievous blow Mozart had been yet called to endure—we mean the death of his mother. This made his father more than ever desirous that he should be removed from the thousand risks to which, alone and young, he by his residence in Paris was exposed; and an arrangement was made by which Wolfgang was to receive a salary of five hundred florins, with the office of concert-master. Mozart quitted Paris on the 26th of September, 1778, and made for Salzburg by way of Munich, where Mademoiselle Weber and her family had settled. She had parted from him as lovers part, with tears; but their meeting was of a different kind to that expected by Wolfgang. Mr. Holmes, not very gallantly, and yet somewhat truly we confess, says, there was for this "an old and sufficient reason—the inconstancy of woman-kind." He now turned his attentions to Constance, the sister of his fickle and treacherous fair one, who ultimately became his wife. At Salzburg the first work of any importance he produced was a mass. In 1780 he received from the Elector of Bavaria an engagement to compose the *opera seria* for the ensuing carnival, and he joyfully repaired to Munich for that purpose. On the 29th of January, 1781, "*Idomeneo*," written in the bloom of his life, and full," says Mr. Holmes, "of the glowing animation and spirituality of his nature, was performed with immense applause. The accustomed audience of the Munich opera was increased by a concourse of people from Salzburg, desirous of hearing the wonderful composition of their townsman." In the middle of March he was commanded to follow the Salzburg court to Vienna, and is quartered by his exalted patron with the valets and cooks belonging to the establishment. Repeated indignities at length roused Mozart's temper, and at length he burst the chain by which he was enslaved. After describing the whole history of the transaction, he thus writes to his father:—"I will now inform you what was the principal ground of offence. I knew not that I was a valet in attendance, and that ruined me. I ought to have lounged away a couple of hours every morning in the ante-chamber; indeed, I had been

often told that I ought to show myself, but could never recollect that this was part of my duty, and therefore contented myself with coming when the Archbishop sent for me. As far as this I have spoken as though we were in the presence of the Archbishop; I now speak to you alone, my dearest father, of all the injustice that I have endured from the Archbishop from the beginning of his reign till now. Of his incessant insults, and of all the impertinence and affronting speeches that he has uttered to my face, as well as of the incontrovertible right that I have to leave him, nothing need be said here, for nothing can be said that can bring their truth into question." He then goes on to show that his prospects are encouraging. "He was young, hopeful, energetic; with a pen that never halted for ideas, and an activity in writing that defied fatigue." Full of his newly-acquired freedom, he for a while saw nothing of the stern realities and hard struggles by which he was so soon to be surrounded. The Emperor Joseph quite won upon him by his affability—and has the reputation of having thoroughly understood and appreciated Mozart. "But what sort of patronage," asks Mr. Holmes, "to an artist struggling with difficulties must that be which ends in a joke—a laugh—a miserable pension? Such will be found to have been the history of their connexion." His success as a pianoforte player, among the fashionable world of Vienna, was now at its height, but he could not remain long without dramatic writing. On the 31st of September, of the same year in which he quitted the Archbishop, he received the libretto of the opera "*Die Entführung aus dem Serail*," and with such delight, that during the first two days he wrote two airs for it, and the terzetto which closes the first act. At the same time he had a much more serious work in view. The Webers had settled at Vienna, and on the 4th of August, 1782, Mozart was rendered happy by the possession of Constance as his bride. Thus, at the time he was writing "*Die Entführung*" (the Abduction), he was obliged to carry off Mademoiselle Weber by a stratagem. It was a love match, and therefore undoubtedly a happy one. It had its cares, but it also had its joy. "For a while, indeed," says Mr. Holmes, "everything prospered, but the scene soon altered; and the married lovers were soon obliged to descend from their poetical world of love and imagination into a more prosaic one—to listen to the clamour of creditors, whose demands they could not satisfy, and to be sometimes cast upon extremities for the supply of current wants." In spite of all, however, Mozart could remain brave and true. "Why did you not marry a rich wife?" said the Emperor Joseph to him one day. "Sire," was the answer, "I trust that my genius will always enable me to support the woman I love." At Vienna, there was the Italian school of art as a rival, and their jealousy and intrigue; nevertheless, "*Die Entführung*" became at once "wonderfully popular." In the spring of the year 1784, Vienna was visited by several musical stars; among the rest an English party arrived there, consisting of Stephen Storace, his sister, a celebrated singer fresh from Italy, and Michael Kelly. The latter has given the best personal description of Mozart now extant:—"I went one evening," he says, "to a concert of the celebrated Kozeluch's, a great composer for the piano-

forte, as well as a fine performer on that instrument. I saw there the composers Vanhall and Baron Dittersdorf; and what was to me the greatest gratification of my musical life, was there introduced to that prodigy of genius—Mozart. He favoured the company by performing fantasias and capriccios on the pianoforte. His feeling, the rapidity of his fingers, the great execution and strength of his left hand particularly, and the apparent inspiration of his modulations, astounded me. After this splendid performance we sat down to supper, and I had the pleasure to be placed at table between him and his wife, Madame Constance Weber, a German lady, of whom he was passionately fond. He conversed with me a good deal about Thomas Linley, the first Mrs. Weir's brother, with whom he was intimate at Florence, and spoke of him with great affection. He said that Linley was a true genius; and he felt that, had he lived, he would have been one of the greatest ornaments of the musical world. After supper, the young branches of our host had a dance, and Mozart joined them. Madame Mozart told me, that great as his genius was, he was an enthusiast in dancing, and often said that his taste lay rather in that than in music.

"He was a remarkably small man, very thin and pale, with a profusion of fine fair hair, of which he was very vain. He gave me a cordial invitation to his house, of which I availed myself, and passed a great part of my time there. He always received me with kindness and hospitality. He was remarkably fond of punch, of which beverage I have seen him take copious draughts. He was also fond of billiards, and had an excellent billiard table in the house. Many and many a game have I played with him, but always came off second best. He gave sundry concerts, at which I was never missing. He was kind-hearted, and always ready to oblige, but so very particular when he played, that if the slightest noise were made he instantly left off." At the time Mozart wished to have settled in England, a year or two later, the King of Prussia would have detained him at Berlin, and given him a pension of three thousand dollars a-year; but a kind word from the Emperor Joseph detained him starving at Vienna. But it mattered little. Already the clouds were lowering round his early grave. Two worthless boon companions—Shichander, the director of a theatre for whom Mozart wrote the "Zauberflöte," and Stadler, a clarinet player—abused his confidence in every possible way, and led him into yet deeper embarrassments. His last year was one of untiring heroic activity. Day and night he would keep at the composition of the *Zauberflöte*, till, from weariness and excitement, he would fall into a swoon. In the August of the year in which he died, a stranger brought him a letter, without any signature, the purport of which was to inquire whether he would undertake the composition of a requiem, by what time he would be ready with it, and his price. His wife advised him to undertake it. In a few days the mysterious stranger returned, and paid in advance twenty-five ducats—half the required price. He immediately commenced the Requiem, which would have been finished at the required time, had he not been called to Prague to compose an opera for the coronation of the Emperor Leopold. The subject pro-

posed by the council of the Bohemian nobility was "La Clemenza di Tito." Upon his return he again worked at the Requiem; but owing to his believing that he had been poisoned, and that he was writing the Requiem for himself, he was prohibited by his physicians writing it. When he found himself better, he again returned to it; but with the Requiem, his former illness returned. He gradually grew worse. At length it became apparent that he was hastening from a world he had found rugged, and toil-worn, and false. "It was late in the evening of December 5, 1791, that his sister-in-law returned, but only to witness his dissolution. She had left him so much better that she did not hasten to him. Her own account may now be given:—How shocked was I when my sister, usually so calm and self-possessed, met me at the door, and in a half-distracted manner said, 'God be thanked that you are here. Since you left he has been so ill that I never expected him to outlive this day. Should he be so again, he will die to-night. Go to him and see how he is. As I approached his bed he called to me. 'It is well that you are here, you must stay to-night and see me die.' I tried, as far as I was able, to banish this impression; but he replied, 'The taste of death is already on my tongue. *I taste death*, and who will be near to support my Constance if you go away?' I returned to my mother for a few minutes to give her intelligence, for she was anxiously waiting, as she might have already supposed the fatal scene already over, and then hurried back to my disconsolate sister. Süßmayer was standing by the bedside, and on the counterpane lay the 'Requiem,' concerning which Mozart was still speaking and giving directions. He now called his wife, and made her promise to keep his death secret for a time from every one but Albrechtsberger, that he might thus have an advantage over other candidates for the vacant office of Kapellmeister to St. Stephens. His desire in this respect was gratified, for Albrechtsberger received the appointment. As he looked over the pages of the 'Requiem' for the last time, he said, with tears in his eyes, 'Did I not tell you I was writing this for myself?' On the arrival of the physician, Dr. Closser, cold applications were ordered to his burning head, a process endured by the patient with extreme shuddering, and which brought on the delirium from which he never recovered. He remained in this state for two hours, and at midnight expired." Thus died Mozart, at the age of thirty-five years and ten months. Just as the prospects of his life were brightening, he went down worn and weary to his grave. Notwithstanding his faults, he was a generous, loving man, and worthy a more pleasant path than the one it was given him to tread. "His works remain the 'star-y-pointing pyramid' of one who excelled in every species of composition—from the impassioned elevation of the tragic opera, to the familiar melody of the birthday song; nor will they cease to command universal admiration, while music retains its power as the exponent of sentiment and passion."

COPENHAGEN AS IT WAS.

"COPENHAGEN as it was!" we can fancy we hear the reader exclaim, "an antiquarian article most probably; one well fitted for the dull and learned pages of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, but decidedly not the thing for those of the *National*." If thus, most candid reader, you have reasoned, you lie under a mistake. Fear nothing of the kind from us. We belong to no antiquarian society: of archæology we have but a dim and confused idea. We have never loved to dive for the pearls, dingy and dirty as they seem to us, which others more hardy than ourselves have found and won in the wide ocean of the past. We shall open no "great historic roll." We aim at no new edition of the northern antiquities—treasures of that kind we have none to offer. Our purpose is soon declared. Copenhagen as it was does not mean Copenhagen as it was in the olden time, when Odin was a manifest god, and the Walhalla a palpable paradise; when to live like a soldier was glorious, and to die like one yet more so; but our title simply means Copenhagen as it was when, not three years since, we first looked on its streets and towers.

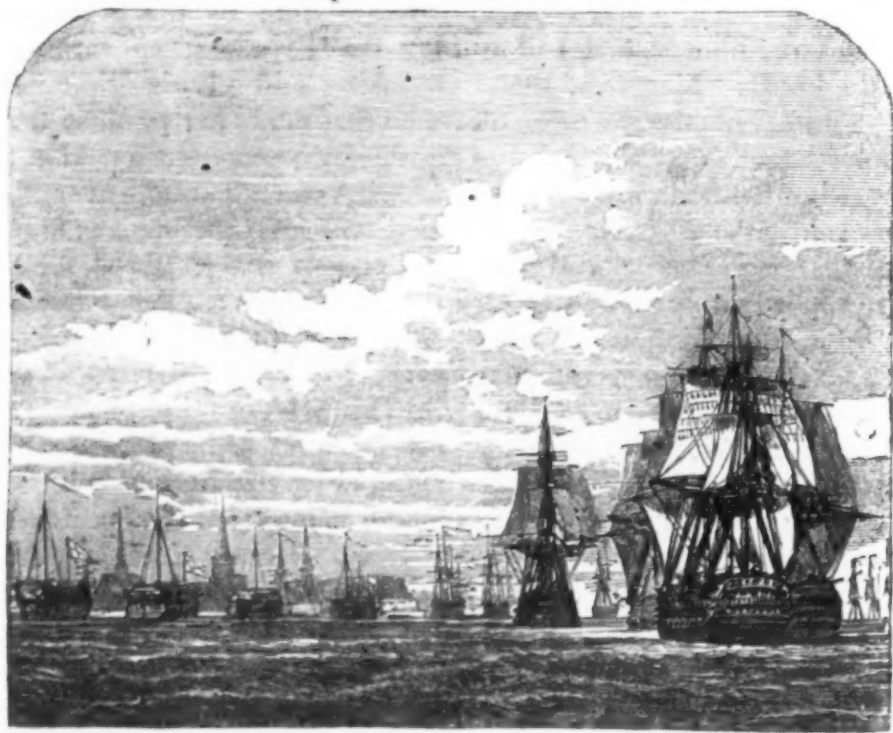
The old song says—and no modern song can gain-say it—that

"A light heart and a thin pair of breeches
Will go through the world, my brave boys;"

and it was with these two requisites for going through the world, and doing it besides in a pleasant, comfortable way, that we found ourselves one calm autumnal evening bidding farewell to Kiel, noticeable first for its own intrinsic beauty, and next for the fact, that at its university—the only Danish one in which German is spoken—studied that great historical unbeliever Niebhur, and steaming along the deep clear blue of that almost tideless yet treacherous sea, the Baltic. We were on board the *Christian the Eighth*, an old Scotch steamer, first known to Glasgow and fame as the *William Wallace*, but, at the time of which we speak, by the power of gold metamorphosed—not the first instance upon record—from a patriot into a king; and now, with a new name and a new crew, save one honest Scott, a worthy engineer, and an exemplary opponent of Teetotalism, plying twice a week between Kiel and Copenhagen, or Kiøbenhavn, as it is called by the natives themselves.

"Like a thing of life,"

as our very poetical writers would say, did we dash on, impudently skimming the waves that had but to rise up in their might to put down the show and bravery of the creature man, now and then catching a glimpse of some small island, that a hermit might well choose as his lodge, till at length the Swedish coast loomed in the horizon, and after twenty-four hours' panting, the iron heart of the *Christian the Eighth* became still, and we found ourselves in the harbour, beneath that terrible



THE BRITISH FLEET AT COPENHAGEN.

battery of the "three crowns," where Nelson had been before, when—

"There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath
For a time."

We never carry luggage, as the captain of a Danish cutter found out, after taking the trouble to chase a small sailing-boat we had hired to carry us from Travemünde to some insignificant sea-port belonging to Denmark, whose name we have now forgotten. Consequently we had no custom-house examination to endure, and

were not long in bidding farewell to our wooden walls.

It was a holiday; the ramparts were crowded with the gay butterflies whom the sun had warmed into life, and all Copenhagen seemed to have turned out to bid us welcome. Our first impulse, however—an impulse which, to a genuine John Bull like ourselves, acts with the power of a law—was, to satisfy the imperious craving of our inner man. Till that were done we had eyes and ears for nothing else. Accordingly, we hastened along clean and comfortable streets, and passed sylph-like

forms and sunny eyes, as superior to what Byron calls the blue-eyed peasant girl of the Rhine as a diamond of first water is to a common flint. At the Stadt Hamburg we were well taken care of by Mr. Murdoch, a respectable and respected Scotchman, whose agreeable family we more than half suspect has detained many a single young man in Copenhagen longer than was absolutely necessary. There are other hotels of a more ambitious character; but the Stadt Hamburg has good accommodation, and at a reasonable price. Having thus found a home, it was not long before we commenced our survey of the beauties of the town. Copenhagen is a pleasant-looking place. The streets are clean, and, were the shops in the improved modern style, would be brilliant. The writer of *Letters from the Shores of the Baltic* rightly says, "Wide, straight, modern streets, with edifices of the same alternate character, and canals lined with vessels, make a picturesque and pleasing whole. The houses are most of them handsome, well-built, and Rotterdam-like, with the advantage over the latter of all being in true perpendicular."

The town itself is divided into three districts; the old town, or Aldstadt; the new town, or Frederichstadt; and Christian's-havn. In the old town is the royal palace of Christiansburg, burnt down in 1794, but now restored—a place yet interesting on account of that unfortunate English princess, the sister of one king, and the wife of another, who lived within its walls. The palace is but occasionally used. In one wing the royal collection of pictures are kept; they are open to the public, and as one of that interesting body we availed ourselves of that privilege, but were not particularly gratified. We saw little worth mentioning. We lean to the belief that many of the pictures, bearing well-known names, are forgeries; their number altogether is about 1000, and they occupy twelve rooms in the highest story of the palace. Another portion of the palace contains a collection of antiquities of the north, divided into four sections. The first, consisting of those in the heathen age; the second, of those connected with the Catholic worship; third, relics of the middle ages; and the fourth contains armour of the age of chivalry



NELSON SIGNING HIS DESPATCHES.

and more modern times. The ramparts of the city and the citadel are planted with trees, and form pleasant and fashionable promenades. Liberty must be first obtained to enter; but that is done with but little difficulty. The writer of this, with three Norwegians, equally ignorant of this regulation with himself, was indebted to the courtesy of some one in authority, who, seeing his dilemma, politely used his influence that the strangers might suffer no disappointment. The royal family live in a place in no seemingly superior style, and frequently as noisy as any in the town. Not far off is the house in which Thorwaldsen lived and died, and which every stranger would wish to behold. The artist has the credit of having been in his old age fond of the good things of this life, and passionately fond of the theatre,

at which he was to be seen every night. Thorwaldsen was privileged to find, what few men of genius do, that a prophet is honoured in his own country. In his own native town, all that could reward the toils of a life—that could gratify and sustain him in his age—he possessed and enjoyed. The Copenhagen Theatre is, we believe, almost unrivalled for the excellence of its ballet; but of that we are no great judges. England has men more competent to decide on this head than ourselves, and we readily give way to Sir C. Shakerly and the "lyric poet" Bunn. Close to Christiansburg is the Exchange, an old brick building, with the air of the Elizabethan age. We walked into it; but the Copenhagen merchants are not very animated, and the place was sepulchral as a grave. The commerce of Copenhagen

is small and is declining. Industry is fettered by protection in Denmark ; but even if it had fair play, Denmark could never be much of a commercial country. It has no coal. If Schleswig and Holstein—provinces essentially German—be re-united to Germany, Denmark will be in a sad forlorn condition. It will have lost the brightest jewel in its diadem. Beneath the Exchange is the Bazaar, where we lounged away no little time, much to our own amusement and satisfaction, and where it struck us the articles are disposed of for a "ridiculously small sum." In the new town, the traveller will do well to visit the ancient royal palace of Rosenburg, built, if our memory does not deceive us, by Inigo Jones. There are deposited the crown jewels ; a beautiful collection of antiquities and Runic remains, which have been found in various parts of Denmark, to see which, as an antiquarian friend of ours told us who had done the same, no right-minded man, antiquarian or not, need grudge the time or expense ; and a cabinet of coins and medals. If the traveller be fond of acquiring useful and entertaining knowledge, there is a public library, with four hundred thousand volumes, and a university with at least one professor, widely and well known—we mean Raske. There are literary and scientific societies without end, and last, and not least, Copenhagen can boast the name of Oehlenschläger as a poet whose works may be read in almost every European tongue.

But if, gentle reader, like the humble individual who now has the pleasure to address you, you have as great an aversion to the quick-sands of antiquarian discussion and dry skeletons of scientific knowledge as a mad dog has to the water—if the recollection of those dark passages—should you ever have had such—in your past life, when eager for academic or collegiate fame, you sat the live-long day, which is bad enough, or, what is worse still, the live-long night, when, in the joyousness of your young nature, you would have gone forth beneath the blue of heaven, and learnt how, as Wordsworth says,—

"Sweet is the lore which nature brings ;"

or would have gone to bed—if, like an honest man, and reader of the *National* as you are, and intend to be, you care little for what is dead and dry, and very proper, and respectable, and have in your heart of hearts a deep love for whatever of happiness or beauty daily life can give—if you like to see the man of business relax and grow glad, as if there was something better than money in the world—if you like to see the wrinkles of old age smoothed over by the sunshine of content, and its old dim eyes lighting up, not as they did, it is true, in the days of passionate youth and lusty manhood, but still lighting up as if to the last life were the gift of a good God, and earth was a pleasant spot—if you like to see woman, gay and graceful, with the eye of the dove and the note of the lark, as if she were sheltered by the hand of affection from the world's rude blast, and knew never the pelting of the rain and the roaring of the storm—if you would see youth following the pure impulses of its own will, careless for the time of the world's dread laugh, too soon, alas ! to become its law—come with us, where you would have found us every night of the week we spent in this northern capital, and visit the Tivoli Gardens ; and here let no gentle Cockney throw back his head and shut his eyes, and give

way to beautiful reminiscences of the garden at Gravesend of similar name, and the gorgeously clad archer there, and the urbane Baron Nathan, and the tea and shrimps, that add so much to the pleasure of an evening spent in that romantic and *recherché* spot ; neither let him rush into an opposite conclusion, and deem that the Tivoli at Copenhagen has nothing in common with the Tivoli at Gravesend. What they have in common let him gather from our description. The Tivoli, then, at Copenhagen is a large public garden, about a mile from the town, and sacred to pleasure. No device for amusing the most thinking and highminded public exists that is not there ; rude dramatic performances, dissolving views, roundabouts, peep-shows, fireworks, illuminations, music of real worth, sweet cakes of all kinds, and grog of all sorts. We dare say that by this time the dulcet notes of Ethiopian melodies have even been heard in the Tivoli at Copenhagen, and that "Buffalo gals" and "Lucy Neal" have been sung to enraptured audiences. Should this meet the eye of any seedy songster, who may feel inclined to try the Ethiopian line of entertainment, we would give him one caution : the summer in Copenhagen is very hot ; possibly the original colour may peep out. In London we have known times when the black has not stood, but has treachously melted off, and left a far different shade beneath. But to return to the Tivoli. Pleasure for once seems caught ; you meet manhood in its seven ages ; and, foremost in the fray, and gayest of the gay, ready alike for love or war, are to be seen venerable spectacled females, who in England would be mildly aggravating every one around them, and would be exerting a silent but melancholy influence on society by their servile lamentations over the increasing depravity of the age, and by their hints, anything but facetious, as to the consequences, personal and national, public and private, which must ensue. Everywhere you see smiling faces, you hear merry sounds, and joy beams from many a calm blue Scandinavian eye into your own, and one more bewitching and irresistible it is impossible to behold. Not the least interesting part of the spectacle is the appearance of the peasant women who flock in when there is a holiday, and enjoy everything with a hearty good-will, that contributes much to the amusement of the looker-on. With their many-coloured dresses, and smart caps, whose red ribbons may be seen

"Streaming like meteors in the air,"

they add considerably to the gaiety of the Tivoli. If we recollect aright, the charge for admission to this festive scene was somewhere about twopence halfpenny, and the rest of the charges were proportionably low. For the same charge one day the writer had a ride in a Copenhagen omnibus, and never were there such omnibuses in the world before. The cushions are formed to give you as much ease as a mortal can have in a sitting posture ; the windows are of plate-glass, with gilt frames and curtains ; the top of the omnibus inside is beautifully painted, and the conductor has "an air and a grace" of that peculiar character, which, if we may borrow from the penny-a-liners, can be easier imagined than described. Men and manners in this great metropolis, we flatter ourselves, we pretty well understand. Omnibus cads and coachmen we intuitively know ; no wonder, then, we were surprised by the politeness of the

Copenhagen conductor. We had only imagined from what we knew; we dreamt not that men of the same character could so widely differ: to say we were surprised would, consequently, be but a mild form of expressing ourselves—we were more, we were overwhelmed. Man may be the same all the world over; an omnibus man decidedly is not. If it be true, and as most boys are taught it in Latin, though, alas! with but little effect, we suppose it is that learning softens the manners, then may the Copenhagen omnibus conductors challenge a comparison with any of the members of our most illustrious societies at home.

There are two things in Copenhagen that might be improved,—the coinage and the appearance of the army. The former is to a stranger particularly bothering, especially if he reaches Copenhagen via Hamburg, the shortest way from England, as the coins, many of them, have similar names though different values. There is a great deal of paper money in circulation, and the notes are for a very small amount, many of them being of the value of less than half-a-crown. Again, the army has not the imposing appearance the English eye has been accustomed to. There are a great many soldiers belonging to Denmark. From a population of a million and a half, one hundred thousand are set apart for soldiers. We were rather amused to see them parading the streets of Copenhagen. They are most of them under-sized men, and do not even walk in step. Their trousers, like our policemen's boots, are evidently made by contract, and consequently are generally too large; so that the less gifted, as regards the length of leg, have to turn theirs up, a habit more convenient than graceful. The reflecting reader must at once perceive the Danish soldiers have no very martial appearance. To be shot at, perhaps, they are about the best of men you could have; to sweep off a long line of fine tall young fellows "full of lusty life" seems too bad even for men who are called heroes. Short and dumpy men can certainly be better spared. Yet Englishmen know that the Danes can fight; the sturdy valour they displayed when Nelson's flag floated within reach of Copenhagen, is matter of history. Niebhur's letters, written from Copenhagen at the time, show the eagerness of every Dane to defend his country against the foe. There are those who sleep

"By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore,"

who could tell how bravely the Danes waged the fight. One old Danish hero, it is said, after having in vain endeavoured to prevail upon the Crown Prince to refuse the terms of peace, offering to answer for the capture of the whole British fleet, was so overcome with vexation and disappointment, that nature gave way, and he was borne from the royal presence in a fit.

The chief claim, however, Copenhagen has to fame, consists in the fact that it reared Tycho Brache, Niebhur, and Thorwaldsen. There, especially, the latter was loved and honoured; there he came home from the blue sky of Italy, and the fascinations of art Rome yet boasts, to die, and in Copenhagen he is yet immortal in his works. Let the traveller first visit the Frauenkirche, a lady's church, and admire the genius of this sculptor of the north; then let him visit the beautiful museum—in

which the sculpture and the antiquities the artist left to the nation are deposited. Amongst other things there to be seen is the cast of the far-famed Byron statue—the statue the existence of which was at one time denied, and which was refused, by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, admission to the nation's Abbey. The statue is simple and expressive. Byron is seated writing the *Childe Harold*, and at his feet lies a broken shaft. The museum contains a beautiful bust of the intellectual head of the artist. Few nobler heads have we seen. Our black guide saw our admiration and appreciated it. With grinning mouth and ebony figure, pointing to the bust, conscious of our ignorance, and proud of his own knowledge, he told us, and it was all he did tell us—that the artist "dunned it hisself." As our reader then may well imagine, Copenhagen is a jolly place to visit. Let us, however, add this slight proviso—only in the summer time. In winter the climate is frightful. Winter is bad enough in England; but in Copenhagen the raw, thick, icy fog, is something terrible to bear. Beards and fur are but a faint protection when necessity compels you to go out of doors. How the 120 inhabitants of Copenhagen—including his most Christian Majesty, and his too celebrated female companion—manage to keep themselves warm, it puzzles my poor brain to conjecture.

DR. MACKAY ON AMERICA.*

MRS. STOWE complains that few English writers understand America. The Earl of Carlisle is the only traveller whom she admits has done justice to her country. Were Mrs. Stowe writing her *Sunny Memories* over again, surely she would include Dr. Mackay in her select list. No man by sympathy and previous training was better fitted to write about America than Dr. Mackay. We are glad that he has done so, and that his two handsome volumes have reached a second edition. As to ourselves, we are never tired of hearing and reading about America. That gigantic republic is the great phenomenon of our age; no man who interests himself in politics can refuse to study its rise and origin—to watch its progress—and to speculate on its future growth and destiny. America supplies all classes of politicians at home with arguments. It is a store-house to which Conservatives and Radicals alike resort for weapons of attack or defence. Mr. Bright points to America as a happy land where there is no territorial aristocracy, and no state church; and when we talk of reform at home, our Bentincks and Newdegates tell us we are about to Americanize our institutions. About no country in the world do opinions differ so much as with respect to America. The shield is brass or silver according to the position in which the spectre stands.

At ten o'clock on Saturday, Oct. 3rd, Dr. Mackay sailed in the *Asia*, for New York. On the 16th, a pilot came on board, and informed the passengers that they were 180 miles from land, and that in New York a commercial panic of unexampled severity had commenced.

* *Life and Liberty in America: or, Sketches of a Tour in the United States and Canada, in 1857-8*, by Charles Mackay, LL.D., F.S.A., in two volumes. Second edition. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

The next day they steamed into "the beautiful bay at the end of which stands New York, the Queen of the Western world, with New Jersey on the one side, and Brooklyn on the other." Of the Broadway of that great city Dr. Mackay declares that there is "no street in London superior, or even, all things considered, equal;" and nowhere are such oysters to be met with as in the principal oyster saloons of that fashionable and crowded thoroughfare. At New York he witnessed a procession of firemen, and a few nights after, in the midst of a thick drizzling rain, he came upon a torchlight demonstration, which anywhere else would have been considered alarming, but which in New York was merely occasioned by the election of a mayor. The grand American hotels he considers "very comfortable, very luxurious, very cheap, and very lively," but at the same time he does not think them conducive to that domesticity which we in England so pertinaciously guard and prize. *En route* for Boston Dr. Mackay had his first experience of American railway travelling, and considers it very inferior to the English. The cars hold fifty or sixty people—in winter time are warmed by stoves burning anthracite coal, which burns out all the elasticity and moisture of the atmosphere, and have no back to the seats, so that however weary you may be it is impossible while travelling to get any refreshing sleep. The river steamers—magnificent floating palaces in reality—are better, but, especially in the Southern States, they are liable to catch fire, and their boilers are much given to bursting. Boston is one of the most picturesque as well as important cities of America; it is besides the great metropolis of lecturers, Unitarian preachers, and poets. From Boston our author took his way to the Falls of Niagara. It was dark when he reached the City of the Falls, but when the train stopped he distinctly heard "the dull heavy roar of earth's most stupendous cataract." The sight of the Rapids alone he considers worth all the time and cost of the voyage across the Atlantic; and the Horse-Shoe Fall is admitted to be "the greatest marvel and the principal beauty of the New World." Rhode Island is next visited; thence he passed on to Philadelphia, the capital of Pennsylvania, the keystone State. Philadelphia is the second city of the Union, with a population of 500,000 souls, and where within the last five years have been erected extensive breweries of "*Lager beer*." The Doctor visited the State House, or Independence Hall, where the Declaration of American Independence was adopted, and Girard College, a noble building of white marble, beyond all comparison the finest public monument on the North American Continent. The institution is for the support and education of orphan boys, and such a dislike had the founder to priests and clergymen, that no minister of religion is permitted even to enter within the walls of the college. Washington, with its population of 60,000, is next visited. It has been called the city of magnificent distances, and well justifies the title. At the White House Dr. Mackay attended the *levée* of the President, Mr. Buchanan, and there he spent New Year's Day, according to the custom of the country, in visiting and card-leaving. He also assisted at a great ceremonial interview between the President and delegates from three tribes of Indians—the Poncas, the Pawnees, and the Pottowattamies. We next find the Doctor at

Cincinnati, the queen city of the West, which people who look ahead prophesy will be the central city of the confederation, and the future capitol of the United States. The chief trade seems to be in hogs, of which 600,000 are slaughtered annually. In Ohio Mr. Nicholas Longworth has introduced the culture of the grape for the purpose of wine-making. One wine, the sparkling catawba, Mr. Longworth has manufactured, Dr. Mackay prefers to champagne. The Duke of Wellington had a good opinion of it; so has Longfellow, who has written a poem in its favour. Under its inspiration Dr. Mackay himself invoked the muse, and was rewarded by having his name selected for a new kind of wine, "of a pale amber colour, clear, odoriferous, and of most delicate flavour, and almost equal to Johannisberg." Louisville, the principal commercial city of the State of Kentucky, is next visited. After a run of 1295 miles down the Mississippi, the Doctor arrives at New Orleans, the crescent city, reminding the European traveller of Havre or Boulogne. Here the Doctor, in common with about 750 guests, became an inmate for twelve days of the St. Charles' Hotel, an edifice somewhat in the style and appearance of the Palace of the King of the Belgians, at Brussels. With reluctance he tore himself away for Mobile, in Alabama. At Charleston, in South Carolina, he visited a rice plantation. Of the next city the Doctor visited, Savannah, the commercial capital of Georgia, he says: "Of all the cities in America none impresses itself more vividly upon the imagination and the memory than this little, green, lovely city of the South. It stands upon a terrace about forty feet higher than the river, and presents the appearance of an agglomeration of rural hamlets and small towns." Away the Doctor next hies to Virginia, the county of the old Dominion and the F. F. V.'s. "The reader may ask what is the old Dominion? and who or what are the F. F. V.'s? The old Dominion is the name affectionately given to Virginia by its inhabitants, proud of its ancient settlement in the days of Queen Elizabeth, and the F. F. V.'s are the First Families of Virginia. Who is your master? said I to a negro driver in Washington. He is an F. F. V. was the reply." At Richmond, the capital, is the celebrated statue of Washington, by Hondan, a French artist, which is the size of life, "and bears about it all the unmistakeable but undefineable signs of being a true portrait." At Baltimore Dr. Mackay feasted on canvass-back ducks, "one of the greatest delicacies of the New World." We next find the Doctor in Canada. "At Rouse's Point," he writes, "I took my farewell of the territory of the United States, and entered into the dominions of her Majesty Queen Victoria. This important station ought to have belonged to Canada, and would have done so if Lord Ashburton, despatched by our government in 1846 to settle the Oregon and Maine boundaries then in dispute between the two nations, had been anything like a match in intellect, in dexterity, in logic, or in purpose to the astute lawyer, Daniel Webster, against whom he was pitted. But the British Lord, half an American in heart, and perhaps too closely allied to the trading interests of the great house of Baring Brothers, to see things in their true light as regarded either Great Britain or Canada, was of no more account than a piece of red tape or a stick to be whittled in the hands of the great

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THE CITY OF BRUGES—PALACE OF THE FRANKS.

Yankee lawyer and orator. Not only Rouse's Point, a place of great strategical importance, but the larger portion of the State of Maine, and with it the free access of Canadian traffic to the ocean in midwinter, when the St. Lawrence is closed up by the ice, were thus lost to Canada." The Doctor felt himself at home in Canada, and is strongly impressed with the remarkable antipathy of the inhabitants to America. Montreal, Quebec, Toronto, Hamilton, London, and Ottawa were visited. At the latter place he is enchanted with the waterfalls, second, and only second, to Niagara. Thence he embarks on the St. Lawrence and shoots the Rapids; and on the 19th of May he sails on board the *Europa*, and in twelve days saw the green shores of Ireland. "On arriving once more in England," wrote the Doctor, "I may mention the pleasant and novel sensation I experienced at riding over the excellent pavement of Liverpool, so superior to the bad pavements and coarse roads of the United States, and the delight I felt in beholding once more the garden-like beauty and verdure of the landscape. The hawthorn and the wild chestnut, the lilac and the acacia, were in the full flush of their early bloom, and in rolling up to London at the rate of forty miles an hour, I came to the conclusion that not even the mangolia groves of the sunny south, or the exuberant loveliness of the northern landscape in America, were equal to the sylvan beauty and fair blue sky of England; and if during my absence I had learned to love America, I had also learned to love my own country better than before, or if this were not possible, to render to myself better and more cogent reasons for doing so than I had before crossing the Atlantic." The voyage, however, was not in vain. Time, he tells us, has strengthened every good impression which he formed of the people, and weakened every unfavourable one. "No Englishman can travel in the United States without seeing on every side and at each step of his progress the proof of the indomitable energy of the people. And (if he will not judge too rashly from first appearances or from random expressions) of the pride which they feel in their Anglo-Saxon descent, in their relationship to England, and of the noble inheritance of British literature, which is theirs as well as ours."

Such is a brief outline of the Doctor's tour. He has besides several chapters on important subjects, which he treats in a fair and candid spirit. On the Irish in America, on the Mormons, on Filibusterism, on the social and political aspects of Slavery, on American Art and Literature and Science, on Parties and Party tyranny, and on the Future of the United States, he discourses at considerable length. He recommends our peasantry to emigrate, but thinks our clerks and shopkeepers had better stop at home. He discovers a great deal of mob worship, a great deal of corruption in political life. He thinks the newspapers might be much better than they are. He considers the Americans as by no means musical, and the Maine Law he tells us is a sham. In the prospective unwieldiness of the Union he asks if there may not be a reason why it may not be expected to break up into compartments a little more manageable, and resolve itself into three or four federations instead of one. Of course, as a true-born Englishman, he deprecates slavery, and sees in it a sad and bitter curse resting on the land, white as well as black, on the

master as well as the slave; but Dr. Mackay is a genial man as well as true poet; and while in America his two volumes cannot fail to do good, in England, for some time to come, they may be studied as the best and fairest account of the great democratic republic that has been written in our day.

NAMES AND NICKNAMES.

BY EDWIN GOADBY.

HUMAN language, like human life, is progressive. There was a period in universal history when language was a thing of lisps and stutterings, of incoherencies, and the most natural simplicity. From its one family we can trace the growth of the nation by its extension and power, from his mewling and puking babyhood that of the man by his wisdom and strength, and there are signs whereby, quite as indubitably, the learned in Sanscrit and the Teutonic dialects of Europe can discern a similar process in language. There was a time, then, —a dim, shadowy era, it is true—when our progenitors, having no ready-made words and stereotyped ideas, could not chatter with the volubility of a Frenchman, the grace of an Italian, yea, even the slow deliberateness of an Englishman. Conventional names for things must at first have been unknown, and a definition of an idea, or description of an object, have been necessitated to present it to the mind of a second person, as in the earliest systems of writing objects were set forth by precise images, and abstractions by metaphors. Even the very fig-leaved apron of mother Eve might have been designated, a mere hide-behind. Description and definition, however, were materially assisted by what grammarians call the onomatopœia, or representation of things by their sounds, as of a lamb by *ba*, a cow by *boo*, a dog by *bow-wow*, a frog by *crack*, a crow by *caw*, and *ag*, in more modern times, we have called the sweet poet of spring by the name of the cuckoo. This was a round-about way of talking, and one cannot fancy either much eloquence or garrulity in early times. If a person in want of anything must accurately define it first by quality, quantity, and appearance, it must have taken him a long time to get it, and the description of an adventure, like the tale of some hoary Persian Khan, might well take days to recount. In love-making the difficulty would soon be got over. The sentiment itself, then, as now, could not be rigidly defined, but eyes must have looked it, the voice spoken in soft word-cooings, and hands and lips by delicate attentions. Birds even now teach the poet song; they might then have taught the heart an eloquence like their own.

But the difficulty was greatest as to the designation of human beings. Natural objects, their tents, furniture, and cattle, would soon come to have suggestive names, but in representing individuals this primal word-painting was indispensable. Father, for the head or progenitor; mother, for the female, or producer; son, or protector, for the male child who guarded the flocks; and daughter, or milkmaid, for her who kept them supplied with food, were soon and easily settled. But every new human being must give rise to a new name, expressing the singularity of the individual, or the circumstances

of his birth and surroundings. Thus Adam is the red-man, earth-man, or the first; Eve, the female-man, womb, or wo-man; Cain, possess; Abel, vanity, or mourning; and Zillah, the shadow, because like her mother. And so the patriarchs and their families continued to be known and named in their bright Armenian life, with all its purity, simplicity, and joy, until riven asunder for their sins, like the cloud-rack of a tempest, in the terrible wrath of Omnipotence, they sank into the dim void between sacred and profane history.

The Greeks denominated individuals in a similar manner, but they superadded a second name denoting the character more fully. Thus Plato, broad-shoulders, they designated the Athenian bee; and Democritus, a judge of the people, the laughing philosopher. Plato himself advised his countrymen to be very careful in selecting children's names, and Pythagoras went even further, and said that the whole course of their lives depended on their appropriateness. The Roman proverb in such matters was *bonum nomen, bonum omen*. The ancients preferred Juliet's famous question altered to "What *isn't* in a name?"

The process of naming still continues to be the same in imperfectly civilized tribes, excepting indeed those half-breed negro who have a fancy for classic names, with their heads or tails lopped off, and the Indian traveller meets with a No-fool, Good-sense, Ill-temper, Iron-arm, and a host of others equally expressive. You have only to analyse a man's name, and ten to one but you get right at his character; whereas, in civilized countries, a Bland is possibly a cynic, a Samson a rickety caricature of a man, and a Merriman the most cross-grained fellow alive. Our civilization, like adversity with its bed-fellows, has gotten us into strange company, and put us to all manner of contradictions. Names now generally mean the reverse of what they originally signified. A Smith has not even the slightest great-cousinship to a Tubal-Cain, a Palmer is most likely to be a cross-legged tailor, and a Shepherd to be in the silliest ignorance of sheep. Rufus has now black hair, Pyrrhus a pale face, and Probus tells both white and black lies. Anne is not gracious but pert, Adeline oftener a Cinderella than a princess, Rebecca a slim maiden rather than a plump one, and Susan a most unlilylike brunette or negro. Even those distinctions once deemed eternal are rapidly being washed away. The old hexameter set forth—

"Per Mac atque O tu veros cognoscis Hibernos,
His duobus demptis, nullus Hibernus adest."

"By Mac and O you know the real Irish,
If both be wanting Pat is never present."

But the O's are rapidly rolling away, and the Macs are vanishing. It is the same with regard to another infallible distich:—

"By *pall, tre, and pen,*
You may know the Cornish men."

I cannot tell, but probably the characteristics of race are the same, as it is still sung of one county, with what degree of truth is not for me to say:—

"Derbyshire born, Derbyshire bred,
Strong in the arm, and weak in the head."

But civilization is much happier in the general names she gives to nations, classes, and individuals with the

patronising air of a godfather. How happily does John Bull express the blunt strength and solidity of the English character—how much better than pedantic parallels and pointed sentences! Long centuries since, on a coin of Septimius Severus, the bull symbolized the agriculture of Africa, as it now does an agricultural, commercial, meat-eating, straightforward, and determined race. There is no need to look for the number of Johns amongst the people, and *ble's* in the language, as one ingenious etymologist has done, when we remember not only our natural produce and sturdy bias, but that King Arthur, our great hero, was the first man who ever sat down to a whole roasted ox; that the Black Prince was a great lover of the brisket; that three rumps of beef constituted the breakfast of the maids of honour in the time of "good Queen Bess;" and that sheep-biter, in contradistinction to beef-eater, was formerly a term of reproach. The lion, too, is no inapt symbol of the British nation, especially when put in opposition to the French one—a cock, *gallus* unfortunately being the Latin for both the fowl and a Frenchman.

Johnny Crapaud, perhaps, as admirably sets forth the character of the French nation. As there is something self-asserting and noisy in the web-footed inhabitant of the tree and the marsh, so well brought out in the Alexandrian travesty of Homer—"the Battle of the Frogs and the Mice," so the very same qualities are manifest in the gay, garrulous, and boasting son of France. Modesty and English reserve are unknown to him. He constantly lives under the idea that his character is called in question, and he is surrounded with false impressions, and must needs perpetually exhibit his own valour and intelligence, and twist himself to tap his own back. There is the same liveliness as to purely mental gait. John Bull goes on slowly and deliberately to his point; Johnny Crapaud springs and hops from side to side in the most waggish manner. You offend the one, and get a thrust from his terrible horns; the other, and his eyes gleam in a moment with a wild malicious fire, while his body quivers like the tail of a tadpole. The term Crapaud seems to have arisen in a variety of ways. Frogs have always abounded in Gaul. As far back as the feudal times the castle-moats abounded with them, and as they had not then found out their daintiness as food, they multiplied to such an extent that the feudal chiefs had their evening and early morning slumbers disturbed by their croaking, and it was one of the principal duties of their villains and serfs to beat the waters both night and morning to keep them quiet. This ancient custom it was necessary to observe in some parts of the country even so recently as last century. France was thus the land of frogs, and Crapaud, or toad, seems to have been in early use as a representative term. Nostradamus, the great empiric of the sixteenth century, in his *Prophetical Centimes*, published in 1555, as strange a collection of ravings as the earlier prophecies of our own Merlin, has the following line—

"Les anciens crapauds prendront Sara."

"The ancient toads shall Sara take."

And when the French, under Louis XIV., took the city of Aras from the Spaniards, after a protracted siege, this prophecy was remembered, and especially when Sara, read backwards, gave the precise name of the town—

quite near enough for a man like Nostradamus. Miss Strickland, too, has given us an entry from one of Queen Elizabeth's Wardrobe Books, in which the representation is hinted at, and the name so frequent upon the lips of our Jack tars during the war with Napoleon, is precisely given. The extract runs—

"Item, one little flower of gold, with a frog thereon and therein mounseer, his phisnomye, and a little pearl pendent."

"Query," the authoress goes on, "was this whimsical conceit a love-token from the Duke of Alençon to his royal *bel amie*, and designed not as a ridiculous, but sentimental allusion to his country?" Perhaps so, but at any rate the reference is marked and intended, and the expression "his phisnomye" has a general and pithy meaning in it. Apart from the frogs abounding in the French marshes, and forming one of their dainty dishes, we are told by Paulus Æmilius, "that anciently the French kings did bear three toads sable," and another heraldic writer supplies us with an additional interpretation. In speaking of the toad, as borne by the Cornish family of Botereaux, he says, "This bearing signifies a *hasty choleric person*, easily stirred up to anger." The lengthening of the name John into Johnny seems for the purpose of derision, although it might be derived from the lengthening of English names which is common in other tongues, as in theirs they make Junot of our Jack, and the Italians Nicolini of Nick.

There are several interpretations given of the word Yankee, as applied to the American nation. The one they accept themselves is, that the word is merely English, in the imperfect pronunciation of the word by the natives of Massachusetts as Yenghis, Yanghis, Yankies. Whereupon one J. C. Richmond oddly cautions the old country representative.

"At Yankees, John, beware a laugh,
Against yourself you joke,
For Yenghees, English is, but half
By Indian natives spoke."

But this derivation is not perfectly satisfactory. The old Persian term for the inhabitants of a new world was Yanhi-dooniah, and their name for America, Yanghi-duina, which is at least as probable as the other. And we have another instance of the perpetuation of a similar term in that of Russia and Russ. The immigrants who formed this vast empire were originally called in the Finnish dialect *Ruotsi*, and *Rutsi*, or foreigners and adventurers, and subsequently *Rohs* and *Russ*. Thus a Yankee is a new man, and search where we will, I doubt whether a pithier word can be found for the race which has grown up on American clearings, prairies, and sea-boards—a new type of mankind, slim, lean, sallow, shrill-voiced, mighty in nervous energy, iconoclastic, and reaching everywhere with the first swelling consciousness of power and destiny. But etymologists, never at a loss, have another derivation of the term, with a homely air about it. Taffy, we all know, stands for a Welshman, Paddy for an Irishman, and Sawney for a Scotchman,* and Yankee means nothing more than plain John, with *son* to it. Thus, Jan is the German abbreviation of Johann, and Jansen is Johnson, and Ianneke, Ianneke, or Iahncke is the same. But how

get over the I? Easily done; why, the soft *I* is often rendered *Y* in the Northern languages, as in Yule for Jule, and so we at once get Yancke or Yankee.

Brother Jonathan, as applied to the Americans, is said by Bartlett to have arisen from Washington's saying, when he went to Massachusetts to organize the army and found difficulties in the way: "We must consult Brother Jonathan," meaning Jonathan Trumbull, then Governor of Connecticut. The Governor helped him out of his difficulties, by supplying the wants of the army, and his success caused the phrase, "We must consult Brother Jonathan," to be in every one's mouth in an emergency. Yankee!—Jonathan!—there is yet another name. A hogshead of some kind was standing on one of our Dock quays in England, and branded conspicuously upon it were the letters U. S. "U. S.," said a bystander, "Who can that be, that so short an address should find him?" "Why a great American, Uncle Sam, to be sure," was the waggish rejoinder; and so, for many years, the United States have passed under the name of that old gentleman.

The names for national characters were, and are still, very pithy and suggestive. Frenchmen have taunted us for centuries with our love of pudding. An old French traveller writes: "The English very much delight in pudding. They think themselves so happy when they have a pudding before them, that if any one would tell a friend he is arrived in a lucky juncture, the ordinary salutation is, 'Sir, I am glad to see you; you have come in pudding-time.'" So our gallant soup-loving neighbours must needs christen our country wit, who was the life of wakes and merry meetings, and the grand figure of the comic stage, by Jack Pudding; and very civilly we, in turn, named theirs Jean Potage. The German clown, from a similar liking for sausages in the land of smokers and philosophers, was styled Hans Werst (John Sausage), the Dutch one, Pickle Herring, and the Italian one, Maccaroni. In a like manner the word cockney, from the Latin word *coquino*—to cook, is used for the native of a great city, hinting at their love for luxurious fare and consequent effeminacy. Nor are the simpletons forgotten in this catalogue. Greece had its Abderites and Bæotians, Germany has its Krähwinkelites, and England its Gothamites.

Coming down to our social life, innumerable names have crept gradually into use, and some have, properly, slipped out again much faster than they came in. Thus cuckold, as applied to a husband in the profligacy of the Restoration, from the cuckoo's ousting of the sparrow from her nest, is now happily obsolete; as is also cotquean, the *soubriquet* for an effeminate husband, ever meddling in woman's affairs. A more general term of reproach for unmanliness will not so soon slip out of use. Thus Menenius, in Coriolanus, taunts Cominius—

"You have made good work,
You, and your *apron-men*; you that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation, and
The breath of garlic-eaters."

The distinction mistress, now used for married women, was formerly applied more especially to unmarried ones, Madame being used for those who had obtained some influence as householders, and Miss for those who were still in their girlhood. A table of distinctions, printed with the original letters to the *Tatler*

* Mulliner, Jean Paul tells us, has given another name in one of his puns—Schotten (*Scotsman*) and Schatten (*Shadow*).

and *Spectator*, by Charles Lilly, gives other and more modern shades of meaning. "Let no woman," it enjoins, "after the known age of twenty-one presume to admit of her being called *Miss*, unless she can fully prove she is one out of her sampler." Let every common maid-servant be plain Jane, Doll, or Sue, and let the better-born and higher-placed be distinguished by Mrs. Patience, Mrs. Prue, Mrs. Abigail."

Women, in Germany, I may here remark, assume the titles of their husbands, as Mrs. Postmistress, Mrs. Doctress, Mrs. Pastorium.

Even the common things of life are symbolized, and surrounding objects named afresh. Addison's Sir Andrew Freeport styled the sea "the British Common;" and others have since named the German and Atlantic oceans, the "Herring Pond." The Thames is known as the "silent highway," and our canals as "wet turnpikes." Our working men are the "great unwashed," and the Press is the "fourth estate." We are verging towards the Old Norse imagery. We shall speak of sea-horses for ships soon, call our sailors salt-water jockies, and our marines knights of the elements. But I fear such a perfection of word-painting is impossible yet, especially when a Livingstone, in excess of patriotism, takes from the Zambesi falls the native poetic name, Mosoyatamya, "smoke does sound there," to break a bottle of wine over "Victoria Falls."

Names given in jest or in earnest are unfortunately often imperishable, and so it behoves a man to keep himself free from those eccentricities, when he can, which make such ludicrous impressions on those who see and know us as we do not ourselves. Beginning with Charles Martel, or the Hammer, so called from one of his crushing victories, the father of Charlemagne, and his son, Pepin, the Short, what a list we have of historic epithets. There is Charlemagne's youngest son, Louis *le Débonnaire*, and after him others of the Carlovingian race, known as the Bald, the Stammerer, the Simple, and the Fat; and then Hugh, surnamed the Capet, either from his broad head, or a peculiar kind of hat (*capatus*) which he most probably wore. In our native history we have the two Saxon kings, Edward, the Confessor, and William, the Red-haired; and then we have William, the Norman, who also wrote of himself, "Ego Wilhelmus cognomento *Bastardus*," Richard, the Lion-hearted, John, the Lackland (*Sansterre*), and wit too, and Richard, the Crookback, who, although he was handsome in face, small in build and stature, and had only a twist in the left shoulder, as Rouse, a contemporary historian, tells us, was still popularly designated by this name, for we find a York schoolmaster, in 1491, charged with having called him a hypocrite and a *crokeback*. Cromwell is still known to us as Old Noll, Frederick the Great as Old Fritz, Napoleon as *Le petit corporal*, and Wellington as the Iron Duke.

◆ But some historical characters who have not had nicknames given them in their life-time, have bequeathed them to posterity, either in their own names or those of their creations. Our word gorgeous we derive from Gorgias, the sophist of Leontium, in Sicily, who appeared before his pupils in purple robes, with embroidered sandals, and fingers sparkling with gold and gems; and dunce we have from John Scot, of Duns, better known as Duns Scotus, whose disciples were

thus contemptuously called by their rivals, the followers of Thomas Aquinas. When we would characterise a stirring and adverse oration, we call it a Philippic, after Demosthenes' speeches against the Macedonian: a cunning underhand policy, we call Machiavellian, because of that writer's own political dealings, and the maxima laid down in his "Prince": a wild, visionary scheme we name Utopian, belonging to no-place, from the title of Sir Thomas More's celebrated work: a hair-brained fellow, Quixotic, from the comic hero of Cervantes: and speaking familiarly of the old torturing rack, we term it the Duke of Essex's daughter, because he is reputed to have introduced it in Henry VI.'s reign. The title of the most prominent figure in our pantomimes has also been derived from the name of a French actor of the last century, who was of Italian birth, Carlo Antonio Bertinazzi, Carlin being the abbreviation of Carlino, the Italian eliminative of Carlo, and *à la Carlin* giving us almost the perfect word harlequin.

There are a host of names of this kind to be found everywhere, and in all our great towns and cities. The public seize upon some trait of a man's social and public life, and the photographic word follows him like a relentless fury. His sons are harassed by it, and his children's children are not suffered to forget it. A politician harangues the people on the passing of the Reform Bill, promising them the good old English fare, and the soubriquet of "plum-pudding" becomes his civil heritage. A minister has the courage to preach at a gallops, on a Sunday afternoon, to crowds who have made the horrid spectacle of a man hanged in chains the excuse for a riotous fair, and he goes down to the next generation as the "gibbet-parson;" he cannot even write his name on one of England's shrines, the birth-room of Shakespeare, without some inscrutable destiny tracking him, and adding his agnomen. A tradesman, more shrewd than wise, divides a prune in selling fruit, and an epithet expressive of the act pursues kith and kin as they walk the street, happy, if in ignorance of their relative's mathematical tastes. A petulant and peevish old man is ever exclaiming, "What work it is!" until he becomes known by it in his life-time, and at his death a subscription is started for his widow, with his own exclamation blazoned on the top of the announcement for a motto. The experience of most men may furnish a long list of such curiosities, for they never die out. A contested election, municipal or parliamentary, and what was once deemed, perhaps, an innocent dragon's tooth, springs up an armed man, crossing your path in grim exultation, or with weird goblin laughter. You may even pass into the history and literature of the land. One Partridge, an almanac maker, the Zadkiel of Queen Anne's day, comes under the notice of Dean Swift, and that humorous divine sends forth a prediction announcing the astrologer's death, and at a loss under what name to publish it, sees Isaac Bickerstaff over a locksmith's door, and under that name prophesies the event, and afterwards notifies its fulfilment. Partridge would n't be killed thus, wrote a pamphlet, advertised himself as alive, and the result was that Steele adopted Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq., for his *Tatler*, and both Partridge and the locksmith are immortal.

A writer of fiction acquires additional charms from

felicitous names for his characters. The reader likes something onomatopœic in the actor's real name, and its bestowment has ever been a rare faculty. Addison and Steele both amply possessed it, and it has descended to their followers, Dickens and Thackeray, although the former has it in the greatest proportion. What charming and comprehensive titles were the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*, with their rich freight of curiosities! With a Tom Folio for a bookseller, a Nicholas Gimcrack for a virtuoso, a red man for a member of the silent club, Ned Softly for a sonneteer poet, Mrs. Fiddle Faddle for a gossip, Squire Squeekum for a theatrical psalm-singer, with a host of others familiar even to those who have not given their days and nights to Addison. Dickens's *Pickwick*, *Weller*, *Toots*, *Tapley*, *Cuttle*, *Chadband*, and others, while they exhibit his representative powers, as admirably display his wit, pertness, and felicity in nomenclature.

LITERATURE.

"STEYNE'S GRIEF: a Temperance Tale," by the Author of "The Lathams," "Bow Garrets," &c. In Three Parts. London: W. Tweedie.

It was with some reluctance, we candidly confess, that we sat down to the perusal of these tales. In the first place, we are a little afraid of stories with a purpose, where the author drags in his purpose by the neck and shoulders on all occasions, whether suitable or no; and, in the second place, we like to wait till the completion of a tale before we read it. However, we were persuaded to put "Steyne's Grief" in our pocket to read, and we are glad to have done so. The author evidently is no ordinary writer. At first sight we might consider she had a hopeless task. Her theme was to be the evils of intemperance. Can anything new be said upon that subject? Can the monster, drink, be arrayed in more hideous light? Can the curses he inflicts on man and woman, on individuals and societies, on homes and peoples, be more graphically told than it has been since time was young? Alas! drink is an exhaustless theme. Our preachers have preached against it; our most renowned poets have depicted it in all its horrors. Take up any newspaper that you like, and its columns devoted to the records of poverty and crime, what are they but witnesses against the ravages of drink? And what is their purport but to ask the sober and the humane to league together to spread true Temperance through the land, and to save humanity ere it is too late? For such writers, then, as our author there is at present but too much to do. Let them work ever so hard—let them be ever so earnest—let them be ever so fluent—the evil is greater than they, and all that they can do is to mitigate what they cannot totally and effectually remove. "But," says a reader of a serious and slightly dull turn, "why resort to fiction when the evils of drink are facts patent and open-mouthed?" Well, after all, what is fiction but fact in a lively and attractive form? The most successful writers of fiction are the writers most true to nature and life. What are the "Adventures of Robinson Crusoe?" What the history of the "Vicar of Wakefield?" What

Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," but revelations of human life, which, in all ages and under all circumstances, remains the same? Such fictions are life stripped of its accidents. Hence it is the writer of fiction has such a universal public—wields such a tremendous power. Not our greatest orators, nor the greatest orators of Greece or Rome in their palmiest days, not Burke, or Demosthenes, or Cicero, ever addressed such multitudes, touched such millions of human hearts, as that poor tinker of Bedford, who, when

"Writing of the way
And race of saints in this our gospel day,
Fell suddenly into an allegory,
About their journey and the way to glory."

Right heartily do we then welcome authors of fiction when they turn their attention to Temperance literature. Amongst this class the writer of "Steyne's Grief" occupies a foremost place. At once the interest of the reader is absorbed, and continues so to the end. There is the pretty village of Stillhaven, where the young wife marries her gigantic husband, and loves him till she can love him no longer; and she listens, and flies away with the tempter. There is Steyne, clever, facile, confiding, and too easily led away, who comes to build in the rising neighbourhood, and gets into the hands of the great publican. We see his wife gradually sickening and dying. We see the husband falling lower and lower till he is killed. We see the happy family-circle all torn up and desolate, the fair flower, Rose, learning to dance in spangled dresses at the publican's concert-rooms; the boy, her brother, who dared to tax the man who had done all this mischief with the ruin he had wrought, sent to gaol, on the charge of having endeavoured to burn the publican's house down. And here we have the young brother seeking his sister, but never finding her till she is dead, giving himself up to a vain revenge, and marrying the daughter of the man who had brought such ruin on his youth. These are the main outlines; but the filling up is beautifully in character. It is clear the author has studied child life and nature. She is at home with flowers, and little girls, and happy firesides. Her inspirations are of the highest and purest character, and the influence she exercises on her reader is thoroughly sound and wholesome. The terrible consequences of intemperance are shown in the strongest light.

TEMPERANCE TALES: "Danesbury House," by Mrs. Henry Wood. Glasgow: Scottish Temperance League.

"After Many Days; a Tale of Social Reform," by Seneca Smith. London: Tweedie.

The directors of the Scottish Temperance League having offered a prize of £100 for the best Temperance tale illustrative of the injurious effects of intoxicating drinks, the advantages of personal abstinence, and the demoralising operations of the liquor traffic, the prize was awarded in favour of the tale at the head of this article. Of this tale it already appears some sixteen thousand copies have been disposed of. In some quarters, then, our notice may be deemed superfluous. We do not exactly share in that opinion. The reading public is a large one, and can absorb more than 16,000 copies of a good tale.

Voltaire says that no man but a fool would attempt

to rule the world by logic. The directors of the Scottish Temperance League are of this opinion. They have their heavy artillery wherewith to battle down the strongholds of intemperance; they produce their medical testimony; they argue the question on scientific grounds; their tracts, and journals, and pamphlets, and platform speeches abound with wise saws and modern instances. They have their curious and subtle statistics, almost rivalling those of Mr. Scheutz's new calculating machine. According to the rules of science, their enemy should have melted into thin air long before this, and yet whisky is still a favourite liquor on the other side of the Tweed, and drink slays its thousands on Scottish ground; but other and equally legitimate weapons are within their reach. These weapons have been wisely used. To the employment of them we are indebted for more than one tale which has done much for total abstinence. Of these tales "Danesbury House" is the last, but certainly not the least successful. We may go further—we may boldly say, that for the skill displayed in the construction of the plot, for the intense interest excited, for the force with which the whole narrative points to the one great moral, for the truth and reality of which every page bears witness, "Danesbury House" may challenge a comparison with any Temperance tale that has appeared. Down in the manufacturing districts lies Danesbury House. The family consists of Mr. Danesbury—one of those few manufacturers of whom we are all proud—his wife, and children. The wife, a water-drinker, goes on a visit to London. In her absence the nurse, who has contracted habits of intemperance, gives the baby some laudanum instead of its mixture, and nearly poisons it. Mrs. Danesbury is summoned home, and as they reach Danesbury the pike gatekeeper, half tipsy, startles the horses, who upset the chaise. Mrs. Danesbury is thrown out and killed on the spot. In time Mr. Danesbury marries again. The lady is the reverse of the first wife, and brings up her children to drink beer and wine. Two of the children of the first marriage, Isabel, who marries Lord Temple, and Arthur, who enters into partnership with his father, and is the stay and comfort of his age, are water-drinkers. William, the baby when his mother died, is brought up by the second Mrs. Danesbury to drink. Her own children, Robert and Lionel, come to an untimely end from their intemperate and extravagant habits. Mrs. Danesbury dies of a broken heart. Mr. Danesbury does the same soon after. William, who is an engineer, and lives at Danesbury, at length by means of his wife's entreaties, his brother's example, and his experience of the terrible doings of intemperance in his own family, has strength enough to become a total abstainer. He is saved, but the struggle is long and difficult, and terrible at first. Lord Temple has long been one. When drunk he had been a heavy loser at play; and on the last occasion of his being in such a deplorable condition he had been led into a duel, in which he was so dangerously wounded that his life was despaired of. In the town of Danesbury things go on very badly; the manufactory thrives, but the poor do not—there are too many beer-shops and public-houses. Mr. Arthur seeks to remove the evil by the erection of a large building, which is to

serve as a workman's club and literary institution. At first it is rumoured that the place is to be a gin-palace, and the wives are very angry. He gets the men under this idea to promise to patronise the establishment for a month. When they find nothing but coffee they are rather disheartened; but the place is warm and attractive, the coffee is good, and they can smoke their pipes as comfortably there as at the Pig and Whistle, and so the latter is deserted, and sunshine once more comes to Danesbury,—a sunshine all the brighter that Arthur gets happily married, as he deserved, at last. Such is a brief outline of Mrs. Wood's story. To be appreciated it must be read. We are told in the introduction that the directors of the Scottish Temperance League issue the tale with the fervent hope and prayer that it may contribute largely to the progress of the Temperance cause and kindred movements. We believe this hope and prayer will be realized. Such a tale as that of Mrs. Wood's must open many an eye to the curse that lives and moves and works in their very midst. The second tale of our list is by no means equal in interest to Danesbury House. There is more thought in it, but the writer has not the lady's tact or grace. Nevertheless it contains some good writing.

"OLD FRIENDS AND NEW ACQUAINTANCES" (London: Simpson & Co.) is the title of an agreeable volume, for which we are indebted to the accomplished pen of Miss Agnes Strickland. The chief fault we find is with the title. It is now getting fashionable to call books by any names but the right. The public every day are less able to tell what the subject of a book is from its title. Miss Strickland calls the papers she publishes *Old Friends and New Acquaintances* because some are reprint and some are original; but our first impression is that her book relates to persons, and instances the reminiscences of her long and industrious life. Of the matter of the book we must speak favourably. The tales it contains are chiefly in illustration of the manners and habits of the people where Miss Strickland resides, and where, she says, "the genuine type of the Saxon race is more peculiarly to be traced than in any other part of England." The tales are very good, and have this additional value, that they preserve forms of life which are fast dying out in Suffolk and Norfolk. We trust Miss Strickland will receive sufficient encouragement soon to treat the public with another series.

No game is more instructive, or interesting, or adapted to stimulate the intellect, and keep the learner wide awake, than that of Chess. While the Germans play draughts, and the Frenchman is happy and contented with his box of dominoes, and the Englishman for his pastime has recourse to chess, we need not fear for the future of our country, or be alarmed for the degeneracy of our countrymen. Chess is a noble game, and a nation of chess-players cannot be a nation of fools. "*The Handbook of Chess*," by an Oxford Amateur, recently published by Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, we therefore strongly recommend to the consideration of our readers as being cheap, and clear, and complete. It tells us all about the game. By means of it an ignoramus may become a good chess player. We need not say more.

ANOTHER volume of the Run and Read Library has reached us. The tale is, "*How could he Help it?*" or,

The Heart Triumphant," by A. S. Roe, author of "I've been Thinking." It is an American tale, illustrating the triumphs of industry, and principle, and perseverance in commercial life. It is a tale that deserves to be popular.

WE have just received the first volume of *Cassell's Popular Natural History*. It contains upwards of five hundred engravings, and is one of the cheapest books we have ever seen. The book deserves to be a favourite with all classes, young and old, rich and poor. Natural History is the most interesting and instructive of all studies, and when, as in the volume before us, the illustrations are copious and excellent, and the letter-press is full and clear, the student pursues his labours under peculiar advantages. Let us add that the book is handsomely got up, and not unworthy of a drawing-room.

"ANECDOTES—Religious, Historical, and Scientific," are always full of interest. Mr. Denton has published a fresh volume of such. It is published by Partridge and Co., Paternoster Row, and is likely to be useful and popular amongst juvenile readers. Mr. Denton, however, ought to have given his authorities.

"CASSELL'S Illustrated History of England" is a wonderful publication as regards quality, and illustration, and price. We have received Parts I. and II. of the new series. Mr. Howitt proposes to continue the history from the reign of George III. down to recent times. He treats here of the modern history of England. His narrative is clear and graphic, and the illustrations are many of them of a very high order.

ONE of the latest publications on employment for women is a pamphlet published at the office of the "English Woman's Journal," entitled, "Remarks on the Obstacles to the More General Employment of Women, and on the Means of Removing Them," by T. B. All heads of families, and others interested in the important question of which it treats, may consult it with advantage.

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

THE council of the Society of Arts are engaged in forming a guarantee fund, in order to carry out the International Exhibition of 1862. The principal conditions of the guarantee agreement are:—1. That no subscriber will incur any liability until at least £250,000 have been guaranteed.—2. That no calls will be made unless it should happen that, contrary to the experience of the Exhibition of 1851, when there was a surplus of nearly £200,000, there should be a loss, when the call will be *pro rata*.—3. Any surplus will be at the disposal of the guarantors, for the promotion of arts, manufactures, and commerce.—4. The trustees and managers of the Exhibition named are—the Earl of Granville, K.G., lord president of the Privy Council, vice-president of the Society of Arts; the Marquis of Chandos, chairman of the London and North-Western Railway; Thomas Baring, Esq., M.P.; C. Wentworth Dilke, Esq. (royal commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851); Thomas Fairbairn, Esq., chairman of the Manchester Art Treasures Exhibition. The council do not propose to limit the fund to the £250,000 named, but, having secured that sum, they will endeavour to increase it as much as possible. Already a few members of the society, and other bodies, have promised their names as guarantors to the

amount of £170,000. A circular letter has been addressed to the members of the society, drawing their attention to the importance of filling up the guarantee list as soon as possible, and those members and their friends who are desirous of giving their assistance to this undertaking, are requested to send in their names to the secretary of the Society of Arts as early as possible, with the sums they are willing to guarantee. The amounts guaranteed by individuals vary from £10,000 to £100.

Mr. John Locke, of Dublin, who has contributed communications on these and kindred subjects to the British Association for the Advancement of Science, sends the following paragraph. He says:—"The fearful increase of wrecks upon our shores invests the information with a painful interest; and surely no more time ought to be lost by the Admiralty and the Board of Trade in organising a preventive system of meteorological telegraphy for the British islands. At the late meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, held at Springfield, Massachusetts, Professor Henry stated that nearly all the telegraphic companies south of New England, and East of the Mississippi, now send daily weather reports to the Smithsonian Institution. When received a man indicates the weather by means of a system of small cards and pins, upon a large map of the States hung in the public hall. For example—a green card was suspended over a district where it was snowing; black, where it was raining, &c. By this means the exact state of the weather at any particular hour, over nearly the whole of the United States, could be ascertained at a glance; and, as the storms generally travel east, the telegrams from Cincinnati, and along the line of the Mississippi, enable the observer to predict the state of the weather at Washington 12 hours in advance.—See "American Journal of Scientific Discovery, for 1860," pp. 14, 15.

Professor Lowe, of New York, who gave out last year that he intended to make a trip to Europe in his mammoth air-ship, has written to the Charleston papers stating that he had been compelled, through unforeseen circumstances connected with the mechanical apparatus and other equipments of the ship, to postpone his first experiment in aerial navigation until the spring of the year, when he intended to solve the problem. He had been engaged for some time past in examining the upper currents, and had ascertained a current setting from west to east as reliable as the Gulf Stream. He was now seeking to discover a return current from east to west, in the existence of which he had a strong faith.

A subscription has just been opened, to which we cordially wish success, on behalf of the Female School of Art and Design. This school was established in 1842-3 at Somerset House, but was afterwards removed to adjacent premises in the Strand, where it remained until transferred to Gower-street, in 1852. Its object is to enable young women of the middle class to obtain an honourable and profitable employment, as well as to promote an improved taste in the art of design in manufactures. Since 1852, not less than 690 scholars have been enrolled, and the number now attending is 118, of whom 77 intend to employ themselves as designers in art-manufacture. There are among them the daughters of clergymen, medical men, and others of the middle class, who desire by this means to be useful members of society. The school has been entirely successful; and in the last three years the students have taken an average of twenty local and three national medals; and at the last examination six obtained free studentships. Besides those engaged in manufacturing establishments as designers, there are not a few who have got good situations as teachers of drawing in public schools. Mr. Redgrave, in a recent letter to Miss Gann, the superintendent, bears testimony to the high character and the national importance of the establishment; and this he does with the object of aiding to raise a sum of £2000 needed to complete the purchase and adaptation of suitable premises for the school. For the same object an appeal is now made to the public, signed on behalf of the pro-

visional committee, by the Rev. Anthony Thorold, rector of St. Giles-in-the-Field, the chairman.

AN important problem—which Mr. Babbage attempted in vain—has been achieved by a Swedish gentleman, with the aid of the English Government, who advanced £1200 for the purpose. The whole machine, independently of the table or pedestal on which it stands, occupies a space some six feet long, two feet high, and two broad. The calculating part consists of five horizontal rows of silver-coated rings, or hollow cylinders, each about two inches in diameter, and about three-quarters of an inch high. There are 15 of these rings in each of the five rows, and the rings in one row are placed in a straight line above those in the row below them. These cylinders are graduated by the numbers 1 to 9, together with zero, each number marking a tenth part of the surface of the cylinders. The numbers on each of the 15 rings of the first, third, and fifth rows, are marked 1, 2, 3, &c., in order from right to left. Those on the second and fourth rows run in order of magnitude from left to right. This distinction in the mode of engraving the numbers will be found an important element in the working of the machine. Each row of rings rests on a brass shelf, having a hole in it just large enough to let the inner portion of each cylinder pass through it. All the rings in each row, except those of the first, have also a brass partition between them, so that the rings seem to stand in a series of brass pigeon holes, open back and front, which give great strength and stability to the whole machine. The rings are made to turn with great ease, either by hand, or by the operation of the machinery on the circular support in the brass plate on which they are placed. The first row contains the number to be calculated, in the order in which the numbers should be written down or printed, from right to left; the engraved number on each ring placed exactly in front of the machine representing each particular number. The second row of rings are set to the particular numbers of a difference of the first order; those of the third row to a difference of the second order; those of the fourth row to a difference of the third order; and the lowest row to the constant difference of the fourth order.

The mechanical operation of the machine is first to print the first eight figures of the number set on the first row of rings. It then adds the figures on the 5th row to those on the 4th, and those on the 3rd row to those on the 2nd. These two operations are performed simultaneously. The new row of figures on the 4th row are now added to those indicated by the 3rd, and those on the 2nd to those on the 1st; these two operations being performed, like the former, simultaneously. The results of these additions are shown by the change in position of the rings, bringing the resultant figures of the additions to the right position in the front of the machine. The first eight figures of the new number indicated on the first row will then be printed. Thus supposing we wanted to calculate the fourth powers of the natural numbers from 1 upwards, we should set 1 on the 1st row, 1 on the 2nd, 14 on the 3rd, and 24 on the 5th. The units figure being always on the 8th ring of the row, and all the other rings set at zero. The handle of the machine is then turned; it first impresses or punches on a flat piece of lead $1=00000001$. If we make a slight alteration in the mechanism, the nonsignificant zeros will not be marked. We shall then have the 1st operation recorded $1=1$, or the 4th power of 1. Turning the handle of the machine, 14 on the third row is added to 1 on the 2nd row, making 15 appear as a new number on that row. Simultaneously, 24 on the 5th row is added to 12 on the 4th row, making the new number on that row 36. The next operation adds the 15 now on the 2nd row to 1 on the 1st, making it 16; and 36 on the 4th row to 14 on the 3rd, making it 50. The figures 1, 1, 14, 12, and 24 set by hand on the 5th rows of rings, are now replaced by the numbers 16, 15, 50, 36, and 24. The machine then records $2=16$, or 16 the 4th power of 2. Still turning the handle of the machine, after two additions have been performed, we see the new numbers 81, 65, 110, 60, and 24, and $3=81$ is re-

corded as the 4th power of 3. With no other labour than turning the handle of the machine, like winding up an eight-day clock, the numbers $4=256$, $5=625$, and so on, will appear in succession, till we had calculated at our table to the required length, without any further human care, after setting the numbers 1, 1, 14, 12, and 24, beyond turning the handle of the machine and supplying the necessary lengths of lead, to receive the impressions of the results of calculations from the steel punches of the printing apparatus. The means by which these successive additions are carried out are as simple as they are ingenious.

The best idea of the machine's speed of operation may be taken from a practical example. By its aid Mr. Gravatt stereotyped a table of logarithms from 1 to 10,000. These, with other tables, and an admirable history and description of the machine, and the mode of calculating tables by its use, by Mr. Gravatt, have been published by Messrs. Longman and Co. To calculate these logarithms correctly to five places of figures, it is only necessary to calculate the logarithms of 2, 3, 7, 11, 17, and 19. From these 33 other logarithms are calculated by simple addition. This is all that is necessary for supplying the instrument with the requisite differences for interpolation and calculation. Thus one calculation of four differences is sufficient for calculating 800 consecutive logarithms between 2600 and 3408. By ten easy calculations, serving for 20 settings of the machine. For the arithmetical complements of any four differences of the machine being set, enables us to calculate as many terms of numbers reckoning backwards as the differences themselves enable us to calculate forwards. The whole time occupied in calculating and stereo-moulding the whole table of the logarithms of the numbers from 1 to 10,000 would only occupy 75 hours; the only mechanical labour consisting in turning a handle at a moderate rate of motion for that time. The results first punched on slips of lead receive a deposit of copper by the electrotype process, by means of which a stereotype is at once obtained in raised copper type. The Registrar-General uses a sheet of papier-mache, or soft pasteboard, instead of the lead. From this a stereotype in type metal is obtained more rapidly and at less cost. The machine, by a very simple arrangement, can be made to perform another marvel not less important for accuracy of calculation than those we have already mentioned. In printing the results obtained by calculation from decimals, the last decimal printed must be increased by one if the ninth decimal calculated is greater than five. To make the machine do this, we have simply to add five to the ninth figure of the first row of figures placed on the machine when we commence a calculation with it. The change of the rings in two of the vertical rows of the machine for others prepared for that purpose enables it to calculate in degrees, minutes, and seconds. We heartily congratulate, says the *Daily News*, the authorities of the Registrar-General's Office on the step they have made. The work it is already engaged in—a work almost exceeding that of human patience by ordinary calculation—will, we are sure, prove of great value to all actuaries, and through them to the public at large. We hope this machine will soon find its way into our European observatories, and that science in general, and navigation in particular, will reap the full benefit of one of the greatest marvels of human intellect. We can only admire the profound wisdom which originated the idea, and the singular combination of mechanical skill and invention which has brought it to a practical result. We may add, in conclusion, that the difference engine of Mr. Babbage must not be confounded with another child of his genius. He has long been engaged in devising a machine which he calls his analytical machine. This machine proposes to give to algebra—nay, even to those lofty branches of mathematical science, the differential and integral calculus—the same mechanical aid which the difference machine confers on all tables capable of arithmetical calculation. We hope that this idea will be as successfully realized as that now made practicable by the Messrs. Scheutz.

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DESIGN FOR AN AVIARY.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

THE AVIARY.

THE Aviary, Pliny tells us, was common to the country-houses of the Romans, but used principally, it seems, for birds destined to be eaten. We do not see, however, why this should be the case, and can imagine no prettier ornament for a house or for a garden than an aviary. Singing birds were kept by the Persians, Greeks, and Romans, in cages. In China aviaries are highly prized, and seem there to confer about a similar degree of dignity to a house and family as does a large conservatory in this country; for, in the alterations which took place during Lord Amherst's embassy, it was stated on the part of the Emperor that Sir George Staunton had profited greatly from China, and had built himself a house and *aviary*. That aviaries were in use in England in Evelyn's time is evident from a memorandum entered in his diary, that the Marquis of Argyle took the parrots in his aviary at Sayes Court for *owls*; and the custom is one which ought not to be suffered to die out. We are not advocates of cruelty to animals—birds and beasts that die if they are not free ought never to be confined; but surely a few favourite pets that flourish in-doors, are a great ornament to a house—teach the young kindness, and gentleness, and humanity—learn to love us in their little way, and with their songs and notes of praise and joy cheer and comfort us in many a dark hour. We cannot come into contact with our feathered songsters, or gay favourites, indeed, with any of the productions of nature, without learning lessons wise as any that can be taught in halls, or books, or schools—for indeed—

"Sweet is the lore that nature brings,
Our meddling intellect
Misshapes the beauteous forms of things,
We murder to dissect."

London, in his *Encyclopædia of Gardening*, mentions many kinds of aviaries. There is the canary or singing-bird aviary, not unfrequently formed in the opaque-roofed greenhouse or conservatory by enclosing one or both ends with a partition of wire, and furnishing them with dead or living trees, or sprays and branches suspended from the roof for birds to perch on. The birds in an aviary of this kind are generally the canary, bullfinch, linnet, &c. The parlour aviary is generally a building formed on purpose, with a glass roof, front, and ends, with shades and curtains to protect it

from the sun and frost, and sometimes cages hung on them, and at other times the birds are allowed to fly loose. The verdant aviary is that in which, in addition to the houses for the different sorts of birds, a net or wire curtain is thrown over the tops of trees, and supported by light posts or hollow rods, so as to inclose a few poles or even acres of ground and water in various forms. In this the birds, in fine weather, sing on the trees, the aquatic birds sail on the water, or the golden pheasants stroll over the lawn, and in severe seasons they betake themselves to their respective houses or cages. Such an enclosed space will of course contain evergreens, as well as deciduous trees, rocks, reeds, aquatics, long grass for larks and partridges, spruce firs for pheasants, fine bushes for linnets, &c. An aviary of this kind was formed at Knowsley, in Lancashire, and by Catharine of Russia in the Hermitage Palace. In short, these are the only sorts admissible in elegant gardens, since nothing surely, to one who is not an enthusiast in this branch of natural history, can be more disagreeable than an apartment filled with the dirt and discordant music of innumerable birds, such, for example, as the large aviary at Kew. Birds from the hot climates are sometimes kept in hot-houses among their native plants, as in the large conservatories at Alton in Britain, and at Vienna. In this case the doors and openings for getting air must be covered with wire cloth, and the number must not be great, otherwise they will too much disfigure the plants with the dirt they make. Mr. Loudon gives a view of an aviary, designed by Replat, for the grounds of the Pavilion at Brighton. It formed an elegant detached building, so as to group with the house and other surrounding objects. He also gives another design, in which the building is separated from others. The design we have engraved is of one that attracted great attention in the French Exhibition, and, as the reader may see, can be made serviceable in-doors. Out of doors the aviary, of course, can be on a grander scale, and undoubtedly, as Mr. Loudon remarks, pheasants and other game ranging, undismayed by man, in garden scenes, give a high idea of seclusion and removal from common nature—the finer sorts may be retained in appropriate structures, and the common left to themselves, but liberally supplied with food. However, to the many, aviaries on this grand scale are quite out of the question. To such we commend the design we have engraved, and such an aviary will give to a small room—even in a town or its suburbs—somewhat of a pleasant and country air.

THE RIGHT HON. SIDNEY HERBERT.

A PARLIAMENTARY SKETCH.

BY J. EWING RITCHIE.

As regards ourselves, perhaps the most responsible post in the ministry is the Secretary of the War Department. I don't say that England is in any danger of invasion—I don't suppose for a moment that a successful invasion is possible; but the moral influence of a nation greatly depends upon its display of physical power. And if you travel in France, or converse with Germans, or indeed, with almost any class of foreigners, they will tell you that England has seen her best days; that she does not take the high position among the nations of the earth she once assumed; that, in short, we are used up, and only fit to play second fiddle to France. If we ask for proof of this monstrous assertion we are referred to the Crimean war, and our unfriendly critics forget that, if, at the first, our official system broke down—that, if our brave men were badly officered—that, if we lost them by thousands—that, if our stores, and plans, and generals proved old and useless—public opinion had been aroused—efforts, such as only England can make, were made, and that we were in a condition to carry on a successful struggle, just as France, exhausted and weary, was but too glad to have recourse to peace. Let Europe see that our army is in a thoroughly effective state, and Old England will be held in as much honour, and her alliance as earnestly desired, and her displeasure as deeply dreaded, as in the days of Nelson, or Wellington, or the other mighty heroes of the past. But, in order that this may be the case, we need a man at the head of the war department in the House of Commons who is above that fear of giving offence in high quarters which bringeth a snare—a man who thoroughly understands the faults of the present condition of the army—who is desirous to remove them, and who is determined that the English army shall be as effective as it is costly. Is Mr. Herbert the man for this? That is a question which the future alone can decide. What we know of him is to his credit. In a small way he has done the State good service. He has been "faithful over a few things." For many a useful reform, for many an extra comfort, the English soldier has to thank him. When out of office he vigorously supported those who advocated a better education of officers, and especially of those for the staff. Besides, he has dared to attack the purchase system—that most monstrous of all abuses. A War Minister of determined will, backed by public opinion, might make the English army the most perfect military machine in the world: but to do this he must be prepared to encounter the pains and enmities of the Upper Ten Thousand. He must be prepared to make sacrifices of the severest character; his self-reliance would be put to a very terrible trial, and in parliament he would be worried almost to death. Even at the Horse Guards—where, from the position of the present Commander-in-Chief, he might naturally look for sympathy and aid, he would receive nothing but discouragement. In the debate which took place very recently in the House of Lords, his Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief did not conceal his bias in favour of the present system, and indeed he has often confessed his strong reluctance to

undertake the responsibility of selecting deserving officers, and promoting them over the heads of the wealthy but less deserving. In Spenser's *Fairy Queen* we read of a philosopher who argues with a giant; the giant has an iron mace and knocks him down. Will Mr. Sidney Herbert submit thus to be knocked down? The attempt undoubtedly will be made, if he seeks to do his duty to the army, his country, or his Queen.

Mr. Herbert is one of the governing classes. The right honourable gentleman, born in 1810, is son of the eleventh Earl of Pembroke by his second wife, the only daughter of Count Woronzow, and is half-brother and heir-presumptive to the present earl. I am particular in giving Mr. Herbert's genealogy, because it was a favourite cry of the beery politicians of London that Odessa was spared because Sidney Herbert's wife was a Russian princess. Small politicians made considerable capital out of the charge, and one daily paper—the intelligent reader can guess which—laid considerable stress upon the fact. The real truth is, that in 1846 Sidney Herbert married a daughter of Major-General A'Court, a lady well known for a life of untiring activity and energy in the walks of philanthropy more especially fitted for female coöperation and aid.

It is said a change of blood improves the breed. The nobles of Spain intermarry and become intellectually and physically weak. The French occupation of Hamburg is said much to have aided in the production of a better race of citizens in that pleasant and thriving town. Speaking of the celebrated Irish Brigade, Lord Cloncurry tells us in his *Memoirs*, "There could not be a better example of crossing blood than was afforded by these gentlemen. They were generally the offspring of Irish fathers and French mothers, and were the finest models of men I ever recollect to have seen." The fact that the true-born Englishman has in his veins the blood of almost every country under heaven, may account for the beauty and energy of which we boast, and which even rival nations reluctantly confess. I believe there is nothing like the infusion into an English family of a little genuine northern blood. Sidney Herbert is emphatically a case in point. There is undoubtedly something very fine and vigorous about his personal appearance. He is the very model of the modern English gentleman;—not the port-wine drinking, anti-French, Church-and-King man of the last generation, under whom the nation was going headlong to the devil, but of a man born in affluence, whom Christianity has made decent, and whose intellectual and bodily powers have been strengthened and matured by the habits of a life. At the same time, he exhibits all the disadvantages of having been brought up in a class, and accustomed to look at everything in a distorted light. Such men are like men coming out of a cave, and it is long before they discern things as they really are. Hence, as in the case of Lord Stanley, half their time is devoted to unlearning the preposterous notions acquired at home, or at school, or college. The parliamentary career of Mr. Herbert illustrates this. He began life in 1832 as a conservative. The first occasion of his taking part in a debate in parliament was on the 20th of June, 1834, upon a motion for the second reading of a bill for the admission of Dissenters to the Universities. Mr. Estcourt, the predecessor of Mr. Gladstone in the repre-

sentation of the University of Oxford, having moved as an amendment that the bill be read a second time that day six months, he was seconded by Mr. Sidney Herbert, who opposed the measure on the ground that, in these times of dissension of every species, the admission of Dissenters to the Universities would be nothing less than opening these institutions to conflicting opinions, and making them the arena of religious animosity!!! Again, up to the year 1841, Mr. Herbert's opinions on the principle which should guide us in our commercial intercourse with the nations were decidedly protectionist. He opposed the motion of the then Whig government, to substitute for the sliding scale an eight shilling fixed duty on the imports of corn, as well as Lord John Russell's proposal for the reduction of the duties on foreign sugar; but when Peel turned round, Sidney Herbert, who had been successively Secretary to the Admiralty and Secretary at War, with a seat in the Cabinet, turned round with him; and in a debate in 1846, on the motion of Sir Robert Peel for a committee of the whole House upon the customs and corn importation acts—having been taunted by the Earl of March with an abandonment of his oft-expressed convictions, the right honourable gentleman confessed that, after the most mature deliberation, he had been compelled to take the course he had. Of course Mr. Herbert's constituency was Protectionist to the backbone all the same; and when a general election came in 1847, an attempt was made to displace him in the representation of the county. Mr. Herbert's influence in Wiltshire is enormous; and Wiltshire, in the person of its representative, decided in favour of Free Trade. Then came the Crimean war, when one statesman after another became bankrupt. The Duke of Newcastle became the scapegoat, and was sent forth, like the goat in Mr. Roberts' picture, into the desert, bearing the sins of the ministry. In the unpopularity of that period Sidney Herbert had his share; nor was his unpopularity undeserved. It is clear that he relied upon the misstatements of the officials, and contended that our army was in a prosperous condition, when, in fact, it was the reverse; that he, and those who acted with him, never thought we should have had a real war; and that, when war actually broke out, they were not prepared to carry it on with vigour, or to punish Russia as she deserved. This is another disadvantage Sidney Herbert experienced on account of his birth and breeding—he had lived in an ideal world—he had never stood face to face with the English nation. Had he lived and toiled as the people live and toil, his sight would have been clearer and his blundering less. I am aware that the people is not a profoundly learned or acutely logical body; but they had the idea, and in this they were right, that Turkey was wronged—that Russia was an aggressive power, and they believed that as Russia had been the mainstay of despotism on the continent, that a war that would have crippled Russia would have aided the cause of freedom and of man all over Europe. Under such an idea alone was war justifiable. Our statesmen entered on it with no such idea, and by large classes the war-cry was retched for even still less worthy ends—as a means of plunder after inglorious years of inactivity, half-pay, and peace. The war came, and the people grew mad as the *Times* told them what Sidney Herbert and the Government denied. Mr. Roebuck's motion

was carried, and down went the Aberdeen Cabinet like a ship at sea. We remember well the night of the debate. Generally, when the tellers come up to announce the result, they are cheered by the winning party as only Englishmen can cheer. For a wonder, on that occasion not a cheer was heard! There was silence, amazement, wonder everywhere; and then a short derisive laugh, as they saw the vaunted coalition melt into thin air. They did well to be silent and amazed. Thoughtful men were already asking—of this victory who was to reap the fruits? Were the Derbyites again to be placed in power? or was the Great Britain of the nineteenth century, the mother of colonies, compared with which those of imperial Rome were pigmies—the asylum of liberty denied elsewhere, to be the appanage of the House of Bedford; or was there to be but a shuffle of the cards—Palmerston premier, in the place of Lord Aberdeen; Lord Panmure in the room of the Duke of Newcastle; Fred. Peel, *vice* Sidney Herbert? were the old faces again to come back to us? was the old fearful system of administration again to be continued? was the old hideous weight of the aristocracy again, like a nightmare, to press upon the land? was there to be no hope of a better state of things? Well, there was then silence, for who was there to cheer? Lord John Russell ignominiously escaped from the sinking ship. Sidney Herbert, and his colleagues, at any rate, bravely stuck to their posts. Sidney Herbert was driven from office, that Mr. Frederick Peel might fill his vacant place. We doubt whether the nation gained anything by the change.

A man who is born to £70,000 a-year, like Sidney Herbert, owes much to society. A landlord who knows nothing of his property but to draw his rents from it—who merely comes into the country to hunt, and then spends an idle and vicious career in the capitals of Europe, is the most dangerous possible character; and in times of peace, political excitement would precipitate anarchy and revolution. But the landed class have grown philanthropic. Their aim is to build churches, to form schools, to caution their labourers against beer-shops, to send out distressed needlewomen to Australia, to turn ragged boys into decent and industrious shoe-blacks, and to learn St. Giles the value of a cheap bath and a clean shirt. Of this class of philanthropists Lord Shaftesbury may be placed at the head; next, perhaps, is Sidney Herbert. He has done as much, perhaps, as could be done, in mitigating the hardships of the British poor, and while in office, it must be remembered that he did much for the improvement of the soldier's condition, and that it was he who broke through routine, despised the clamour of the religious press as to infecting the army with Puseyism, and suffered Florence Nightingale and her noble company to proceed on their mission of mercy and love.

But I have not yet pointed him out to you. You will see him seated side by side with Palmerston and Russell and his colleagues, on the right hand of the Speaker. It is the time appointed for private business. Military men are numerous in the House, and as every man of them has his own peculiar views, which he is anxious to see put in practice, Mr. Herbert has enough to do to answer the numerous interrogatories addressed to him on all sides. Look at him on his legs. What a contrast

to General Peel, or Mr. Frederick Peel, or Sir Joshua Ramsden, and other amiable mediocrities, his predecessors! What strength seems to lie in his well-formed and manly figure! How full is his face of power, and sharpness, and determination! how clearly and pleasantly he speaks! In debate, how ready and practical he is! He may not be a great orator, but he is certainly a useful and able man.

OUR PRIVATE THEATRICALS AND WHAT CAME OF THEM.

A TALE IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

BY EDWARD BRANTHWAYT.

CHAPTER I.

FOR some years past I have always spent Christmas at Belville Castle, and I was not likely to miss doing so last winter. There was more inducement than ever for me to keep up the good old custom. In the first place I should meet some old friends, and in the second, there were to be all sorts of gay doings.

When I went down the first week in December, I found that none of the guests had yet arrived. In fact, Archie and his wife had only just returned from a visit to the Derringtons! But I must introduce my cousins formally by means of a page of the peerage.

"Belville, Baron (Archibald-Courteney Belville), of Belville, co. Gloucester, a Baronet, Major of the Vale of St. Olave Mounted Rifles, formerly M.P. for Milverton, b. 16 Feb. 1831; s. his father as thirteenth Baron 14 Oct. 1852; m. 30 Sept. 1855, Alice-Lucy, third daughter of the Rev. Ernest Willoughby, Vicar of Folthorpe-Abbots, Somersetshire, and has issue:

"1. Ernest-Archibald-Courteney, b. 24 Aug. 1856.

"2. Lucy-Alice, b. 13 Feb. 1858.

"3. Herbert-Courteney, b. 1 May, 1859.

"Lineage;—"

but no, it would be too bad to give that, or the arms, crest, supporters, and motto; besides, cannot those who are curious on the matter consult the veracious pages of that interesting work?

"Seats. Belville Castle,—Mairlock House.

"Town Residence. Belville House, Park Lane."

When we were bachelors together in London Archie was more like a brother to me than a mere first cousin. We were as much together as Foreign Office hours would allow, and certainly we did keep up a tremendous pace. I could never have lived through it with my younger son's purse, if Archie had not insisted that as he led me into the extravagance, he was at liberty and even bound to provide the means for it.

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Though Lord Southgate sat on the other side of her, he by no means absorbed all her attention; I could not complain of not getting a fair share of her conversation. I had ample opportunity of discovering that she had brilliant talents, with no young lady-like timidity to prevent their display.

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When we separated for the night we were not very hospitable, for we let Southgate go to his room before I suggested to my cousins to come to mine for a cigar and a chat. I was lodged, as I always had been since Archie's marriage, in his old sanctum, a bed-room and sitting-room, *en suite*, the very perfection of a bachelor snugery. They were in a wing far from the other sleeping apartments, so there was no fear of disturbing the house, by prolonging our revels to unseasonable hours, and distressing delicate organs by the fragrant clouds from weed or meerschaum.

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"How strange you should not have seen it," said Fred, "but now I remember they did not meet till late in the season, and your illness must have come on soon after. You know, or if not you can fancy, how she can attract a man, and positively snub him at the same time. He was quite mad about her, and she seemed to glory in treating him with cool disdain. John Derring told me one day, that she had overheard some slighting speech of Armytage's and was having her revenge; but I won't answer for the truth of his stories. At all events it is certain that she treated him as badly as possible, yet I have a fancy, somehow, that she does not altogether dislike him."

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to General Peel, or Mr. Frederick Peel, or Sir Joshua Ramsden, and other amiable mediocrities, his predecessors! What strength seems to lie in his well-formed and manly figure! How full is his face of power, and sharpness, and determination! how clearly and pleasantly he speaks! In debate, how ready and practical he is! He may not be a great orator, but he is certainly a useful and able man.

OUR PRIVATE THEATRICALS AND WHAT CAME OF THEM.

A TALE IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

BY EDWARD BRANTHWAYT.

CHAPTER I.

FOR some years past I have always spent Christmas at Belville Castle, and I was not likely to miss doing so last winter. There was more inducement than ever for me to keep up the good old custom. In the first place I should meet some old friends, and in the second, there were to be all sorts of gay doings.

When I went down the first week in December, I found that none of the guests had yet arrived. In fact, Archie and his wife had only just returned from a visit to the Derringtons! But I must introduce my cousins formally by means of a page of the peerage.

"Belville, Baron (Archibald-Courteney Belville), of Belville, co. Gloucester, a Baronet, Major of the Vale of St. Olave Mounted Rifles, formerly M.P. for Milverton, b. 16 Feb. 1831; s. his father as thirteenth Baron 14 Oct. 1852; m. 30 Sept. 1855, Alice-Lucy, third daughter of the Rev. Ernest Willoughby, Vicar of Folthorpe-Abbots, Somersetshire, and has issue:

"1. Ernest-Archibald-Courteney, b. 24 Aug. 1856.

"2. Lucy-Alice, b. 13 Feb. 1858.

"3. Herbert-Courteney, b. 1 May, 1859.

"Lineage;—"

but no, it would be too bad to give that, or the arms, crest, supporters, and motto; besides, cannot those who are curious on the matter consult the veracious pages of that interesting work?

"Seats. Belville Castle,—Mairlock House.

"Town Residence. Belville House, Park Lane."

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"It's my first to-night," he said: "so you have no

right to look like a baited bull. Prithie, abate your fury. Faith thin, I'd better bate a retrate, or ye'll be afther bating me. Ta ta!"

With a mocking laugh he fled from my righteous indignation.

CHAPTER II.

"I DARESAY the Derringtons will be here to lunch," said Archie, at breakfast next morning, "so we must not take ourselves off for the whole day. It is hardly worth while to have guns and dogs out for an hour or two; suppose we pay the stables a visit, and then ride over to the Home Farm?"

Charlie and I readily assented, and though Southgate hesitated, and seemed inclined to linger behind, a cool hint from Maud that he had better join us, made him change his intention. Evidently she had no wish to be constantly plagued with his assiduities.

Archie was right, for as we returned to the Castle, at one o'clock, we saw the Derringtons' carriage in the avenue before us, and we raced up to the entrance to receive them.

They were a pleasant addition to our party, for Lord and Lady Derrington are charming old people, high-bred, but too sure of their own position to have the slightest *hauteur*. John Derring, too, is a gentlemanly little fellow and pleasant companion, if he will never set the Thames on fire. Then there was Blanche Willoughby, Alice's elder sister, very like her in disposition and appearance, but hardly so good-looking. Trust Archie for picking the beauty of the family.

And last, but not least in my estimation, came Lady Clara Derring, a tall, slender girl, with a laughing face and the wickedest brown eyes. We were great friends, and I cannot even deny the flirtation of which Alice accused me, but it was a very harmless one. Alice's mother was a Derring, so Clara and I were connections, and a certain degree of intimacy was only the proper thing. Besides she was already bespoken, and the man was on foreign service.

We were still sitting at lunch when a footman announced "Captain Stamford and Mr. Armytage."

Maud was just opposite to me, and involuntarily I looked across to her. She started perceptibly on hearing the name, and her colour rose when she saw that it was the man himself. But by the time he came round to shake hands with her, she had regained all her composure.

We got up a riding-party that afternoon, and somehow I did not find leisure to pay much attention to Maud and her victims. But in the evening, and for several succeeding days, I watched them narrowly, for, as I have said, I had a great liking for Armytage, and felt much interest in his welfare.

It is some years ago now, before I entered the Foreign Office, and when in fact I was a boy of nineteen, that Archie and I took a long cruise in the Mediterranean in his yacht. A white squall had carried away our masts, and we were slowly but surely drifting upon a rocky coast, when another yacht came in sight, and put off a boat to our assistance, though it was an undertaking of extreme peril. Pulling one of the oars, for in times of danger he quite forgot all difference of rank, was Armytage

himself, who leapt on board, with his handsome face lighted up, and his dark eyes sparkling, till he looked a very different being from the stern, moody man he generally appeared.

After such an introduction it was impossible for him to maintain his accustomed reserve; and as we cruised in company for some months, we became actually intimate, nor did we cease to be so on meeting in after years in London. But there was always some measure to our intimacy; he was not one to unbosom himself to his dearest friend.

I fancy he must always have been of a close disposition by nature, but circumstances had undoubtedly increased this tendency. His father had been in possession of an estate of seven or eight thousand a-year, but had far exceeded this, accumulating a weight of debt. The property had been entailed, but on coming of age twelve or fourteen years ago, he felt bound in honour to join his father in a heavy mortgage to pay these debts.

Till then he had been welcomed and petted by many who now suddenly turned a cold shoulder towards him. There was a vast difference between the heir of a fine estate, and a man who had wilfully impoverished himself. He got no credit either for his honourable conduct, but was jeered at on all sides for his Quixotic notions. Enraged with the world and disgusted with his father, he resolved to leave England, and for several years he travelled in the East.

On his father's death he returned to London, when he was received more favourably. He had published a work, wild, but full of talent, which had made a certain sensation, and some of his startling adventures had been extensively talked of, so that he was no longer a mere nobody; besides there was still the wreck of his fortune. But Armytage showed no triumph at thus regaining his old position—his gloom and reserve had become too deeply rooted. He entered into society, but as if it had small interest for him, though he carefully avoided parading anything like misanthropy. Quite accustomed to rough it, his expenses were small, and he was gradually paying off the encumbrances, but he could not hope to clear the estate in his life-time.

Well, I kept an eye upon him and Maud, and I was speedily convinced that Fred's tale was true—he was over head and ears in love. Not that he made a fool of himself—he was not one to go about whining and whimpering because rejected. No, he stood up and "took his punishment" like a man—not beaten yet, and still cherishing a hope of victory. Even if he failed, he had counted the cost of indulgence in her society, and he would not wince at having to pay it.

And Maud? Had she any liking for him, as Fred had also insinuated? Well, without his hint I should have had no suspicion of it, yet I could not venture to say he was wrong. At all events she did not despise him; if there was war between them, she acknowledged him as a worthy enemy. I noticed that he could not come into the room, however quietly, without her being instantly aware of it, and she seemed always to be thoroughly conscious of what he was doing. Then if he paid much attention to any other lady present, without any manifest encouragement, by those almost imperceptible manœuvres, which I could see and feel,

but am not rash enough to attempt to describe, she would quickly bring him to her side. I fancy it was to this that Blanche Willoughby owed much of the notice he bestowed upon her, for he was likely to see at least as deep as I could.

Southgate came badly off while all this was going on. He felt that there was something upon the cards which he could not quite penetrate, and at times he seemed to be even scared. If he had not been backed, he would probably have "thrown up the sponge."

Fred gloried in the prospect of this entanglement, doing his very best to complicate matters, and so enhance the fun. I overheard him one morning giving Southgate a glowing account of Armytage's successes, asserting that there was a fascination about him irresistible in the long run by any woman whom he had determined to captivate. I need hardly say that his uneasiness was far from diminished after this.

Fred himself professed to be a great admirer of Maud in a Platonic way. It was generally upon him that she fell back, when it was no longer convenient to play off one of her lovers against the other. How they would rattle on together, for Fred, encouraged by her, would surpass himself, and as she listened or retorted, the gleam in her dark eyes would show that she had no lack of fun in her. Once I remember she displayed an accomplishment hitherto latent, capping his slang, till he was first astonished, then driven to despair. And when utterly routed he took refuge in his stronghold of puns, she again vied with him till I fled from the room in horror.

While watching the others I did not lose sight of Mrs. Belville, and I was filled with admiration for the little woman. Hers was that courage, true as steel, which makes one respect even an opponent. She must have seen that actively or passively we were all against her, that she had not one ally, that even the garrison was not absolutely staunch, yet she battled on with all the calm courage of the veteran.

There was one thing that puzzled me; I could not make out on what ground Southgate stood. He certainly was not accepted; but had he proposed, and was he now undergoing a term of probation, or had he been unable as yet to screw his courage to the sticking-point?

I determined to pump Alice, so to her I betook myself. Impulsive and outspoken, as usual, she condemned the affair as a mere barter.

"It is horrible," she exclaimed, "to see Maud sacrificed to one so much below her by nature, and a man who is worthy of her spurned. But we have no right to interfere, and Maud herself is almost as bad. If she does not take care, she will bitterly repent acting like this."

"Ah, then you also have seen her secret liking for Armytage," I cried.

Alice coloured deeply when she saw how much she had unwittingly let out. She felt bound to stand by one of her own sex in such a matter, so she proceeded to explain away her words as well as she could. I did not interrupt her, but all her talking could not remove from my mind the impression of her conviction that Maud loved Armytage, and I felt great faith in her sex's sagacity.

When she had ended her explanation, I told her what was my doubt, and asked if she could enlighten me.

"I am sure he has said nothing definitive yet," replied Alice promptly.

"But how does that happen?" I asked: "if Mrs. Belville thought it advisable she would find no difficulty in bringing him to book at once."

This time her answer came less readily. "I can only guess her motive, but I imagine she is not quite sure Maud would accept him when it really came to the point. Have you not seen how she always tries to make it seem a matter of course? Perhaps she is waiting patiently till Maud is so entangled that it will be almost impossible for her to draw back."

Here was the very solution required, though I had been too dull to pitch upon it. Yes, as I watched after this, I could see that spider spinning thread after thread, weaving mesh after mesh of her crafty web—a mere film in appearance, but fetters of iron could be little more secure.

We had been getting up our theatricals, but hitherto not very energetically. Now, however, we set to work in good earnest, for we obtained a very necessary reinforcement—Lucy and Mary Framleigh, young ladies of the average description, with no point about them especially worthy of notice. They could take a moderate share in anything going on, and were well able to fill minor parts in our casts. And Mr. and Mrs. Framleigh, a regular country squire and his wife, served admirably for spectators.

Fred, the most experienced of us all in such matters, was unanimously elected manager, and an arduous berth he had of it. First, there were the endless difficulties in the distribution of characters, one would not take a part because it was unimportant; another, because it was too long, and entailed some trouble; all the ladies of course thought principally about the becomingness of costume, &c., and if they did not peremptorily reject parts assigned to them, at all events insisted upon changing the dress. Then there were those who wished to act together, if it could be managed by a little manœuvring, and others who would *not* act together on any account.

Minor difficulties, too, abounded. There was Lucy Framleigh, who would not be kissed; John Derring, who would not be shaved, though, as Fred told him, that patch of fluff on either cheek would come up as a second crop vastly improved. One *would* rant, another mumble, till our manager, who had continually to give instructions and settle differences, was driven half distracted, and declared solemnly that he had lost 4lbs. within the week.

At length he resigned himself to let us please ourselves, as long as we did nothing very outrageous. But when we came to rehearse his cherished burlesque—the beloved child of his own brain—he was not so yielding. The parts must be taken by those to whom he had allotted them, the characters must dress and speak according to his directions, while our host supported him in his tyranny, so that there was no appeal from his decrees.

CHAPTER III.

WE had worked hard at our rehearsals, till even our manager owned that we might venture on a public performance. The theatre at Belville Castle could hardly be surpassed by any private house in the kingdom, so we had no disadvantages to contend with in that respect. Neither was there any want of accommodation for the spectators, and taking advantage of this the Belvilles asked half the county to behold us.

The important night arrived. All were ready, though perhaps some of us felt rather nervous, for this was a very different thing from appearing before a few friends, as had been the case hitherto.

I will not dwell upon the two farces, with which we commenced the entertainment. They were selected from the regular stock pieces of amateurs, and I really forget what we drew from our *repertoire* that night.

The farces then were over, and the curtain rose for the Burlesque, "written expressly for the Theatre Royal, Belville Castle, by Frederick Courteney," to quote our playbill.

In the reception-room of an old castle stood the Lady Flora and Count Conrad, in magnificent attire, and represented by Maud and Armytage. The Count sued for her hand, argued, threatened, but all in vain. At length she owned her love for Count Ernest, when, with renewed threats from her rough wooer, the scene ended.

Now appeared two peasant girls standing in front of a small cottage by the sea-shore, the castle being visible in the distance on a rock overhanging the sea. But the audience soon learned that one of the girls was the Lady Flora in disguise, while the other was the daughter of the fisherman in whose cottage Flora had taken refuge from her usurping cousin and lover, thinking, as she said, that he would not look for her so near home.

Presently a peasant joined them, and was greeted by Flora with the cry of "My Ernest!" It was her lover, who related how he had heard of her situation from the old steward, so had come in disguise to see her, before he proceeded to collect a force to depose her cousin, and restore her to her rights.

Now there was an interruption to their explanations, for the steward hurried down from the castle to tell them that Count Ernest had been betrayed, his very dress described. Conrad would search everywhere for him, and had already surrounded them, so he must take refuge in the smugglers' caves.

But who was to guide him? Celestine knew the way, but would the smugglers admit a woman? The difficulty was soon solved; Celestine would dress herself in a suit of her brother's clothes, and might easily pass for him.

The next scene was in the banquet-hall of the castle, where Conrad was carousing with his friends. He showed them a magic goblet, and told them that as long as it remained entire luck would follow him. As he spoke it slipped from his hand, fell to the ground, and lay in fragments.

Great was their consternation, but soon this evil omen was driven from their minds, for some of his retainers came in with two prisoners, the hated rival and his companion.

Celestine had been represented by Lady Clara, who

looked bewitching in her peasant's dress. But now her brother John, whose height was the same and features very similar, had taken her place. At length he had consented to sacrifice those cherished whiskers. I cannot say that I, as Count Ernest, altogether approved of the change.

Conrad thought at first that he had trapt the Lady Flora as well as Ernest, but he soon saw his error, and the prisoners were dismissed to the dungeons pending pleasure.

Now the scene again lay upon the shore before the fisherman's cot. A terrible storm was raging, and a vessel was beating on the rocks. The fisherman entered, supporting a half-drowned man, the sole survivor, whom he had assisted to shore. It was the author and manager himself.

The fisherman's daughter and his supposed niece busily attended to his wants, and he soon recovered. Now he began to gaze attentively on Flora, and an aside told that he had recognised her. But he made no sign of this, and she did not remember the gentleman that she had seen once or twice in Count Conrad's train.

Once more the reception room of the castle, where sat Count Conrad and Gaspard, his lately shipwrecked follower. After an account of his escape, Gaspard told the Count of his discovery of Lady Flora in the fisherman's cottage. The Count was incredulous; he had himself seen the fisherman's newly-arrived niece, though not very close certainly, and he could not have failed to recognise his cousin. Gaspard owned that the disguise was good, but adhered to his statement, corroborating it by the assertion that he had seen in her ears a pair of ear-rings, given to her by Count Ernest. At the sound of his rival's name, Conrad gave way to a paroxysm of fury. Now our performance was nearly meeting with an interruption. Fred indulged in a pointed aside (not in his part) that Conrad was growing *maudlin*, and Armytage was so taken aback that he was all but driven from the stage.

Recovering himself, the Count bade Gaspard take some of his followers, and bring Lady Flora by force to the castle.

The scene again changed to the interior of the fisherman's cot, where Lady Flora was preparing for the mid-day meal. To her horror Count Conrad entered, but she had presence of mind enough not to betray herself. Her disguise might yet shelter her. So she answered his questions about her supposed uncle, and took a message for him.

But now he began to make complimentary speeches, drew nearer, played with her curls.

Now was seen in a chamber in the castle Lady Flora, a prisoner, lamenting her fate, and still more her lover's. For Conrad had informed her that his rival was in his power, to be treated according to *her* treatment of himself. Could she doom Ernest to a cruel death? Could she marry the hated Conrad? It was a sad dilemma.

Presently Count Conrad entered. He had tried threats without much effect, now he would endeavour to soothe her.

COUNT C.—My pretty *cousin*!

LADY F.—You shant cozen me, sir.

COUNT C.—*Flora*!

LADY F.—Well, come, and get your *floorer*. See, sir, (*points pistol at his head*).

COUNT C.—*Fair maid!*

LADY F.—My prison *fare* do you allude to? A *fare* that made me feel as ill as—you do.

COUNT C.—My *beauty*.

LADY F.—*Booty* you must mean—mean thief!

COUNT C.—Beware, young woman, or you'll come to grief! My spirit *boils*—

LADY F.—How *hot* it must be, *blow it!*

COUNT C.—Wilt wed me? Speak! say "*yes!*"

LADY F.—Not if I *no* it.

COUNT C.—Ah! come at last! Quick! *Seize her!* Seize the jade! (*aside*) *Seize her myself, aut nullus!* I'm afraid.

Lady Flora had turned to face her supposed assailants, as the Count had expected, but she was too quick for him, and before he could snatch the pistol from her, she fired it at his breast. He groaned, and, as if mortally wounded, fell back amidst a round of applause.

Springing forward, she knelt by his side and raised him in her arms. Then her cry of "George! George! I have killed you!" rang through the theatre.

The curtain fell, and for the spectators there was an end of our drama for ever.

Standing close at hand I had seen the blood oozing from his broad chest—had seen her look of agony; and as I hastened to his assistance, I heard his low-toned question—"You love me then, Maud?"

"Yes, oh yes! and I have killed you," she answered wildly.

If it were so, the smile on his pale face showed me that his last moments would not be miserable.

One of our best surgeons was among the guests that night, and he was quickly in attendance. When he had examined and dressed the wound he came down from Armytage's room with a grave face. It was not a hopeless case, he reported, though one of extreme danger. Nothing but the strictest quiet and the tenderest care, backed by his own vigorous constitution, would carry him through. One of these conditions at least was secured (I am not quite so sure about the other) by Maud taking upon herself the office of chief nurse, in spite of all opposition.

In vain her mother exerted her authority; Maud set it utterly at naught. Mrs. Belville even said she would leave the Castle, but her daughter quietly expressed her determination of remaining behind her. One morning I saw Archie coming out of his study with a look half vexed, half amused. He, too, had been remonstrating, it seemed, but he had met with such a reception from Maud, that he declared he would as soon go into the cage of a tigress as face her again.

There was not only love, but remorse, to make her feel reckless of her friends' censure. If was owing to her own carelessness alone that the accident had occurred. Just before she had to go on she asked Archie for the pistol, and he explained clearly to her where she would find it in his study, carefully charged for the occasion—a noisy, but utterly harmless weapon. Maud pretended to listen, but in reality she was giving all her attention to a conversation between Armytage and Blanche Willoughby. Going to the study she had done exactly what she had been warned against, taking the pistol loaded with ball.

Armytage's constitution was even tougher than Sir James had supposed. He regained his strength rapidly, after the first terrible week of suspense, and before long he was able to come down among us again for an hour or two at a time.

Watching him and Maud, it required no great amount of penetration to discover that they had come to a full understanding. They did not parade their feelings, certainly, but on the other hand they took little trouble to conceal them.

Yet Southgate still continued to hang about her, as if he thought his chance was not utterly lost. And Mrs. Belville quietly ignored the intimacy between Armytage and her daughter, persisting in her old system of virtually representing her as Southgate's property.

I could see that Armytage often winced, and I was determined that, suffering as he was, he should not be thus tormented.

CHAPTER IV.

I took an early opportunity of speaking to Southgate, according to the resolve I had announced, but I was hardly so successful as I had expected.

He listened with exemplary patience (far more than I could have displayed) to my friendly advice. He seemed to attach due weight to my argument, that it would be lowering himself to continue the pursuit of a girl who had so plainly manifested her love for another before so large an audience, none of whom could possibly forget that scene. Then again, had she not been lavishing upon Armytage her tender care, in defiance of the entreaties—of the commands even, of her friends, and could he after this, without painful self-abasement, ask her to share his title?

His fancy for Maud had evidently been far from deep-rooted, for he readily adopted my views, but there seemed to be some obstacle to my influencing him as I wished.

"Of course she would have fallen in love with you, if she had seen you first," I said politely but hypocritically; "as it happened, however, Armytage had made an impression upon her heart, before she and you ever met. You must see plainly enough that she has a determined spirit, and is not likely to submit to coercion on such a point, even if you, as a gentleman, could sanction it. What good then can you derive from persisting in a hopeless suit?"

His stammering reference to Mrs. Belville, though unintelligible in itself, set me upon the right track. With some little difficulty I drew from him a confession of the truth. He could not summon up courage to cry off while Mrs. Belville continued to act as if she regarded the whole affair as settled. Her cool assumption that all was right left him no nerve to announce his retirement from the competition.

I suggested that if he was anxious to avoid an altercation with a lady, always an unpleasant thing, it might be as well to take his departure without parade, and let his absence, combined with the other circumstances of the case, speak for itself. He caught eagerly at my interpretation of his feelings, which I had craftily presented as a salve to his self-love. As he expressed his

intention of acting upon my advice, he thanked me with a warmth which embarrassed me somewhat.

But soon the structure which I had raised so skilfully, and regarded so proudly, fell toppling down. That very same day Mrs. Belville got hold of him, and I found that my work was undone. She had not, indeed, revived his old longing for the success of his suit, but she had reimposed her own yoke. I believe he would not have felt himself safe from her at the Antipodes; even there he would have lived in apprehension of her appearing to lead him back to his weary courtship, which gained him nothing but snubs from the lady, and ridicule from the lookers-on.

Honour to steadfast courage! Honour to unyielding pluck!

If she had fought merely for glory, I am not convinced that she would not have won the day even now. But she had no such weakness. She cared only for the substantial fruits of victory; those hers, whoever liked might claim the barren honours of the field.

It was Fred who hit upon the means of uniting her interests with ours, on one point at least.

He was amusing himself by chaffing Southgate (none of us showed him any mercy now), and presently he said, "If I were you I would turn my affection over to the mother. She is not only more good-looking to my taste, but more good-natured into the bargain, and I really believe she is in love with you, though she has been sacrificing herself for the sake of her ungrateful daughter. Why, yours is a parallel case to Henry Esmond's, Southdown—Southgate, I mean, but I forgot, you don't read Thackeray."

When Southgate had left us, Fred turned to me with a gay laugh, "Upon my honour, Charlie," he said, "I believe he might be talked into fancying himself in love with the fair widow. Did you see how he blushed like a school-girl, half-bashful, half-pleased, when I spoke of her affection for him? Shall we try it on? It would be glorious fun."

"Well, it can do no harm," I replied, "but it is a hair-brained scheme, and I don't expect it to have much success."

From this time we all entered into a conspiracy, we bachelors and Lady Clara that is, for we did not consider it safe to trust the others. We made a prodigious fuss with Mrs. Belville, and continually lavished all sorts of attentions upon her. Especially did we praise her to Southgate, and we were for ever bantering him about his supposed conquest.

Stamford, who has a thoroughly good heart, and is not deficient in brain, in spite of his red coat, went even further than this, and did right good service to the cause. He pretended to fall very violently in love with the widow, and acted the part admirably, till it really was difficult for us, who were in the secret, to preserve a decent amount of gravity as we watched the surprised looks of the outsiders.

This ruse of Stamford's advanced us more than all beside. Southgate was just one of those men, who, if they perceive others to covet anything, set a greater value upon it themselves immediately.

Mrs. Belville was at first puzzled by our manoeuvres, she could not understand what our object might be. But she was far too acute to remain long in the dark,

and I am convinced that she quickly penetrated our designs.

Still she gave no sign of doing so; evinced no anger, and certainly manifested no opposition. Did she remain strictly neutral, I wonder? Apparently she did; but she was quite capable of giving the due amount of encouragement, without allowing it to attract our notice.

I was fast modifying my opinion that we had small chance of success. From having the idea constantly forced upon his mind, Southgate was evidently becoming at least as much in love with the mother as he had been with the daughter. We had saved him all the trouble of forming an opinion for himself. Why should he not have his wife chosen for him as well as his horses, his wines, and pictures?

It was a real triumph for us when there came the formal announcement that Lord Southgate had sought the hand of Mrs. Belville, who had graciously bestowed it upon the young and ardent lover. There might be a few smiles at the match, but these were carefully veiled—the decencies of society must be observed. Besides, the Countess of Southgate was not the person one would wish to make an enemy lightly.

Under this new aspect of affairs Maud and Armytage seemed to be much better off than before. Mrs. Belville had apparently resigned herself to let things take their course, but even now she did not look sufficiently favourably upon him for Armytage to venture to make a formal demand for her daughter's hand.

We all thought, however, that it was a mere question of time, when suddenly another difficulty presented itself.

Several changes had taken place in our party. The Framleighs had left, Blanche Willoughby had returned to the Parsonage at Folthorpe-Abbots, and John Derring had passed on to another country-house at no great distance. Among the new comers who replaced them was Sir John Deepdale, one of the members for the county, invited more because Archie thought it right to keep up the political connection than from any personal liking. He might be a very worthy man, and a model M.P.; no doubt he had a fine fortune and a good position, but he was anything but fascination in society.

From the moment of his arrival he began in his stiff stilted way to pay much attention to Maud. Most people would have quickly perceived that it was unwelcome, but he seemed incapable of realising the fact. He was one of those insensible, self-opiniated men who either cannot or will not see that their flattering favours are not valued as they undoubtedly should be. So he maintained his position by Maud's side in spite of her rebuffs, and Armytage's haughty looks.

Now the old game began again. The mother gave all her support to the eligible *parti*, while we opposed him as energetically. It was open war with us this time—but what could we do? We had no soft-headed, yielding fellow to do with now; fortified with the mother's alliance, he cared not a rush for our hostility.

Armytage's patience hitherto had been exemplary; but now I saw it was beginning to desert him. Nor was it his alone that was giving way; Maud, the proud Maud, came to me one morning for advice and assistance. Would I speak to Archie and get his consent?

one of her guardians? Did I think he, if he yielded, would be able to influence her mother? I shook my head—told her of my strong doubts on either point.

What were they to do, then?

"Wait till you come of age," I suggested.

"But that is not for more than three years," she replied, and of course I could urge that plan no further.

"Elope," I whispered.

Her vivid blush told me as plainly as if she had spoken it in so many words, that she would have consented to this but for the reason she now proceeded to state.

I think I have hitherto omitted to mention (a sad neglect on my part) that Maud was an heiress, with no meagre fortune. William Belville had been very wild in his young days, and all communication had ceased between him and his family. It was a relief then to his relations when they heard that he had gone to New York with his wife, of whom they knew no more than the bare fact of her existence. Little was heard of him except that he had engaged in commerce till, after many years' absence, he returned to England with his wife, his only daughter—and a large fortune. With such a proof of his reformation it was only natural that his family should again receive him into favour, and on his death this was still continued to his widow and orphan. Archie, indeed, accepted the office of guardian to Maud, conferred upon him in conjunction with her mother.

It seems that Armytage had felt some scruples at asking the hand of an heiress, he a comparatively poor man. But he knew well that he sought her for herself, and he was too truly noble-minded to let fear of the world's sneers stand between them and happiness. Yet Maud said she knew he would never forgive himself if he were the means of depriving her of her fortune. And this she felt sure would be the result of an elopement, for the property would go to Mrs. Belville, unless she and Archie joined in consent to the marriage.

I was of a different opinion. I could not believe a mother would be so hard-hearted, and I had great faith in Archie's influence, so I repeated my advice that they should elope.

"But I cannot propose it," said Maud, with a smile and a blush.

"Stuff!" was my only answer, and off she ran to her lover.

Archie must have noted our interview, and perhaps he had his suspicions, for half an hour later he had me by the button.

"I don't know what you are all plotting," he said; "I can sympathise with you, but I can encourage no rebellion. Above all, I give you fair warning, there must not be an elopement. Mrs. Belville would exact the penalty, and I should certainly support her."

"But may I tell Maud that you will consent, if her mother does?" I asked.

"Certainly, for I think Armytage would make her a capital husband. His want of fortune is a drawback, but Maud can afford to please herself, and he has everything but wealth. Take my advice, Charlie—if they are about to do anything rash, stop it."

So I had to go and pass the word "No elopement." Maud's imploring look determined me to put into execution a plan I had already meditated.

I sought Mrs. Belville.

"I have come to petition for your consent to Maud's marriage with Armytage," I said.

Her answer came readily, "I cannot grant it; he is no fit match for an heiress."

"I don't agree with you," I said; "but I suppose I cannot alter your opinion. To change the subject, I am going to London to-morrow, and I mean to ask Southgate, who, I believe, goes too, if he will assist me in making some inquiries. I hear there is a man hanging about one of the minor theatres, an actor of heavy fathers, or something of that kind, who has the impudence to claim connection with us. I believe he says a daughter of his married a Belville. If Southgate has any strong opinion it is on the advantage of unmixed good blood, and as he is so soon to ally himself with our family he will feel an interest in clearing up this affair."

She started and positively turned pale as I spoke. That secret, she thought, had been known to no one but Archie. In the old days of our close intimacy, when we kept nothing from one another, he had revealed it to me under a vow of the strictest secrecy. But *ma foi*, what could I do when I saw Maud's beseeching eyes. I am made of flesh and blood—not stone or steel.

The little woman at once dropt her point, and owned the hit. As I have said before, she did not fight for mere glory—when she found she must be beaten eventually, she yielded without demur.

"I have been reconsidering my decision," she said quietly: "If Maud's happiness is at stake, I suppose I must yield."

"You cannot do better," I replied.

Armytage and Maud were married three weeks ago—Southgate and Mrs. Belville last Tuesday. Lady Southgate considered this arrangement preferable to a double wedding under the circumstances.

I flatter myself that, in spite of that awkward interruption, the Belville Castle theatricals, *quorum pars magna fui*, have been highly successful.

THE DEATH WARRANT.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

In the little town of Colberg, a small seaport of Prussia, situated on the shores of the Baltic Sea, there resides an ancient and wealthy family, bearing the surname of Zietern. The family name figures largely in the records of the town, and the province in which it is situated. These records show that the Zieterns held important offices in the magistracy and judiciary, as long ago as the middle of the seventeenth century, and the present head of the family held the honourable post of burgo-master, or chief magistrate of Colberg, in the year 1850.

That, however, which renders the name familiar to every traveller who chances to visit this rather out-of-the-way post of the Prussian monarchy, is the Zietern Hospital and Lunatic Asylum, one of the largest and best-endowed institutions of the kind in Prussia—a country remarkable in continental Europe for the number and the excellent management of its public institu-

tions; and what renders the Zietern Hospital unusually interesting to strangers, is the fact that it was founded and liberally endowed by Madame Cornelia Richter—*née* Zietern—a daughter of the family, who was herself for several years a lunatic, and who only recovered her reason a few years before her death.

In the great hall of the institution there are two portraits of the foundress and benefactress, one representing her as Mademoiselle Zietern, in the eighteenth year of her age, the other as Madame Richter, a middle-aged lady of matronly and benign countenance, the expression of whose features, however, betoken one who has passed through much suffering, mentally and bodily, and who has only acquired the calmness and resignation which characterizes the portrait, by having learnt to trust firmly in the beneficence of Providence, and to look forward to that rest and happiness hereafter, which shall recompense her for all the trouble she has suffered in this mortal stage of existence.

The exceeding loveliness of form and feature which are remarkable in the youthful portrait, attracts the attention of the beholder, and serves to give double interest to her melancholy story. She is represented as a fair, blue-eyed maiden, with a full and exquisitely rounded form, and an abundance of golden hair, which, according to the fashion of the day among the maidens of northern Germany, floats free and unconfined over the white dimpled shoulders. The features are regular and intellectual, and at the same time expressive of vivacity and tenderness. The portrait is one that fixes itself on the memory—one that men are wont to dream of, after having once beheld it.

In the year 1753, Mademoiselle Zietern, who until then had resided with her parents in Colberg, the town wherein she was born, visited Berlin, the Prussian capital, to remain during the winter months with a maiden aunt, a sister of her father's. Madame Zietern was a lady of great wealth, whose mansion was the resort of the military, the *literary*, and the most fashionable and distinguished personages in the city.

It was only natural that a young lady possessing the beauty and accomplishments of Mademoiselle Zietern, known to belong to an old and honourable family, and generally believed to be the heiress of her aunt's large fortune, should draw many admirers. Men of all ranks and conditions, from the youthful aspirant to fame and fortune, to the broken-down *roué*, who, after having run his career of coxcombry, pleasure, and debauchery, until his shattered constitution warned him that he could no longer pursue his vicious course of life with impunity, was anxious to settle down and become a sober Benedict for the rest of his days, if he could secure so splendid a prize in the matrimonial lottery, were earnest suitors for the young lady's heart, and hand, and fortune.

Cornelia, however, was in no hurry to change her maiden condition, "fancy free;" but her heart at length surrendered to one Paul Richter, an officer of the king's guards—young, handsome, and accomplished, who had every prospect of rising in his profession.

Notwithstanding the envy created amongst the host of rejected suitors, in consequence of the choice of the youthful and lovely heiress, no one could deny that the young man was in every respect worthy of her. There was but one drawback—he was poor! This, however,

did not in the least trouble Mademoiselle Cornelia. Her father was wealthy, and she was an only child, and, as we have already observed, she had great expectations from her aunt. She would, under any circumstances, possess sufficient wealth for both. Neither did her relatives, as is too often the case in the like circumstances, oppose the proposed union. The family of the young ensign was, in point of fact, more ancient and of higher rank than the family of the Zieterns, and ancient genealogy and noble birth carry great influence in all parts of Germany.

One stipulation only was made by Herr Zietern, when, at the expiration of a short and happy courtship, Ensign Richter visited Colberg, candidly told his circumstances, and expressed his determination to attain rank and distinction in his profession, if strict attention to his duties could secure these honours, referred to several distinguished and respected individuals in relation to his family and his own personal character, and finally stated that, having gained the maiden's consent, he had come expressly to ask her hand of her father.

The condition was that the young couple should wait until Paul Richter should become a captain, so that, in case of any great reverse of fortune on the part of his bride, however improbable it might be, he should be able to support her at least in moderate competence.

The gallant and youthful lover, notwithstanding his desire to hasten the consummation of his happiness, was well content that no other obstacle stood in the way of his union with the fair object of his love.

Frederick the Second—the Great—the most ambitious monarch in Europe at that period, sat on the Prussian throne. Every schoolboy is familiar with his rare military abilities, his incessant activity, his love of war, his strange eccentricities, and his infatuation for tall soldiers, to procure whom he would send to any distance and incur any expense, though in all other respects his economy bordered on meanness.

Speedy promotion in the army, under such a monarch, was a matter of certainty to a young man of good character, good family, and courage and intelligence, all of which qualifications Paul Richter possessed. He bade adieu to his young mistress, when he went to join his regiment, which was to take part in a campaign against France, in full hope and expectation that the close of the campaign would witness his promotion to the command of a company, and enable him to claim her hand, according to her father's promise.

Cornelia, shortly after her lover quitted Berlin, returned home to Colberg, and there remained until the termination of the campaign, which was successful on the part of Frederick, and which did make Paul a captain, as he had anticipated. He was, however, severely, though not dangerously, wounded, and when he wrote to Colberg by the hand of his comrade, speaking lightly of his wound, but regretting it, because for a time it would incapacitate him from claiming his bride, at the same time playfully observing that he hoped his fair mistress would not reject her wounded knight, who had received his wound in consequence of his resolve to bear himself in the battle in a manner that should show that he was worthy of her love—the young lady was so much affected that she

insisted upon setting out by post to Berlin, to nurse the wounded soldier herself, saying that he had already the right to claim the service as well as the love of a wife from her, since they had long been wedded in heart if not in hand, and that the only obstacle that had stood in the way was now removed.

Herr Zietern, however, like a wise and prudent father, said, if Cornelia must nurse her wounded knight, it were more advisable that she did so in her father's house than in a distant city. The old gentleman, therefore, posted himself to Berlin, and had Captain Richter carefully removed by slow stages, under his own guidance, from the capital to Colberg.

Six months elapsed before Paul Richter was completely recovered. They had been to him six of the happiest months he had ever spent, notwithstanding the pain and fever attending his wound, which was long in healing; for Cornelia was ever near him, ready to anticipate his slightest wishes, to read to him, to sing, to play, to do everything she could think of to afford him solace, and to cause the weary hours in the sick chamber to pass lightly away. And, as he grew better, and was able to take short walks abroad, she was his constant companion. They wandered in her father's garden, or sat in the summer-house, while she read aloud, and, by-and-by, their walks extended into the fields and woods, or to the sea-shore, where they would sit for hours listening to the musical murmur of the waves as they broke on the beach, and talking of the happy future which both believed to be in store for them.

At length the day arrived when the wedding was to take place. Great preparations were made. No expense was spared by the parents of Cornelia, who by this time had learnt to look upon the handsome young officer as if he were their own son.

It came off, and was the talk of the small town for weeks. Never had been seen such magnificence before. Never had the clergyman of the parish united such a handsome couple. Never was such munificence, such generosity, as Herr Zietern displayed. Not a poor person in Colberg, or its vicinity, had gone that day without an abundant meal, and a small present in money besides. A thousand cheerful, grateful voices prayed that happiness might attend the wedded pair through life, and after death to eternity.

In Paul Richter's case the Shaksperian adage, "the course of true love never does run smooth," was, as we believe it has often been before and since, completely falsified. Paul remained at home with his bride, at a house in the outskirts of the town, which his father-in-law had purchased and presented to him, for six months after his marriage, in the enjoyment of every happiness it is in the power of mortal to possess. At the expiration of this brief period of wedded bliss he received orders from his general again to make his appearance at Berlin, and rejoin his regiment.

Frederick the Great had been at peace with his brother monarchs long enough, and he was thinking of another campaign against Bavaria, Saxony, Italy, or France; he did not much care which, so that he found employment for his tall grenadiers.

"Dear Paul," said Cornelia, when she heard the news, "I wish you would leave the army. I shall be so miserable, so anxious while you are away, dreading lest

every mail that arrives at Colberg should bring intelligence of some dreadful battle, and that you have been wounded or perhaps killed. I would not care to live afterward. Surely there is no need for you to obey the mandate of the general. We are rich enough."

"You are rich enough, dear Cornelia," replied Paul, "and I love you enough to be willing to share with you whatever is yours; but it is not that, my love. It shall never be said that Paul Richter refused his services when his country called for them, because he had wedded a young, and pretty, and *wealthy* bride. I must go, dear Cornelia, but let us hope the campaign will not be a long one, and one thing I will promise you—as soon as I am promoted to colonelcy I *will* quit the army as soon as peace is declared. But on no account will I do so on the eve of a war. Think, Cornelia, you yourself would despise me if I were to act in such a cowardly manner. But be not afraid, darling, you are my guardian angel. Your prayers shall turn the bullets aside, and blunt the enemy's steel. Very soon you will welcome me safe home again."

Thus, half-jestingly, half-soothingly, the young officer endeavoured to quiet the apprehensions of his young wife, and at length partially succeeded in subduing her anxiety. They promised to exchange letters by every possible opportunity, and in the course of a few days Captain Richter set out for Berlin.

The campaign turned out to be the commencement of what is known in European continental history as the Seven Years' War, when Frederick found arrayed against him, incited by his insatiable ambition, all the other great powers of Europe. He met the shock manfully, for the Prussian army of Frederick the Second's day was much the most numerous and the best drilled on the whole continent; but severe battles were fought, and the campaign which Paul had endeavoured to persuade his wife would be soon ended, threatened to be prolonged till the combatants were exhausted.

Still Paul wrote cheerful letters to Cornelia, and bade her keep up her courage, and she replied in as cheerful a tone as she could, endeavouring to conceal from him the fears and anxieties she could not help experiencing.

At length, about six months after Paul had left Colberg, there came a letter which afforded him the most extatic delight, while, at the same time, it increased his anxiety to see his wife again. This letter announced the birth of a son, and the happy convalescence of the mother, who, proud of the new pleasures of maternity, wrote respecting the beauty of her infant, as only a mother can write, and expressed an earnest wish that her husband could see his child, if only for one moment.

Paul replied to this letter immediately. The letter was brief, for the army was on the eve of an engagement, and his every moment was greatly occupied. He knew not but the next minute he might hear the trumpet sound, calling upon all to fall into battle array.

The letter, written on a drum-head in a tent, has been preserved, and its contents are engraved upon the pedestal of a monument erected to his memory in the enclosure on which the hospital stands. It runs as follows:—

"The Camp before Parma, Aug. 10, 1756.

"My own dearest Cornelia,—I received your letter

this morning, and have carried it in my bosom all day, taking every opportunity to peruse it over and over again. We are expecting every moment to be summoned into action, and I have been so completely occupied in my military duties that I could not, until this moment, find time to write a line in reply.

"You must excuse the brevity of the letter I am now writing, for I am infringing a military order just issued by the king, even in so doing, and you well know that the slightest disobedience of orders is visited by Frederick with the utmost severity, even if the offender be his principal general. He is no respecter of persons, and when resolved to punish, nothing can incline him to mercy.

"I cannot express the pleasure your letter afforded me. It is too much happiness. My infant boy and his mother both well! How I wish I could see you for one little moment, even if I had to leave you again immediately. I think it would endow me with greater spirit and courage in the forthcoming battle.

"Think of me, dear wife, and believe that you are never out of my mind for one moment. Have no fears for me. I feel assured that I shall not fall in battle, and I hope this engagement will be so far decisive that I can honourably ask for leave of absence, so that I may fly to Colberg and embrace you and the child.

"Take the greatest care of your health for my, as well as for your own and our boy's, sake.

"You will be glad to hear that I have been promoted, on the field, to the rank of major. There remains now but one step more—promotion to a lieutenant-colonelcy—and then, peace once restored, I quit the army, and spend the rest of my days in the society of my beloved wife.

"I must close, for I dare not keep my lamp alight any longer.

"Believe me, my darling,

"Your most loving husband,

"PAUL RICHTER."

"P.S. Kiss our boy for me."

"P.P.S. It is now a quarter past eight o'clock, P.M. To-morrow morning, at four o'clock, I shall be a dead man! P. R."

The letter was despatched and duly received by Cornelia, who read it through eagerly until she reached the end. When she read the last line she uttered a piercing shriek, and fell senseless to the floor.

Fortunately her mother and the nurse were in the room. They raised her from the floor, and carried her to a sofa, and then applied restoratives, until the unhappy wife was awakened to consciousness. She looked wildly around her. "Am I asleep?" she cried. "Have I been dreaming? O, what a horrid dream! I thought—no, no; it is true! The letter—the letter!" Shrieking forth the latter words, she again fainted. A physician was sent for, and again the mother and nurse applied restoratives, and after much effort succeeded again in restoring her to consciousness.

Meanwhile the letter had been picked up from the floor by Madame Zietern, and read. She could not understand it. She showed it to her husband—to the medical man; none of them could make anything of it. Paul had written in the body of the letter that he had a presentiment that he should not fall on the field of battle,

and had evidently written under the influence of hope and cheerfulness, and yet, at the close, in a second postscript, without giving any explanation, he had written, "To-morrow morning, at four o'clock, I shall be a dead man!"

"Had he suddenly lost his senses? Had the tension of his faculties, caused by anxiety, hard duty, and want of sleep, with the shock of pleasure he had felt when he received intelligence of the birth of his child, been too much for his brain? What could be the meaning of that strange and dreadful line?"

These, and such as these, were the questions asked of each other by the shocked and puzzled family, but no one could give any satisfactory answer. In vain they endeavoured to soothe and console the unhappy wife. Alas! they knew not what words to employ in order to relieve her mind. Their own feelings were sufficiently harrowed by the terrible line. Still they resolved to try to believe that it meant nothing, until they heard from the camp.

A letter was immediately written and despatched to Paul, and another to the colonel of the regiment in which he served, informing both of the fright which the inexplicable postscript had caused, and of the ill effect it must have upon Cornelia if the mystery were not immediately and satisfactorily explained.

They had not to wait for a reply to the letters to learn that Paul had written the truth, though still they were at a loss to understand what had caused the shocking catastrophe. The next gazette from Berlin contained this simple but terrible paragraph, under the column of "intelligence from the army before Parma"—

"We regret to learn that, at four o'clock a.m., on the 11th inst., Major Paul Richter, of the 7th Dragoon Guard, was shot dead, in pursuance of a special sentence from the commander-in-chief."

Then followed a few lines eulogistic of the character and courage of the deceased officer, and a few remarks expressing wonder as to the nature of the special dereliction of duty which had led to such a shocking result. Nearly a month of terrible overwhelming misery elapsed before the full particulars were known. At length all was explained.

Frederick the Second of Prussia carried eccentricity to the verge of madness. His people were taxed terribly to maintain his army, both in money and in person. The entire population of Prussia, during his reign, amounted to only five millions all counted, men, women, and children, and yet the soldiers exceeded in number those of France and Spain united. It is computed that out of the able-bodied men of the kingdom, one in every seven was drafted into the military service. His rule over the civilians of the kingdom, who held no office under the government, was mild and paternal, but his behaviour to his wife and children was brutal in the extreme. They were flogged with his cane, half-starved, and miserably clad. His eldest son, while still a mere youth, was immured for some venial offence in a filthy and unhealthy dungeon, and it was with difficulty he was persuaded not to issue a warrant for the lad's execution.

He was in the habit of striking his officers and kicking his judges out of court, if they decided points of law against his wishes. His officers and soldiers were

drilled like automatons, and the slightest offence was visited with the most prompt and frightful severity of punishment. His present position, at war with nearly all combined Europe, had exasperated his irascible temper almost, if not quite, to madness.

During the afternoon of the 10th of August, 1756, intending during the night to make an important movement in the camp, which was in sight of the enemy, he had issued an order that, by eight o'clock, all the lamps in the camps should be put out, on pain of death. The moment the hour was past he walked out himself to see whether all was dark. He found a lamp burning in the tent of Major Richter. He entered the tent just as the officer was folding up a letter; the major knew him, and, instantly falling on his knees, entreated his mercy.

"To whom have you been writing?" asked the king.

"To my wife," replied the young officer. "I received a letter from her to-day. I had not time all day to reply to it—scarcely to read it, without neglecting my duty. The courier leaves the camp for Berlin at ten o'clock. I commenced the reply at my first moment of leisure, but not having quite completed it when the clock struck, I kept the lamp burning a few moments later. We go into action to-night or to-morrow. I may never have the opportunity of writing again."

"Let me see the letter," said Frederick sternly.

The officer handed it to him, and he read it to the end.

"T is well," he said, handing it back. "Now write one more line which I shall dictate. Write, 'to-morrow morning, at four o'clock, I shall be a dead man!'"

The sentence was written with a trembling hand, for well the officer knew that the king showed no mercy—listened to no excuses!

"Have you written the line?" asked the king.

"I have, your majesty!"

"Then seal the letter, and go to sleep, if you choose. I will deliver it to the carrier."

"Will not your Majesty permit me to explain?"

"Not a word, sir," thundered the king. "You have disobeyed my orders. You, an officer, who ought to have set an example. You must die."

Placing the letter in his pocket he walked out of the tent. At four o'clock on the following morning, the sharp rattle of a volley of musketry awakened many of the officers and soldiers, who were still sleeping soundly, in ignorance of the tragedy that was enacting in their midst, for the anticipated nocturnal announcement had not been made, and the camp was not disturbed from slumber.

They started to their feet and rushed out into the fresh morning air, to ascertain the cause of the sudden report of fire-arms, some of them believing that the enemy had recently stolen a march against them. Alas! They were transfixed with astonishment and dismay, when they were informed that a military execution had taken place, and that Major Richter, one of the bravest, the most respected, and the most beloved officers in the army, was a dead man.

When Madame Richter heard the full particulars of the savage murder which had been committed by the orders of the king, the victim of his monstrous brutality, one of the most gallant and devoted of his officers, she

shed no tears, but pressing her hands upon her bosom, as if she feared her heart would break, she sat silent, not opening her lips for weeks, caring nothing for her infant, who, until now, had been almost an object of idolatry, and refused all nourishment until her attendants were obliged to force food upon her.

When again she spoke, her wits had flown. She was insane—the physicians feared, hopelessly insane. Happily for the poor infant, deprived of the nourishment it had subsisted upon—for the fond mother had insisted upon nursing it herself—it died.

The widowed mother made no inquiry after the babe nor her husband. She seemed to have forgotten that either had existed. Hers was a harmless, gentle, melancholy madness. Like Ophelia, she wandered about singing wild ditties, which had no sense or meaning, yet which were sometimes suggestive of the dreadful loss she had sustained.

"White his shroud as the mountain snow,
Larded all with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did go,
With true love showers."

"And will he not come again?
And will he not come again?
No, he is dead,
Go to thy death-bed,
He never will come back again."

In this sad condition she remained for several years. Her father and mother, as well as her aunt Zietern, had died during this dismal period, and all their large united wealth had been left to her—in trust of a guardian—if she recovered her senses; if not, it was to be expended in founding an hospital and lunatic asylum.

She did awaken to her senses, and to the recollection of her woes, and she herself employed a large portion of her wealth in erecting an hospital and an asylum for lunatics, which she liberally endowed and named the Zietern Hospital, in memory of her parents and her aunt.

She sat for her portrait after her recovery, and ordered it, together with a portrait painted shortly before her marriage, to be hung in the large hall of the building, and caused a splendid monument to be erected in the hospital yard, to the memory of her much-loved, murdered husband. On the pedestal of this monument was inscribed—

"IN MEMORIAM.

"Paul Richter, major in the guards of King Frederick the Second, of Prussia, was cruelly shot by order of his sovereign, August 11, 1756."

Beneath the above inscription was inscribed the fatal letter, the whole supported by the arms of the joint families of Richter and Zietern, and by a scroll.

This is the history of the Hospital and Lunatic Asylum of Colberg, in Prussia.

A STRUGGLE FOR A SOUL.

A STRUGGLE between the good and evil genius for the possession of a woman's soul is the subject of our present plate, which was first exhibited at the Liverpool Academy during 1858. Mr. Hopley would seem to consider vanity as the instigating sin. With a last malicious effort the Spirit of Evil has wound his grasp around the jewels entwined in her hair, and has seized with his teeth the hem of her embroidered garment. But he is evidently vanquished in the encounter. The ornamental array is gliding from her form, and she is destined to ascend with her preserver, attired in the spotless garment of purity alone. The original work, which was painted in 1857, and is nearly life-size, is now being exhibited in the Gallery of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham.

Originally educated for a surgeon, Edward Hopley, the painter of "A Struggle for a Soul," the subject of our present illustration, has had the double advantage of adding considerable anatomical experience to his early artistic advantages. We have seen anatomical drawings and etchings on copper, the result of early risings and a school-boy's hours of leisure—usually devoted to peg-top and cricket—which would not disgrace much older fingers. Like that of many others, his early London career was devoted to water-colour drawing, but since his return from a twelvemonth's study in Italy, the whole of his energies have been devoted to conquering the more vigorous machinery of oil-painting. One of the results of his anatomical and academical studies in England, and at Rome, was exhibited at the Crystal Palace in '51—a remarkable diagram of the triangular and equidistant arrangement of the features, an outline and description of which may be found in the Illustrated Catalogue. Many Germans and Frenchmen of note felt great interest in this scale of proportion, and the American Government invited Mr. Hopley to furnish diagrams for the Museum at Washington.

Of the more popular of his engraved works, "A Primrose from England" may be mentioned, and we believe Mr. Hopley is now occupied in producing a series of illustrations of the interest attending the scientific discoveries of celebrated Englishmen.

THE BEST GIFT.

HEART, thou wilt grieve no more,
Darkness is past;
Storm-cloud and gloom are o'er,
Peace come at last.
Fate smiles at length on
The web she hath wove,
Gives one to love me, Heart,
Some one to love!

Summer there is but one,
Day without night;
Winter's a name alone,
No frost nor blight—

Grief passes stingless by,
Cares pointless prove,
For some one loves me, Heart,
Some one I love.

Flowers have sweeter sprung,
Skies seemed more clear,
Birds have more blithely sung,
Heaven seemed so near—
Life gained a sudden worth,
All price above,
Since some one loves me, Heart,
Since I have loved.

Harshness, where bides it now?
Sorrow, where fled?
Weariness buried low,
Joy come instead.
Patience that hopeth all,
Trust to be proved,
By one that loves me, Heart,
One that I love.

Speak to me, silver stream,
Language thou'st found,
Soft clouds of sunset's dream
Floating around.
Voices in all of ye,
Field, brook, and grove,
Whisper, one loves me, Heart,
One that I love.

Sweet rose, thou hast a voice
In thy soft breath,
In thy world I rejoice—
Hark! what she saith—
"Last glimpse of Paradise,
Where I had birth,
To thee is granted,
O daughter of earth;
Prize it, and treasure it,
All else above"—
Some one to love thee, Heart,
Some one to love!

F. O.

DEVONSHIRE CREAM.

"If you wish to see a Devonshire dairy, I have a pet sister at home who will show you one." Such was part of a note I had received from a young lady I had met with in a fashionable watering-place, to which I had resorted partly for a little quiet study, and partly to get out of the way of the cholera. I am not nervous, but I am—excuse me, madam—extremely liable to take cold. To me the note was a command. I am of an inflammable temperament, and when a lady is in the case—but you know the old adage as well as I. My resolution was immediately formed. Had you seen the dark-eyed beauty that wrote to me, you would have done as I did—lost no time in packing up your carpet-bag, stuck up a notice on your chambers that you were out of town, requesting all parcels and letters to be left



A STRUGGLE FOR A SOUL.



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with the porter at the lodge, and made the best of your way to Devonshire. Let me describe my beautiful correspondent; I must borrow from Byron, for she was the very picture of Haidee—

Her brow was overhung with coins of gold,
That sparkled o'er the auburn of her hair—
Her clustering hair, whose longer locks were rolled
In braids behind; and though her stature were
Even of the highest for a female mould,
They nearly reached her heel, and in her air
There was a something which bespoke command,
As one who was a lady in the land.

Her hair, I said, was auburn; but her eyes
Were black as death, their lashes the same hue,
Of downcast length, in whose silk shadow lies
Deepest attraction, for when to the view
Forth from its raven fringe the full glance flies,
Ne'er with such force the swiftest arrow flew.

Her brow was white and low, her cheeks' pure dye
Like twilight rosy still with the set sun;
Short upper lip—sweet lips! that make us sigh
Ever to have seen such; for she was one
Fit for the model of a statuary.

Such was my Haidee, with this difference, that she had nothing so *outré* in her hair as coins of gold, and that, instead of being tall, she was rather inclined to be the reverse. Well, as I could not see Haidee, I was determined to see Haidee's sister. Her baptismal name was Cecilia—I called her Saint Cecilia—her family knew her as Ceely. She was a "pet sister," indeed, just the bud you would love to take to your heart and shield there from life's storms and perils. In that dull old Devonshire town she shone out like a silver star in a December night. Though sworn to woo and win Haidee, I fell in love with Ceely at once, and yet what was Hecuba to me, or I to Hecuba? What had I not gone through for Haidee? For her sake had I not renounced Julias, and Ellens, and Adèles innumerable; been called a jackass by my bosom friend, as we sat smoking together in his chambers the last night I was in town; put myself to considerable pecuniary inconvenience, and cut out of town whilst the proprietor of the *Rottenborough Gazette* was running everywhere to get me to supply the leaders for their admirable and democratic paper? Yet I fell in love with Ceely. So will you, sir, if you have a spark of fire in your manly breast. To see her was to love her, and as she knelt, teaching a favourite kitten to play, she was irresistible. Ceely was short too, stout; had very little—too little, to say for herself; was a trifle too fat, even for a pet; sat half the day looking out of the window, while she was pretending to work one of those abominable anti-macassars, which ought to have been put down long before this; and yet merely sitting on the sofa opposite—it was quite dangerous to get any nearer—I could have laid down my life for one of Ceely's little smiles. I have said Ceely was short, she was more than that—she was plump, and some half-century hence, when many a summer's sun shall have rested on her cheek, and cruel care shall have ploughed furrows in her marble brow, she will be dumpy; but she had the freshest face, and the smallest, softest hand in the world. Her little lips parted as if they wanted to be kissed, her little eyes beamed with love and laughter, her little

white neck was shaded with dark clustering hair, arranged with the most scrupulous and excruciating propriety, and her smile was a ray from heaven itself. Haidee might well make Ceely a pet; and young, and fresh, and innocent as Ceely was, she knew it all; knew that she had excited my utmost admiration, knew that my eyes watched her every moment with intense delight. Yet in her mild way she could be wicked and cruel as well.

One day I was so fortunate as to be able to drag her out. While I was waiting for her, she said, with a sly glance at me—

"Perhaps Mr. Smithers will like to go by himself, mamma?"

The little enchantress, I thought, was determined to drive me mad. But out we went, and the next day she promised to go with me to a Devonshire dairy; I was in raptures, I would have gone with peas in my shoes wherever that fairy led me.

I did not care a rap about a Devonshire dairy; cows and farm-yards are pretty much the same, I take it, all the world over, but I did care about another walk with little Ceely hanging on my arm.

Well, the auspicious morning came; there was Ceely lovelier, fresher than ever, and, alas! there also was her father as well.

What a bore a father is sometimes. Just as you are getting happy, just as you have won your way, just as you have put yourself *en rapport* with some fair maiden, down comes the father, and you are done. In his way, Ceely's father was a respectable man, and I have no doubt but that Ceely regarded him with the profoundest esteem. He was a sensible, well-informed man, clever at business, and with some few ideas beyond his trade. Elsewhere, I should have been happy to have met him; on the present occasion, I frankly confess, I wished him at the top of Mount Blanc.

"Ah, Mr. Smithers," said he, after shaking my paw in a peculiarly friendly way, "as Ceely is engaged, I will go with you to the dairy myself."

"Oh, my dear sir," I replied, "you are too kind. I would not think of trespassing upon your time."

"Oh! its quite a leisure morning with me."

"But your foot, sir, you were complaining of the gout yesterday."

"Oh, my foot is better, and the walk will do me good."

"But it is going to rain, sir."

"Not a bit of it, the barometer stands fair."

"But, sir, we shall find the road very dirty: we had better postpone the walk till to-morrow."

"Oh, sir, to-morrow I shall be very busy (the very thing I wanted), and the wind has quite dried up the mud."

"But the farmer, sir; this is market-day, we shall not find him at home."

"Well, if he is out his wife will not be, and she can show us the dairy."

In short, I could find no excuse, and I was compelled to go. I dared not plead for Ceely's company, though she had promised to go, as I found my attentions in that quarter were not liked by the father as I could have wished. It is strange what curious ideas people

down in the provinces have of literary men. They take it for granted that we are unfit for domestic life. They think if we earn ten shillings we consider it a godsend; they think we starve one day and feast the next; that we live in garrets, that when we are not at work we are in the midst of revelry of every kind; that those who are married never see their wives or their children from one year's end to the other; that we do not insure our lives, and that we never pay our debts. Of the nobleness of the literary calling, of the position its professors take in intelligent society, of the lofty aspirations of the meanest member of it, they have no idea, and so they take their daughters, budding with all high thoughts and hopes, and lead them like lambs to the slaughter; and lives that might have become bright and beautiful, grow sordid, and worldly, and low, and many a divine maiden like my Ceely is sold—married I had written, but I have crossed that out—to a man who will hold her—

When his passion shall have spent its novel force,
Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse.

Well, we started. The father polite, I inwardly cursing, though outwardly unmoved as the Monument, leaving Ceely to look mournfully out of the window, and do a little embroidery. We had not far to go, but it seemed a long walk, nevertheless. It rained, of course—it always does in Devonshire, as one of the greatest Devonian poets, Carrington, in "Dartmoor," sings:—

Hail! lovely Devonian,
Thou hast a breeze for ever on thy plains—a cloud
For ever in thy sky.

When you go to Devonshire pray take your umbrella with you. I—like the ass I am—left mine at home. But in spite of the rain we reached our destination, a pretty little farm-house, very suggestive to me, in my amorous mood, of honeymoons and love in a cottage. A Devonshire dairy is soon seen, and, like all other important processes, the art of making Devonshire cream is a very simple affair. London cream is a much more complicated matter; many things go to the making of that—water, chalk, calves' brains, &c., &c. It is as mysterious a compound as "fine old port," or "sparkling champagne;" but, bless your soul, as to Devonshire cream, you will soon confess that there is nothing in it. That it is agreeable to the palate, that it goes down softly, that with junkets, or fruit, or bread, or in tea, or simply by itself, it is a dish fit for the gods, I am prepared to admit; that the taste of it hangs pleasantly about one's mouth for a long while I readily grant; but that there is anything wonderful in the composition of it, I utterly deny. It is altogether a produce of the soil. To be eaten it must be eaten in Devonshire alone; it suffers by transplanting. You may take Devonshire cows, you may take Devonshire dairy-maids, and all their implements, or impediments, you may give them every facility, and offer them the Bank of England and all it contains as a reward, and yet they can no more produce Devonshire cream out of the county than you can write prose like Macaulay, or poetry like Tennyson. There is a peculiar richness in the soil which you can't get by artificial means. It is the same with individuals; that old toper, Walter Mapes, tells us—

Every one by nature hath a mould that he was cast in;

and the Devonshire mould is, I suppose, the best. All that art can do is very little. The milk, when taken from the cow, is allowed to stand some few hours—the longer the better—and then it is placed upon a fire for about half-an-hour; that is all; the cream is then made. The only remaining process is the easiest and pleasantest part of all, that is, the eating of it. It is then put into pans and sold by the pint. At the present time the price in Devonshire is a shilling the pint, and I assure you I know no better way of investing that trifling sum. A good cow may give as much milk as may yield two pints of cream a day, but that is a quantity not often got from one cow. Of course, much depends upon the feed, and the state of the weather, and the quality of the milk. Cows, though they be cows, have feminine weaknesses, are not to be depended on; are capricious beings, please you one moment, and terribly disappoint you the next. As to a dairy, all the world knows what that is; at one time or other of his wretched existence, even the most benighted cockney has had a glimpse of one. At times even his talk is of "green fields," and a Devonshire dairy differs but little from others. It is generally paved with flagstones, which are kept scrupulously clean. The milk is placed in large pans on low wooden stools ranged all round the room, which is, for obvious reasons, the coolest in the house, and everything pertaining to the place is wholesome, and sweet, and clean. In mild, muggy weather the manufacture goes on indifferently; the cream is thin and poor, the dairy-maid has a long face and a heavy heart. In winter the case is different. In winter time, also, you may venture to send the cream to London; in the summer time you can seldom venture on an experiment of the kind; at any rate, if you do, it must have been made that morning—if not, it will be sour long before the smoke of the metropolis looms in sight. The scalding process seems to be the only one in the practice of which people differ. In some dairies an iron stove is used, in others a coal fire. The milk is never allowed to boil; it is carefully watched, and when it has simmered long enough the cream is then removed. Two pints of cream will make one of butter. This is not a point of much importance, but I state it as it was imparted to me as an undoubted truth. As I fear I may never have the chance of visiting a Devonshire dairy again, I set down religiously all I have learnt. A Devonshire dairy, I repeat, in itself is nothing; but the fact that in it is manufactured Devonshire cream invests it with peculiar interest. All the world has heard of Devonshire cream. I know not whether poetry has sung its praise—I know it ought; I know not whether art has laboured in its honour—I know it ought. Turner could have painted it; I fear now we have no artist equal to the task. Its painter and its poet have yet to be known. I, with my humble pen, have done what I can, but the duty is one too onerous for me to discharge; the burden is greater than I can bear. It would have been done long ere this if it were not true the wise men come from the East. The soft, debilitating clime of Devonshire does not seem favourable to great men. It suits better the women and the cream; they are both above all praise, fresh as their very flowers, soft as their very clime. It is really difficult to say which bears away the palm. The true philosophy, I

flatter myself, is, to do as I do, and make the most of them both. The Lotos-eaters might stay their singing in low melancholy strains—

"There is no joy but calm.

Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of things."

You may tell me that the West has had its illustrious—that it has given birth to soldiers, sailors, statesmen, divines. True, but they achieved their greatness away from Devonshire, in a more bracing air, on a more sterile soil, amongst men cast in a sterner mould, where the spell of Circe was weaker, or the power of resistance more strong.

But I am wandering. We soon saw over the dairy and returned. In other company the visit would have occupied a morning. I should have had questions to ask, vessels to inspect, processes to understand, which would have formed a decent excuse for delay. As it was, I had little inclination to prolong either my visit or my walk. Not unreluctantly, we returned—the father conversational, I taciturn and dull. It was bad policy, I know, but I could not help it. I am a miserable tactician. At the entrance I met Ceely; fortunately we were alone.

"Well, Mr. Smithers, have you enjoyed a pleasant walk?" she asked.

I had but one answer—the polite reader will imagine what it was. In my walk I had plucked a beautiful rose. I offered it to Ceely; in taking it she let it fall. In stooping to pick it up for her, *our* lips accidentally met. The consequences are easier imagined than described. It has, however, often struck me since that that, after all, was the real DEVONSHIRE CREAM.

THE CONGRESS OF VIENNA.

(A STRAY WAIF FROM THE RIGI.)

THE Congress of Vienna, which decreed that France should be henceforth governed by the house of Bourbon, and Belgium by the house of Orange-Nassau, was one of the most remarkable assemblages whose deeds are recorded in modern history. Emperors and kings, the noble and the eminent, great statesmen and distinguished diplomatists, whose fame is now a matter of history, met in the capital of the Austrian empire to decide on the best means for settling the peace of Europe, and of crippling the power of its great disturber—Napoleon. Where kings go, courtiers follow, and

"Where'er ye spread the honey,
The buzzing flies will crowd."

And a "crowd of buzzing flies" flew to Vienna to sip from the honey-pot of pleasure, which they knew would be provided brimful for the delectation of the official notabilities invited to the Congress, but which they also knew would be sufficiently capacious to afford a feast of revelry to those who make life's business a surfeit of pleasure. "All work, and no play, makes Jack a dull boy," and had those whose business it was to work out the peace of Europe, and the extinction of Napoleon, been unprovided with recreation and amusement of a more than ordinarily attractive character, the boasted Treaty of Vienna might have turned out a more ridicu-

lous burlesque on political infallibility than it has done. Vienna, during the Congress, was Baden-Baden on a large scale. The political gambling-table—though newspaper writers are wont to call it the political chess-board—was the ostensible and avowed attraction, the breaking-up of the unscrupulous *croupier*, who had cheated, bothered, and almost bankrupted every other political gamester in Europe, the declared and determined object of the Congress. But with the players—men with immense stakes on the green cover—came crowds of lookers-on to watch the game, or to smile the players into confidence and good-humour. Beaux and belles, wits and blacklegs, thronged the Kurzaal, or contributed, by their inventive genius, towards the discovery of new pleasures, and, till then, unknown recreations. Then, for the first time, were seen the masters of the world living on terms of intimacy with their equals, and, in their society, laying aside the formal insipidities and insipid formalities of that court etiquette by which they were usually surrounded. The regulators of empires, then assembled in conclave, gave themselves up to gratifications till then unknown to them; hearts, till then locked-up with that intricately-warded lock which diplomatists are paid large salaries for trying—seldom with success—to pick, were laid open almost to indiscriminate inspection, while a continuous series of dazzling pleasures brought into light and observation the various shades of the multifarious characters of which that famed assemblage was composed.

"Never," says a Frenchman who visited Vienna at the time of the Congress in the character of a looker-on, "never were graver or more complicated interests discussed in the midst of so many feasts. A kingdom was parcelled out or aggrandised in a ball; an indemnity was arranged at a dinner; a constitution projected at a hunting party. Sometimes a bon-mot, or a pertinent remark, effected a treaty which conferences without number, and correspondence unlimited, had not been able to bring to a conclusion." Love—the purchased love!—of lovely women; the cards and dice of inveterate but elegant and accomplished blacklegs, and wines of rare and precious vintages served the purpose of relaxations from the grave duties of the Congress. Women were admired, wooed, won, or fought for; fortunes rattled into the pockets of the penniless but fashionable adventurer, and post-obits flowed from the pens of fleeced heirs-expectant, whose debts of honour their ready cash was insufficient to cancel. And so, "all went merry as a marriage bell," so oft prophetic of coming sorrow, till Napoleon, escaping from his temporary captivity, once more appeared on the soil of France and declared the "*Congress was dissolved!*"*

The Prince de Ligne, who took a prominent part both in the business and pleasures of the Vienna Congress, defined it as "*un tissu politique, tout brodé de fêtes.*" Of course, in this assemblage of lofty personages every Johnson had his Boswell, and the familiar conversations of potentates and statesmen were jotted down in note books, or impressed on retentive memories, while the good things of anecdote, the scattered reminiscences collected into the focus of amusement for the entertainment of illustrious after-dinner loungers, and ball-room

* Napoleon's first words on his return to France in 1815 were—"le Congrès est dissous."

coteries, were treasured up by journalists and *littérateurs*, as the basis of their political speculations, or the groundwork of their novel plots. Some years ago a collection of these anecdotes and reminiscences was printed in Paris (of course not under the present *regime*), edited by a gentleman who, it would seem, had the *entrée* to every rendezvous, dinner, ball, and gala, that gave splendour to Vienna in the time of the Congress. I—the writer of this article—fell in with a copy of this work last summer, while spending a week of my vacation on the summit of the Rigi. It was a week of clouds—clouds above and clouds below, that mocked the hopes of every visitor who had been allured to the Rigi-Kulm by the glowing descriptions given in their guide-books, or by their acquaintances, of the sun-rise, sun-set, and scenery viewed from that lofty eminence. My business, however, is not now with the Rigi, but with the Congress of Vienna, a history of whose feasts and souvenirs I found narrated in a copy of the work alluded to, lent me by a fellow-victim to *ennui* waiting on the Rigi-Kulm for a clear morning. In sheer desperation I bought a quire of paper at a fabulous price (*point d'argent, point de Suisse*), and employed some of my waiting hours in pencilling down the more striking and interesting anecdotes and reminiscences recorded in its pages. On the morning of the sixth day of my residence in the clouds I was roused, while it was yet dark, from my slumbers in a very high but undignified *chamber à coucher* by a tremendous blowing of horns, ringing of bells, and knocking at doors. The clouds had disappeared, the atmosphere was clear, Apollo was going to show, unveiled, the glories of his rising countenance. I scampered out of my coffin-like bedstead, threw on my clothes, and over them the blanket (for which I was fined two francs, as by law established), and unwashed, uncombed, unshaven, joined the throng of admiring gazers on the rising sun. Well—but my business is not now with the rising sun, though it was a glorious sight that paid me ten thousand per cent for all the patience and fortitude with which I had chained myself, amid clouds and imprecations, for a week to the Rigi-Kulm, with all my clean shirts at Arth, my books in England, and somebody—no matter who—worth more than all, waiting for me at Munich. My object accomplished, I turned my back on the Kulm, and its sheep—whatever they were, with their tinkling bells, and took train for Munich. There, on turning out my knapsack, rolled out my manuscript, minus the title-page, as well as many other pages, of the work I had borrowed from a brother in distress. I have since sought, but sought in vain, among catalogues and book-stalls, a title that would put me in the track of a second copy. But in my transcribed pages I find what I may call, for the want of a correct title, “Anecdotes and Reminiscences of the Vienna Congress,” that in a somewhat extensive reading of magazine literature have never yet come under my notice. Here is No. 1, descriptive of Fortune’s freaks with a poet, and ministerial take-care-of-Doub-ism.

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In less than an hour the poet was at the minister’s residence, but being unknown to the officials he was required to hand his credentials to the door-keeper. The letter was thrown, with a host of others, into the basket which daily received its supply of waste paper. By chance, however, this letter escaped the general doom, and on his return from the Council of Ministers in the evening Fouché found it lying on his table. He observed that it was sealed with the imperial arms; opened and read it, and gave orders that four *gens d’armes* should be ready to accompany his carriage at nine the next morning. They concluded that he intended to go to St. Cloud on business of importance, and were not a little surprised on hearing his Excellency order his coachman to drive to an obscure quarter of the Halles—the slums of Paris. For there it was that, in a sixth story, our child of the muse had fixed his aerial dwelling.

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“There is a poor devil of that name,” answered the baker, “who lives in a back room of this house. I don’t know that he’s a writer, but I know he owes me two months’ rent.”

And leaving his shop he called to him with the full strength of his lungs. The poor poet put his head out of the casement, and seeing in the street a carriage and *gens d’armes*, he concluded that his laudation of a general

peace, to which subject he had given marked prominence in his Ode to the Princess, had drawn upon him the indignation of the government, and the chance of having to expiate his fault in the prison of Bicêtre.

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And behold them—Napoleon's favourite minister, and the poor Parisian Grub Street rhymster in threadbare garb, seated at a breakfast table, lackeys standing round, savoury cutlets and high game on the table; Dubois very hungry and very nervous; the minister very gracious, and anticipating, with considerable self-complacency, the satisfaction he is about to confer on the Princess by his official recognition of the worth and merit of her protégé.

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"Well, then, I'll sign your commission, and you had better be off to-morrow. When you arrive at Porto-Ferraji you will find your instructions. In the meantime take this on account of your salary." And the minister handed Dubois a bag of gold.

The poet's luggage, which might all have been stowed away in a largish tobacco-box, was soon ready. Dubois took his place in the diligence, and after some time arrived at his destination.

Now it so happened that just at that time there were two competitors striving for the concession to work certain iron mines which had just been discovered in the isle of Elba. The newly appointed Commissary of police pretended to possess great influence in Paris, and to him, invested with such an important charge in the executive administration of the island, both these competitors repaired, in order to persuade or bribe him, each in his own way, to favour his suit. One of them offered him an interest in his undertaking, in return for his patronage. The new functionary, seeing fortune throwing her treasures into his lap, had sense enough not to refuse them. So he promised everything, and wrote whatever they desired him to write. More by chance than by wisdom his partner in the business obtained the concession—a result imputed to Dubois' influence, bought by the bribe of a share in the gains. This share Pauline's ode-writer—who knew nothing of mine-working except in those mines, innocent of metal, the mines of Parnassus—sold for the sum, in ready cash, of three hundred thousand francs. This

he invested in state stock, and thus ensured himself from any malevolent caprice that Fortune might otherwise have had in store for him, as a set-off to the good-natured freak of so suddenly lining his purse with the gold and feathering his nest with the comforts of which he had dreamed and read, but which till then he had never handled or enjoyed.

A few months after Dubois left Paris for the isle of Elba, Fouché met, at a reception at the Tuileries, the Princess Pauline, who had just returned from Bagneern.

"I trust your highness is pleased with the appointment I gave her protégé," said the minister, complacently, saluting the Princess.

"What protégé, M. le Duc? I don't understand you."

"But, Madame! M. Dubois?"

"Dubois—I know nobody of that name."

"Does not your highness remember writing the letter in favour of M. Dubois, *homme de lettres*,—a letter recommending the bearer to my special consideration as a person in whom your highness took a very lively interest."

"Ah, yes!" said the princess laughing,—"I remember, M. le Duc; a poor poet who wrote me an ode; a relative of my waiting-maid. What have you done for him? Made him a clerk in one of your departments?"

The minister did his best to conceal his chagrin at having been duped into making a grand functionary of a hard-up rhymster. But the fact became known, and was whispered about as a court secret very freely. Buonaparte himself often laughed at his minister about it, who, though he was by no means jocular himself, pocketed the joke "as aisy as he could."

Dubois was recalled with the same promptitude that had marked his departure to the isle of Elba. He ceased to be Commissary-general of police; but the three hundred thousand francs had been counted out, and the stock bought; so that on his return to Paris he was able to renew in comfort his intercourse with the muses, to write odes in honour of the "divine Pauline," and, without fear of any interruption from ministers of state or attendant *gens d'armes*, to enjoy, *au deuxième*, good dinners, washed down with other wine than ordinaire, to the success of the iron mines of Elba.

PEDESTRIANISM.

I AM a great advocate of Pedestrianism, and take it to be a very honest way of getting through the world. If you ride in a carriage you may be upset; if you throw your leg across a horse's back you may meet with the fate of Sir Robert Peel; and as to getting into a railway carriage, the fearful consequences of that require for their description a more vigorous pen than mine. I like to see a good walker; how delightful his appetite, how firm his muscle, how healthy his cheek, how splendid his condition. Has he a care, he walks it off; is ruin staring him in the face, only let him have a couple of hours' walk, and he is in a condition to meet the great enemy of mankind himself. Has his friend betrayed

coteries, were treasured up by journalists and *littérateurs*, as the basis of their political speculations, or the groundwork of their novel plots. Some years ago a collection of these anecdotes and reminiscences was printed in Paris (of course not under the present *regime*), edited by a gentleman who, it would seem, had the *entrée* to every rendezvous, dinner, ball, and gala, that gave splendour to Vienna in the time of the Congress. I—the writer of this article—fell in with a copy of this work last summer, while spending a week of my vacation on the summit of the Rigi. It was a week of clouds—clouds above and clouds below, that mocked the hopes of every visitor who had been allured to the Rigi-Kulm by the glowing descriptions given in their guide-books, or by their acquaintances, of the sun-rise, sun-set, and scenery viewed from that lofty eminence. My business, however, is not now with the Rigi, but with the Congress of Vienna, a history of whose feasts and souvenirs I found narrated in a copy of the work alluded to, lent me by a fellow-victim to *ennui* waiting on the Rigi-Kulm for a clear morning. In sheer desperation I bought a quire of paper at a fabulous price (*point d'argent, point de Suisse*), and employed some of my waiting hours in pencilling down the more striking and interesting anecdotes and reminiscences recorded in its pages. On the morning of the sixth day of my residence in the clouds I was roused, while it was yet dark, from my slumbers in a very high but undignified *chamber à coucher* by a tremendous blowing of horns, ringing of bells, and knocking at doors. The clouds had disappeared, the atmosphere was clear, Apollo was going to show, unveiled, the glories of his rising countenance. I scampered out of my coffin-like bedstead, threw on my clothes, and over them the blanket (for which I was fined two francs, as by law established), and unwashed, uncombed, unshaven, joined the throng of admiring gazers on the rising sun. Well—but my business is not now with the rising sun, though it was a glorious sight that paid me ten thousand per cent for all the patience and fortitude with which I had chained myself, amid clouds and imprecations, for a week to the Rigi-Kulm, with all my clean shirts at Arth, my books in England, and somebody—no matter who—worth more than all, waiting for me at Munich. My object accomplished, I turned my back on the Kulm, and its sheep—whatever they were, with their tinkling bells, and took train for Munich. There, on turning out my knapsack, rolled out my manuscript, minus the title-page, as well as many other pages, of the work I had borrowed from a brother in distress. I have since sought, but sought in vain, among catalogues and book-stalls, a title that would put me in the track of a second copy. But in my transcribed pages I find what I may call, for the want of a correct title, “Anecdotes and Reminiscences of the Vienna Congress,” that in a somewhat extensive reading of magazine literature have never yet come under my notice. Here is No. 1, descriptive of Fortune's freaks with a poet, and ministerial take-care-of-Doub-ism.

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The poet's luggage, which might all have been stowed away in a largish tobacco-box, was soon ready. Dubois took his place in the diligence, and after some time arrived at his destination.

Now it so happened that just at that time there were two competitors striving for the concession to work certain iron mines which had just been discovered in the isle of Elba. The newly appointed Commissary of police pretended to possess great influence in Paris, and to him, invested with such an important charge in the executive administration of the island, both these competitors repaired, in order to persuade or bribe him, each in his own way, to favour his suit. One of them offered him an interest in his undertaking, in return for his patronage. The new functionary, seeing fortune throwing her treasures into his lap, had sense enough not to refuse them. So he promised everything, and wrote whatever they desired him to write. More by chance than by wisdom his partner in the business obtained the concession—a result imputed to Dubois' influence, bought by the bribe of a share in the gains. This share Pauline's ode-writer—who knew nothing of mine-working except in those mines, innocent of metal, the mines of Parnassus—sold for the sum, in ready cash, of three hundred thousand francs. This

he invested in state stock, and thus ensured himself from any malevolent caprice that Fortune might otherwise have had in store for him, as a set-off to the good-natured freak of so suddenly lining his purse with the gold and feathering his nest with the comforts of which he had dreamed and read, but which till then he had never handled or enjoyed.

A few months after Dubois left Paris for the isle of Elba, Fouché met, at a reception at the Tuileries, the Princess Pauline, who had just returned from Bagneern.

"I trust your highness is pleased with the appointment I gave her protégé," said the minister, complacently, saluting the Princess.

"What protégé, M. le Duc? I don't understand you."

"But, Madame! M. Dubois?"

"Dubois—I know nobody of that name."

"Does not your highness remember writing the letter in favour of M. Dubois, *homme de lettres*,—a letter recommending the bearer to my special consideration as a person in whom your highness took a very lively interest."

"Ah, yes!" said the princess laughing,—"I remember, M. le Duc; a poor poet who wrote me an ode; a relative of my waiting-maid. What have you done for him? Made him a clerk in one of your departments?"

The minister did his best to conceal his chagrin at having been duped into making a grand functionary of a hard-up rhymster. But the fact became known, and was whispered about as a court secret very freely. Buonaparte himself often laughed at his minister about it, who, though he was by no means jocular himself, pocketed the joke "as aisy as he could."

Dubois was recalled with the same promptitude that had marked his departure to the isle of Elba. He ceased to be Commissary-general of police; but the three hundred thousand francs had been counted out, and the stock bought; so that on his return to Paris he was able to renew in comfort his intercourse with the muses, to write odes in honour of the "divine Pauline," and, without fear of any interruption from ministers of state or attendant *gens d'armes*, to enjoy, *au deuxième*, good dinners, washed down with other wine than ordinaire, to the success of the iron mines of Elba.

PEDESTRIANISM.

I AM a great advocate of Pedestrianism, and take it to be a very honest way of getting through the world. If you ride in a carriage you may be upset; if you throw your leg across a horse's back you may meet with the fate of Sir Robert Peel; and as to getting into a railway carriage, the fearful consequences of that require for their description a more vigorous pen than mine. I like to see a good walker; how delightful his appetite, how firm his muscle, how healthy his cheek, how splendid his condition. Has he a care, he walks it off; is ruin staring him in the face, only let him have a couple of hours' walk, and he is in a condition to meet the great enemy of mankind himself. Has his friend betrayed

him—are his hopes of fame, of wealth, of power blighted?—is his love's young dream rudely broken? Let him away from the circles of men out on the green turf, with the blue sky of heaven above, and in a very little while the agony is over, and "Richard's himself again." Were it only for the sake of the active exercise it inculcates and requires I would say—Long live the Rifle Corps movement. The other day a gallant little band in my own immediate neighbourhood set out for an evening's march. They were in capital spirits; they were drest in their Sunday best; they had a band playing at their head, a miscellaneous crowd, chiefly juvenile, with a few occasional females behind, brought up the rear. A deputy of the London Corporation and his brother formed part of the devoted troop. Gaily and amidst cheers they marched from the bosoms of their families, leaving "their girls behind them." On they went, up-hill and down-hill, many a mile, amidst Hornsey's pleasant green lanes, till at length the London deputy turned pale, and intimated—while his limbs appeared to sink beneath him, and his whole body was bathed in sweat—that he could stand it no longer. The spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak. A halt was ordered, beer was sought for for the London deputy, and with considerable difficulty they got the martial hero home. Had that gallant man been a good pedestrian, would he not have scorned the beer, and laughed at the idea of rest. Look at Charles Dickens—I am sure he will forgive me the personality, as no harm is intended—why is he ever genial, ever fresh—as superior to the crowd who imitate his mannerism, but fail to catch his warm, sunny, human spirit, as the Koh-i-Noor to its glass counterfeit, but because no man in town walks more than he? What a man for walking was the great Liston, foremost operator of his age. The late Lord Suffield, who fought all the Lords, including the bench of Bishops, in order to win emancipation for the slave, was one of the most athletic men of his day. On one occasion he ran a distance of ten miles before the Norwich mail as a casual frolic, without any previous training, and he assured Sir George Stephen that he never experienced any inconvenience from it. When we talk of a man being weak on his pins, what does it imply but that he has been a rake, or a sot, or a fool who has cultivated the pocket or the brain at the expense of that machine, so fearfully and wonderfully made, we call man. The machine is made to wear well, it is man's fault if it does not. The pedestrian alone keeps his in good repair; our long livers have mostly been great walkers. Taylor, the water-poet, says of Old Parr—

"Good wholesome labour was his exercise,
Down with the lamb, and with the lark would rise,
In mire and toiling sweat he spent the day,
And to his team he whistled time away."

People are getting more fond of physical exercise than they were. We may almost ask—Are we returned back to the days of the Iliad and the Odyssey? The gentlemen of the Stock Exchange greet Tom Sayers as if he were an emperor, and, it is said, peers and clergymen think it right to assist at a "mill." We have heard so much about muscular Christianity—so much stress has been laid upon the adjective—that we seem in danger of forgetting the Christianity alto-

gether. Undoubtedly our fathers are to blame in some respect for this. Good Christians, thinking more of the next world than of this, merchants and tradesmen, and even poor clerks, hastening to be rich, scholars aiming at fame, and mothers of a frugal turn, have set themselves against out-door life and out-door fun, and have done with sports and pastimes—as Rowland Hill said the pious had done with the tunes—i. e. let the devil have all the good ones. In vain you war with nature, she will have her revenge; the heart is true to its old instincts. Man is what he was when the Greek pitched his tent by the side of the much-sounding sea, and before the walls of Troy; when Alexander sighed for fresh worlds to conquer; when the young Hannibal vowed deathless hate to Rome; when the rude ballad of "Chevy Chase," sung in baronial hall, stirred men as if it were the sound of a trumpet; when Nelson swept the seas, and when Wellington shattered the mighty hosts of France. Thus is it old physical sports and pastimes never die, and perhaps nowhere are they more encouraged and practised than by the population of our cities and towns.

The other day some considerable interest was excited in the peculiar circles given to the study of *Bell's Life*, by the fact that Jem Pudney was to run Jem Rowan for £50 a-side, at the White Lion, Hackney Wick. The winner was to have the Champion's Cup. Far and near had sounded and resounded the name of Pudney the swift-footed—how he had distanced all his competitors—how he had done eleven miles under the hour—were facts patent to all sporting England; but against him was this melancholy reality, that he was getting old—he was verging on thirty-two. However, when, after a weary pilgrimage through mud, and sleet, and rain, we found ourselves arrived at the classic spot, the betting was very much in Pudney's favour. The race was to have commenced at five, but it did not begin before six. We had plenty of time to look around. Outside we had passed a motley multitude. There were cabs, and Hansoms, and Whitechapel dog-carts in abundance. Monday is an off-day as regards many of the operatives and mechanics of London, and they were thronging round the door, or clambering up the pales, or peeping through the boards, or climbing some neighbouring height, to command a view of the race on strictly economical principles. Several owners of horses and carts, with their wives and families, were indulging in a similar amusement; an admission fee of one shilling enabled us to penetrate the enclosure. We pay our money and enter. The scene is not an inviting one. Perhaps there are about a thousand of us present, and most of us are of a class of society we may denominate rough and ready. Even the people who have good clothes do not look like gentlemen. They have very short hair, very flat and dark faces; have a tremendous development of the lower jaw, and, while they are unnaturally broad about the chest, seem unnaturally thin and weak as regards their lower extremities. Most of the younger ones are in good sporting condition, and would be very little distressed by a little set-to, whether of a playful or a business nature, and could bear an amount of punishment which would be fatal to the writer of this article, and, I dare say, to the reader as well. Time passes slowly. Jones hails Brown and offers him

seven to four. (After the race had terminated I saw Jones cash up a £100 fresh bank-note, which I thought might have been more usefully invested.) Robinson bets Smith what he likes that he does not name the winner; and one gent, with an unpleasing expression of countenance, offers to do a little business with me, which I decline, for reasons that I am not particularly desirous to communicate to my new acquaintance. I am glad to see a policeman or two present, for one likes to know the protection of the law may be invoked in an extremity, and I keep near its manifest and outward sign. The White Lion is doing a fine business; there is an active demand for beer and tobacco; and a gentleman who deals in fried fish soon clears off his little stock of delicacies, as likewise does a peripatetic vendor of sandwiches of a mysterious origin. The heroes of the night slowly walk up and down the course, wearing long great coats, beneath which we may see their naked legs, and feet encased in light laced shoes. Their backers are with them, and a crowd watches with curious eyes. At length the course is cleared, a bell is rung, and they are off. Six times round the course is a mile—six times ten are sixty. Sixty times must they pass and repass that excited mob. The favourite takes the lead at a steady running; he maintains it some time; he is longer than his opponent, but the latter is younger, and looks more muscular in his thighs. Both men, with the exception of a cloth round the loins, are naked as when born; and as they run they scatter the mud, which mud thus scattered descends upon them in a by no means refreshing shower. As round after round is run the excitement deepens; the favourite is greeted with cheers; but when at the end of the third mile he is passed by, his competitor excites an enthusiasm which is intense. Now the bettors tremble; the favourite attempts to get his old position; he gains on his foe—they are now neck and neck—cheer, boys, cheer—"Go it, Jem!" is the cry on many sides. Jem the winner does go it; but, alas, Jem the loser cannot. It is in vain he seeks the lead. Fortune has declared against him, and in a little while he gives up—no longer the swiftest and fleetest of England's sons—no longer the holder of the Champion's Cup. One involuntarily feels for fallen greatness, and as Pudney was led away utterly beaten, I could not find it in my heart to rejoice. I left a crowd still on the grounds. I left Rowan still running, as he was bound to do, till he had completed his ten miles: and I left the White Lion, in-doors and out, doing a very considerable business. It seemed to me the White Lion was not such a fool as he looked, and that he felt, let who will win or lose, he with his beer and brandy would not come off second best. This, undoubtedly, was the worst part of the business. The race over, for further excitement the multitude would rush to the White Lion—the losers to drown their sorrow, the winners to spend their gains; the many, who were neither winners nor losers, merely because others did so; and thus, as the hours pass, would come intoxication, anger, follies, and, perhaps, bitterness of heart for life.

May I here enumerate the heroes of pedestrianism? Let me name Robert Skipper, who walked a thousand miles in a thousand successive half-hours—let me not forget Captain Barclay, who walked a thousand miles

in a thousand successive hours—let me record the fame of Captain John T. G. Campbell, of the 91st, who, accoutred in the heavy marching order of a private soldier, on the Mallow and Fermoy road, did ten miles in 107½ minutes. All honour be to such! long may their memories be green! Let me beg the considerate reader not to forget West, who ran forty miles in five hours and a half. Ten miles an hour is done by all the best runners. It is said West accomplished 100 miles in 18 hours. I read in a certain work devoted to manly exercises, "at the rate of four miles an hour a man may walk any length of time." The writer begs to inform the reader that he doubts this very much.

ASSURANCE.

BY SYBIL PARK.

Yes, you love me, Agnes Lane,
And that forehead white as snow
Need not crimson so with shame
That I dare to tell thee so.
Very quick your young heart throbs,
Full of beauty, joy, and light,
Underneath, sleep broken sobs,
For the love you scorn to-night.

Wreath your lips with coldness now,
Such a look of proud disdain
Well becomes your haughty brow,
Though it bring a moment's pain.
Yes, you love me—every tone
Of your voice was sweet and low
When you wandered here alone,
At the early twilight glow.

I can read within your eyes,
All the words I breathe are true,
For each great thought mirrored lies
In their depths of liquid blue.
And the white rose in your hair,
Twined among the diamonds bright,
Is the one I bade you wear,
When we parted yesternight.

Yester eve, oh, strange to say!
Those small jewelled hands of thine,
Sparkling, trembling, trusting, lay
Willing captives clasped in mine.
With its wealth of tresses brown,
(There, you need not sigh and start,)
That young head drooped humbly down,
Nestling close against my heart.

Ah, the crimson blushes sweep
Over cheek and neck of snow,
What! can those proud eyelids weep,
Lady, have I grieved you so?
Come to me, poor wounded bird,
Fold your white wings here again;
Now its icy depths are stirr'd,
How your bosom throbs with pain.



"In maiden meditation fancy free."

PAINTED BY BELL SMITH.

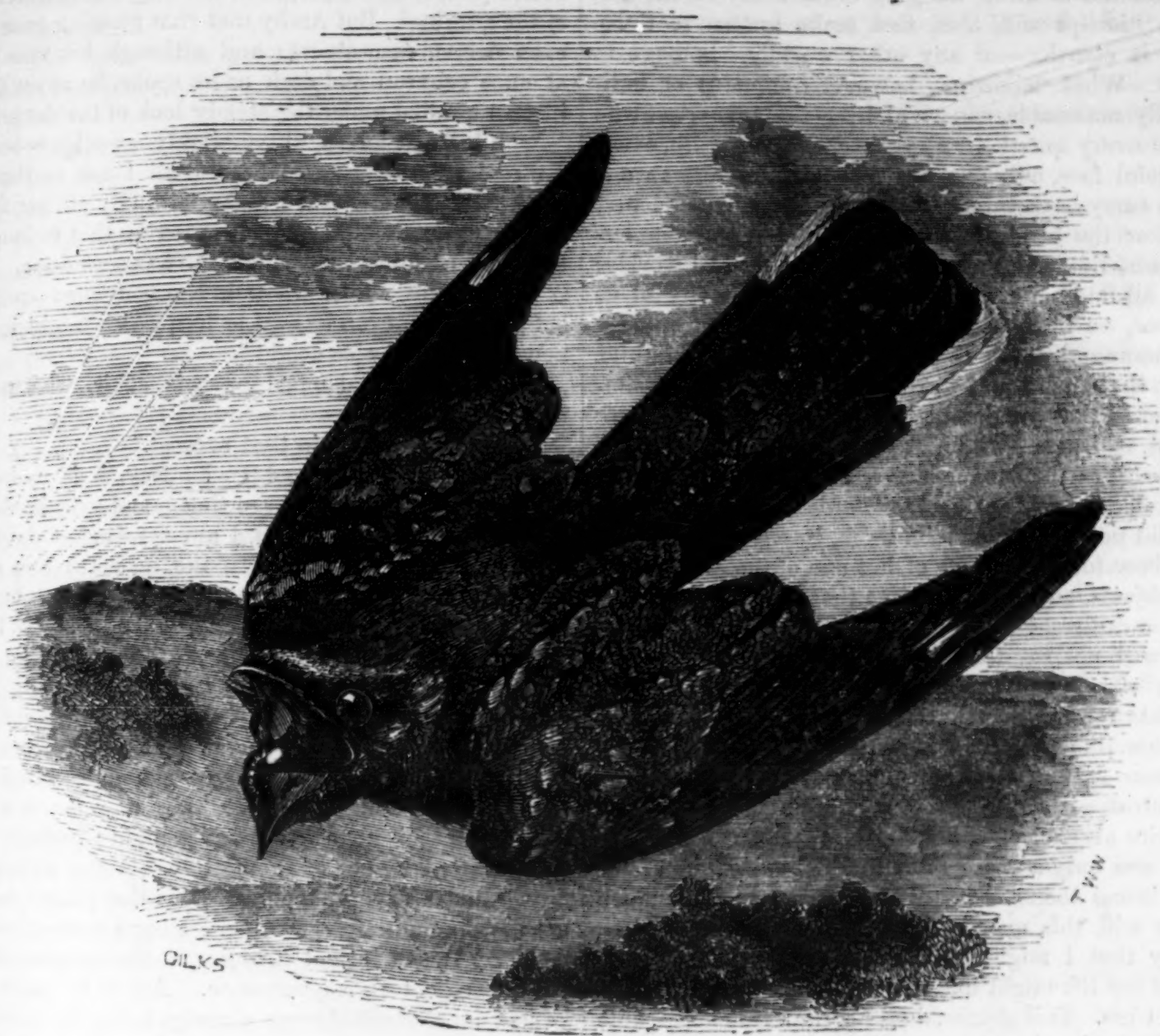
MARY.

BY M. T. CALDER.

For Mary of fair Bethany of yore,
 Who sat and listened at the Master's feet,
 Named rightly is she, who like her doth pour
 Reviving ointment where pains throbbing beat.
 Serenely doth she move amid earth's jarring cares,
 With smiles of hope, and words of loving cheer;
 A tranquil peace her soothing presence bears,
 That shames our doubt and scatters all our fear.
 Oft have we marvelled that so frail and slight a form,
 Fair as the flower we guard with jealous care,

Should brave so fearlessly the unpitying storm,
 When stern stout hearts sink down in blank despair.
 That calmly smiles the brow, but late we thought to
 wreath
 With orange bud, and bridal blossoms gay,
 Though brightest earthly hopes have smiled but to
 deceive,
 'Neath coffin lid for ever laid away.

Still hath she sympathy and aid for our distress,
 Unmurmuring at her own deep pain;
 While fervently we pray that God may richly bless
 Her kind deeds trebly to herself again.



THE GOAT-SUCKER.

Is a remarkable bird, which makes its appearance this time of the year. It generally comes to this country from Africa about the middle of May, and remains here until September. It is pretty plentifully distributed, but is not plentiful in any locality; few, therefore, have had an opportunity of examining its structure and appearance, although many have heard its singular note, which resembles the whirr-rr-rr-rr of a spinning wheel, long drawn out and emitted at intervals, and now and then varied by a shrill whistle. This jarring sound is so evident as to give a sensible vibration to the branch of a tree, or even to any small building the bird may alight on while emitting it. As to the habits of the bird, we

may add that it by no means deserves the name it bears, its only food consisting of insects, which it mostly captures on the wing; its habits are nocturnal, resembling those of the owls, so much so as to obtain for it its popular name of fern-owl, churn-owl, jar-owl, dar-hawk, night-jar, or char. It is naturally a small-bodied bird, but the loose arrangement of its feathers makes it appear of considerable size; the prevailing colour is grey, of various shades. It builds its nest amid low thick bushes and feathery ferns. A common variety of this bird is met with in the United States of America, and is called by the natives "Whip-poor-Will."

THE SHADOW IN THE HOUSE.

BY JOHN SAUNDERS.

AUTHOR OF "LOVE'S MARTYRDOM," &c.

[Continued from p. 33.]

CHAPTER X.

MOTHER AND SON.

It is an old story, that of the many waiting on the aspect of the one; a king perhaps, or a great minister, watched by hungry expectants; laughing when he smiles,

wretched when he frowns; their entire lives apparently incorporated with his, knowing only his will and wish, all their faculties submissively offered up as so many instruments for the furtherance of his views. But greater in this way than king, or the mightiest of kingly ministers, is the minister of the body politic, the high priest of Nature, the passer to and fro between the domains of Life and Death, the witness to so many struggles between those ever-warring potentates; who, as if in despair of completely foiling each other, or perhaps in sheer weariness, sometimes make him the arbiter betwixt them, to decide the issue for many a

poor human creature, hanging breathlessly on the fiat, which his lips will, also, first make known to them. What is courtier—or any other worldly—homage to this? What following, however numerous or individually noticeable, can rival his—the Doctor's—who sees in every questioning eye, every faltering lip, every changeful face, only so many faithful messengers waiting to carry back tidings that may spread the deepest shade or the brightest sunshine through those under-worlds of life, which are in fact the only real worlds; as we all find out at such periods; and, as many of us discover, we have found out too late. What royalty hath homage like this? What costly favours can kings confer, that shall equal in their effect upon us the simple words that yonder plain-looking man, in the dark surtout, whispers—with a grasp of the hand and a slight smile—"Yes, the danger is over?" When the satiated monarch offered his princely rewards for a new pleasure, why did not some one claim them, by saying, "O king, learn how to save the life of but one of the humblest of thy subjects, and they who love that life will give thee all thou desirest!"

I will not say that Archy, as he watched by the corner of a street, the day after the terrible meeting with his mother, for the coming of Dr. Simpson, had thoughts like these; for his emotions were of that tumultuous nature which precludes thought, or at least concentrates it upon the fewest possible ideas, and with an entire absence of generalisation. But what he did think was only a series of individual variations of the same broad theme. "Will she recover? How much longer will this man be? Can I—can any human agency that I might set in operation, save her? O God, if my life might but be accepted! I hear wheels. No, not his. This doctor, does he know—is he capable of feeling what hangs upon him? Has he the requisite skill? Could he not be changed, if— Ah! he comes."

A plain-looking Brougham drove rapidly up the street, and was about to turn the corner, when Archy's hasty movement and gesture caused the inmate to pull the check-string and stop.

"Excuse the interruption, but my name is Cairn."

"What, the son of my patient?"

"Yes. May I be permitted to tell you, what others perhaps may wish to keep secret, the cause of her sudden illness?"

"Certainly; the knowledge may be useful."

"She met me suddenly, under circumstances that led her to suppose I had been guilty of conduct that would make me infamous. I had not time to explain; nor do I know that any explanation at the moment would have convinced her. But, O sir, she will die; I feel sure she will die, under this serious injury, unless she can be brought to believe differently."

Dr. Simpson gave a dry cough, and paused before he spoke again; and then his words implied to Archy's ear a cruel indifference, that made his very soul tremble.

"I fear, my friend, you forget that I am a doctor—not a confessor." But as he spoke, he gazed searchingly into Archy's face, with eyes that had often brought to light hidden truth upon unwilling faces; that had even, on one occasion, told their owner he had deadly guilt

before him, and had prepared the way for the conviction of the criminal. But Archy met that piercing gaze with even deeper earnestness; and although his face grew at once crimson and dark as he spoke, he never for an instant quailed under the steady look of the doctor.

"I have behaved ill—foolishly—weakly—but, on my soul, sir, not criminally; and all I ask is, that my mother shall know that I stake willingly all her future favour upon the issue of my proving this to her, and upon my undoing that which she has seen done. But, O sir, perhaps whilst we talk she is dying;—perhaps before this can even be said to her, which might inspire new life, she may be dead!"

"Are you in danger for this affair, whatever it may be?"

"No; it is past—in that respect."

"You have been a soldier? Nay, it is useless to suppose that I could not see that—and yet you do not look like a private. Well, I am not fond of dabbling in matters that don't concern me, and still less so in matters that I do not fully understand. But I am inclined to believe what you say, and will see if I can make any use of the fact."

Archy's grateful look, and respectful drawing back, were the only answer. The Brougham drove on to the door of the little lodging-house, where Mrs. Cairn and Jean had taken up their abode for the night, when they reached Chatham; and which they now found would have to be their abode for many a night; perhaps only to be quitted by one of them alive. Archy waited, almost counting every second of time that passed during the first five minutes, and then feeling a sense of alarm, that grew every instant stronger, at the unexpected delay in the doctor's reappearance. Again he passed, as he had done scores of times already, before the window, looking up; though quite aware, from Jean, that the sick room was at the back of the house, and altogether out of the range of his vision. He became so oppressed that he thought he would walk away a little, to recover himself, before again speaking to the doctor. He did so; then heard suddenly the rumbling of wheels, turned, and beheld the Brougham rolling away, at a rapid pace, in an opposite direction. The doctor then avoided him! Or, was she in such danger that he was about to seek additional aid? O God! He must—he would see her. He hurried along the street, but stopped, as he reflected—"Perhaps he has spoken to her, and she has convinced him I am a liar—has told him all—and he has given me up, and wishes me to understand by his behaviour how he will treat me if I again address him! Ah, doctor, we'll see to that, if the matter prove worth seeing to. I will go in. Jean said I must not come—not yet—not even to speak to her. But I know what she meant. It was not that she could not leave my mother even for a single instant, as she said; no, it was that she dreaded lest my mother might know that I was polluting the air in her neighbourhood by my presence. But Jean, at least, shall see me."

Archy went to the door, and knocked gently. It was opened by Jean herself, who had seen him in the street, and who now allowed him to follow her into an inner room; where, for a moment or two, neither of them could either speak to, or look upon, each other. But at last, steadying his voice as well as he could, he said:

"Jean, tell me truly, how is mother?"

"Very bad."

"You mean"—he paused, with a kind of superstitious fear of the word—"dangerously so?"

"Yes."

"Then, Jean, I must and will see her."

"Oh, Archy, will you throw away the one chance left us?"

"Jean, Jean, I tell you," cried the young man passionately, "I know mother better than you do. It is my disgrace that is killing her. She could battle successfully with physical dangers a thousand times worse than this, if they were physical only; but I know well what she is doing,—she is baffling you all. She is killing herself. It is her will to die. It is her only refuge, she thinks, against this dishonour!"

"And how will you change her belief?"

"Jean, I said nothing to you, I think, when we met, but the bare words, 'I am innocent; on my soul, I am innocent!' I can say no more to you now—but do you believe?"

"I do, Archy, I do indeed," was the sudden, decided reply; so sudden and so decided, that Archy, who had expected there was a great battle to be fought with Jean, but one that he could not pause to fight now, whilst the more critical one with his mother lay beyond—the only struggle he could at present see, or think of,—Archy was so stopped by the words and tone, that he could not but feel himself suddenly unmanned; and while he took her hand, and murmured—"God bless you, Jean," the tears began to roll down his thin cheeks. As to Jean, I know not what moved her, for the blood rushed to and then from her brow, and her whole frame became so tremulous, that Archy thought she would fall; and he came to her, tenderly, and supported her, while he reached a chair, and made her sit.

"I—I—am worn out with want of sleep, and—and—" was all poor Jean could say.

"Well now, Jean, attend to me. I see the danger on both sides. Perhaps mother will not listen to me; and the attempt to make her may be fatal. I know that. But, on the other hand, she is dying—I feel sure of it; and I, who inflicted the blow, must try to save her from the consequences. If she would but open her heart for a single instant to me; nay, if she would only admit the thought, as a mere possibility, that I may be undeserving of the treatment I have received, she would gradually change, until at last I might tell her my whole story; and then, I am sure, she would have but one feeling, one desire, to help me to right myself."

"It has been tried, and failed."

"You mean—?"

"The doctor began to speak to her about you—(I knew then you had seen him), and there was a recurrence of the attack, so violent, that I thought she would have died before its cessation. The doctor himself was frightened out of all his ordinary calmness."

Poor Archy!—he stood as one paralysed, as he heard that. It seemed to destroy the only hope that had been buoying him up.

"I must go back to her," said Jean, moving slowly away; after trying in vain to shape out one word of comfort for the miserable man.

"Jean, tell me this, and I will be guided by your

answer, as to what I will do. Before the doctor spoke, did he find her at all better? Had he then any decided hope?"

Jean hesitated to answer, and Archy saw that she did so. Again he slowly but firmly repeated the words of the question. Jean felt constrained in truthfulness to reply,—

"No,—he seemed uneasy about her,—and he drew me aside, and said, 'I think I must try to turn her thoughts—I fear she is not helping us, as she should. Are you in her counsel?' I said, Yes. 'And in his?' he continued, looking at me; and I said—believing you would have wished me to do so—Yes. 'Ah, very well,' he exclaimed; and then he went to your mother, and said he had something to say to her that she ought to hear. But she discovered it in an instant—looked at me, oh with such reproach, thinking it was my doing, and said, 'Is it about him, doctor—' but she could say no more, for the blood that —"

"Well, Jean, desperate measures are sometimes the most prudent. Perhaps, after all, he may have done some good. She may regret she stopped him. She is naturally just. Yes, I will believe he has done some good. And if, now, she can but be made to hear, that I wish her to live to see me clear myself from this stain, she cannot altogether reject my prayer—cannot absolutely disbelieve me—she loves me too well for that. O Jean, do not fail me now. We must be bold. It is our only chance."

"The doctor has absolutely forbidden me to allow any one to see her, or to speak to her. Even I must be silent for the next few hours."

"And you promised him?"

"I did."

"That's enough. Now mark, Jean, I will go into my mother's bed-room. Any attempt to prevent me, can only destroy what little chance might otherwise arise through my speaking to her. You see that?"

"Yes."

"And you hear me say, I *will* go to her?"

"Yes."

"Now then, what will you do?"

Jean's eyes shut for a moment, as if to enable her to withdraw for a brief space from the world, from him, from everything external, to commune with her own spirit alone; and take counsel as to how she should deal with the desperate man, whose terrible words yet vibrated in her ears—"I will go to her." She looked up at last, and a sweet light seemed to have settled in her eyes, and a sweet but very faint smile ran over her face, as she put her hand out to Archy, and said,—

"Perhaps you are right. Come!"

He grasped her hand, and followed her (not quitting his hold for an instant) into the dark passage;—seeing nothing but the eternal picture—of that dear yet terrible form lying prostrate on the bed, resolute, as he believed, to die without another word said, to any human being, least of all to him. Jean stopped, and his heart seemed to stop too, before the door, which now alone divided him from the reality of that picture. Jean turned the handle so noiselessly, that only senses like Archy's could have perceived the sound; and then, loosening her hand, she motioned to him to stay there, while she advanced into the darkened chamber. Presently he

heard a breathing, which was responded to by Jean; who evidently either repeated questions that she heard imperfectly, or thought she heard, or who was guessing at questions that she believed Mrs. Cairn wished to put; which of the two Archy could not discover.

"Did the doctor seem hurt?—Yes."

A long pause.

"What did he want to say?—Why, that he fancied you are in error as to your son's conduct—that he thinks he has been badly treated—and that you ought to get well, and look into the matter."

"Ha!"

Archy heard that exclamation, and felt that his time was come. He knew, too well, the terrible issue pending. In a minute she might be— But he would think no more—he must act. So, putting off his shoes, that he might make no noise; but with a feeling that was akin to the reverence with which Eastern worshippers enter the threshold of a shrine, and which reminded him of boy-days, when she had often made him do the same thing, on entering her exquisitely clean kitchen, he moved a few paces forward; and then, in tones of thrilling, almost preternatural calmness, said—

"Mother, before it is too late, hear me—your son—say to you, that Jean's words are true; that you shall yourself live to acknowledge they are true, if you will but now remember, that I have never, since that day in the orchard, told you a lie, or practised upon you one intentional deception. Mother, my life is your life. My present dishonour is yours. My future acquittal shall be yours too, or I will not trouble to seek it. I will say no more, till you permit me."

Poor Jean! how she hung upon every word, and how she dreaded that each would be followed by some more fatal outbreak from the motionless form on the bed. But, to her inexpressible relief, Mrs. Cairn remained silent; until, out of the very silence, a new fear arose for both the agitated listeners—Had she fainted? Jean went to the bed-side, bent over towards the averted face, leant down, kissed it, saw shade by shade of sternness roll off, felt a great tear coursing down her own cheek, which would drop on the mother's if she did not turn away—so she did turn, but too late, the big drop moistened that other cheek with a something which seemed natural there, though springing from a foreign source, and at last there was a low breathing sound,—

"To-morrow?—Yes.—I will tell him." These words, and another kiss, closed the dialogue. Archy had heard—with a mist before his eyes he took and wrung Jean's hand, and—disappeared.

CHAPTER XI.

AT MIDNIGHT.

As Archy paced up and down, at midnight, the little bed-room at the top of a house which stood nearly opposite the one which contained his mother, and which he had secured that he might the better watch everything that passed, he stopped every now and then to look forth, and gaze yet once again upon that door and those windows, to see if he could draw any meaning out of their blank aspects,—any consciousness of what was going on behind them. This had become quite a

habit with him during the few eventful hours that had just passed. He felt uneasy, if by any accident he had forgotten to look upon them for many minutes together. And now, as he did look, he saw the door open, and the woman of the house come forth, cross the street, and—yes—she is doubtless coming to him. He ran down, and received with agitated hands a scrap of paper, on which was pencilled,

"Don't be frightened. She is better in mind—you have done her good; but she seems to become more agitated in spirits, as she allows herself to think more justly of you, and that weakens her. I write to say, I dread the interview to-morrow. May I put it off, if she consents."

JEAN.

Archy immediately wrote on the back of the paper, also in pencil,

"I leave all to you now. Only save her, and eternal blessings on your head. Let me hear as often as you can."

ARCHY.

The woman went back, and again Archy began his endless paces to and fro, and his thoughts now took a turn. "My mother is in no condition to hear evidence—to balance opposing probabilities—suspending all judgment the while upon matters affecting her life (present and future) to the very core. No; and she will be herself the first to perceive hereafter, if she does not do it now, any flaws in my case. What then? Let me consider once more. All that can be done for her at present is to make her practically hope I am innocent of any intrinsically infamous act. Such a feeling would certainly buoy her up to struggle with this deadly physical danger. Can I not, while sparing her for a few days the details, give her some additional proof, that she may have faith in me? Mr. Dell,—I have thought of him several times, but still I see nothing clear, as to what he could do in the matter. He might help me to reestablish my name, by and bye, and probably would do so; but the present—the present—what can he do to help my poor mother? Ha! what if I were to offer to submit the whole to him, and abide by the result. If I cannot convince him, so that he will act for me, I am sure she will not remain convinced. What if Jean were to tell her this?"

Archy paused thoughtfully—then began to write; but tore up the paper and threw the fragments out of the window. The cool night air played refreshingly upon his burning brow, and gave him fresh strength. He again wrote, and then read to himself, in low tones, the following words,—

"Could you, do you think, persuade her to rest—from all these terrible agitations, if, instead of my meeting her, you were to tell her, that I have determined, now that she has listened to me, to take a step more decisively calculated to assure her that I must be innocent, while sparing her all the torturing labour and suspense of listening to, and weighing, step by step, the significance and value of each detail of my story? What if I go to Mr. Dell, confide the whole to him, and ask my mother to receive his verdict, till such time as she recovers, and can herself go calmly into the matter? What do you think?"

ARCHY.

It was some time before he could resolve to deliver this, but at last he went down-stairs, opened the door softly, crossed, and tapped. The woman he had before

seen, came immediately, looking so anxious, that Archy forgot his errand, and gazed with whitening lips, that could not frame themselves to utterance, helplessly in her face.

"She be very bad—but, Lord love you, don't you give way. You must keep up these poor creatures. I don't know what's amiss, that you knows best; but do you try to hearten them, that's what they both wants; and that's what she wants, more than the doctor."

"You are right, quite right. I'm here now with a thought of that kind. Please give this note. I will wait, if you will permit me, till your return."

The woman took the note, and went away. She was a long time gone. Was Jean considering? or was his mother too ill for Jean to be able to attend to anything else just now? He heard the heavy but muffled step slowly returning at last, and presently he read these lines,—

"I have ventured to read her your note, and I can see it has given her great relief. You have anticipated thoughts that were in both our minds. I do think now she will rest. She has great confidence in Mr. Dell's judgment; and altogether I can see your project relieves her greatly. Wait till after the doctor's visit in the morning. I will confide to him as much of what has passed as will enable him to judge of her state and prospects. If he thinks you may safely leave her, I recommend you to go away at once. It is her mind that has been so destroying her. I hope now you have changed her mind. JEAN."

"I think she's a little better," said the woman.

"Yes, yes, I hope so."

"Would you like to stay here to-night?"

"Oh if you would but allow me!"

"To be sure. I haven't a bed, but there's the sofa."

"Thank you, thank you!" said Archy abstractedly. After a while he said to her, in a very low tone,—

"Do you think my mother is asleep? Oh if I could but look upon her for a single moment."

The woman brushed away a tear from her eye, as she thought of a somewhat kindred scene, that had once happened betwixt her and a son of her own, and somehow her heart yearned to the poor youth, and she began to think he ought to be helped in such a natural request.

"I shall, for her sake, probably go away to-morrow for several days, and therefore if I could now —"

"Well, wait a bit while I speak to the young woman you call Jean." She returned almost instantly.

"I was so frightened—I thought your mother was fast asleep, and I spoke, as I thought, very low, but she heard every word, and to my astonishment *she* says herself to me,—

"I should like to see him—we won't talk."

Archy was kneeling by his mother's bed-side before the woman was quite aware he had left her room. He put up his hand—hers met it—she felt his kisses upon it—he felt himself drawn very gently—he half rose over the bed—crept nearer and nearer, till lips met, too long divided—and then he murmured,—

"No more, no more. I am happy. Let me rest here by your side, till you sleep." He felt the tender clasp answer him—he lay a little apart—once the hand loosened itself, and passed over his face, and brow, and

through his hair, then returned to his hand. When Jean, after a long silence, through which they might have heard her heart beat, had they been capable of any perceptions or emotions that lay beyond themselves, when Jean came softly to look at them, she saw they were both asleep—both looking so wondrously like each other, and the moisture still undried on both cheeks.

Jean, who had shared all their trouble, took some comfort from their solace. She drew the low arm-chair close by the bed-side, where she could look upon their two faces, and be ready to answer the slightest appeal. Poor girl, she had forgotten for a moment, in the very unselfishness of her sympathy, that she ought not to trust herself to dwell upon that face which, though sadly changed, was yet far more dangerous than the little picture she so sternly turned away from her in her own room at Bletchworth Hall.

CHAPTER XII.

MRS. DELL'S INTRODUCTION TO THE WORLD.

"O dear, O dear, was there ever such wretched weather for August? What, no fire!" And up went Mrs. Addersley's yellow jewelled hands and black eyes, whilst her sharp chin disappeared in her swans-down wrapper, as she stood shivering at the door of the great drawing-room which had been prepared for the reception of the few relations and neighbours to whom it was necessary for Mr. Dell to introduce his wife. The chandeliers were not yet lit, either in this or in the "long room" beyond, the folding doors of which were thrown open; and the two wax candles burning dimly on the broad mantel-piece made only a kind of twilight, in which gilded mirrors, picture-frames, and cornices shone out with a rich subdued splendour. The window-blinds were drawn down as low as the boxes of flowers. The waving shadows from the plants were thrown by the moonlight on the white and beautiful carpet. In the "long room," which was left almost empty for dancing, the windows were wide open, and revealed the clear summer sky with its full moon and stars. It was the light breeze from these windows which met Mrs. Addersley as she opened the door, and that had called forth her exclamation about the weather. Presently finding no one hurried out to lead her to a chair, and to wrap her up, she stretched out her long yellow neck, and peered into the room, wondering if there was really no one there, when her eyes fell upon a white figure in a veil standing at a mirror, (which was opposite to another mirror,) and apparently engaged in gazing down the long vista of chandeliers formed by the reflections. It was so statue-like and still, that Mrs. Addersley had some difficulty in persuading herself that it was that "young romp," as she called Winny; and her voice was a little uncertain when she said, putting her foot on the threshold,—
"Is that you, Mrs. Dell?" But it soon found its usual sharp tone as Winny sighed, then laughed, and then came to meet her.

"Some people have strange fancies, to like to stand here in such a dress as that, with all the windows open, letting in the nasty damp night air,—all in the dark,

too!" Mrs Addersley then seated herself in a large arm-chair by Winny, and chatted away to her; who on her part soon forgot her annoyance at being disturbed in the dreamy enjoyment of the mirror vista, the evening breeze, the silence, and the odours of the flowers she had herself gathered and arranged amongst the quaint old furniture.

"What, dressed, Winny?" said Mr Dell, joining them. "I can hardly see you in this light."

"Oh she looks very well," said Mrs Addersley, looking through her eye-glass critically at Winny's simple wedding-dress: "Very well, but not of consequence enough for the belle of the evening."

"Oh, we'll leave that to Grace," Winny said, laughingly.

"How late Grace is," remarked Mr Dell, looking at his watch. "We shall have Sir George here presently."

"Can I go and help her, Mrs Addersley?" Winny asked.

"Oh no, thank you, Mrs Dell; she was dressed long before I came down—just giving the finishing touch, you know. By the by, what an odd freak it was of hers to give her maid a holiday just as we are going out of mourning, and want so many new things. Grace has had to alter her dresses herself. She ought to know better than to spoil her figure by working all day, while that creature enjoys herself; but there, Grace is quite falling into your English method of treating servants. O here you are, Grace. Ah, you look yourself to-night, child."

"Now, Winny, prepare your eyes for a perfect blaze of beauty," said Mr Dell, as he lit the chandelier. "Really, Grace," he continued, drawing her under it, and turning to Winny with a smile, who, with her usual mode of expressing what she felt to be unspeakable admiration, was clapping her hands softly, with a half sigh, "really, this is hardly fair of her, is it, Winny, to try to eclipse you to-night?"

"Hark," exclaimed Winny, nervously. "I hear a carriage. Your uncle's, perhaps." Mr Dell hurried out anxiously, for, having received no answer to the invitation he had sent Sir George, he had begun to fear that his sudden determination to give up public life had seriously offended him.

Grace saw this anxiety with a certain pleasurable sensation as she glanced at herself in a mirror. Her dress, into which she had thrown all the taste of the artist, and the cunning of the woman, in order to give it the effect of rare elegance with apparent simplicity, was of Indian silk; costly in texture, yet so soft that it made not the slightest rustle when she moved. The colour was of deep rose pink, a well chosen one you could perceive, by the warm, rich glow it threw upon the arms and neck, that in a general way were almost too white to be perfect. Over this floated snowy lace of exquisite beauty; looped up on either side with a cord, with long pearl tassels; the weight of which kept it from being lifted, as it would otherwise have been, at the slightest breath of air stirring near it. The bell-like sleeves (covered by the same lace, and finished by a narrow band of pearls, with heavy tassels, like those on the skirt) scarcely reached the beautifully rounded elbow; and a broader band of pearls at the top of the dress fitted tightly round the shoulders.

These bands, and tassels of pearls, were the only things in the shape of ornament she wore, except a red moss-rose, with its long greeny bud and spray of leaves, that nestled in her pale brown hair where the crowning plaits met.

Winny, a worshipper of beauty in all its forms, from the little wild flower by the way-side to the majestic grandeur of the mountain height, felt her heart thrill when Grace smiled upon her; smiled triumphing in the power of her beauty, of which the reflection in that sweet, wistful face was so flattering. And with Winny admiration was love: so that the memory of the beautiful never died. The summers she had seen had each a separate glory of its own in her remembrance; and she could call them up before her mind's eye, and distinguish them one from another, as a mother the faces of her dead children. Her soul was as full of love for the past as the present. Now, under the fascination of the moment, she felt, as I have said, a thrill of almost passionate love for the woman who smiled down upon her, with a meaning she little guessed. Presently, Winny pressed one of those beautiful arms to her heart, and kissed it: Grace still smiling on, little moved,—for had she not seen her kiss a flower in just the same way?

It was strange, but with all her care for her appearance, Grace had never, until to-night, cared much about studying the adornments of her own beauty. The heavy velvet robes, which she had constantly worn, after laying aside the earliest garb of mourning, displayed only her queenliness: that was the effect she liked; ~~at~~ satisfied—and harmonized with—her instinct of power; the dress became a favourite one with her. But to-night, while she lost nothing of the stately bearing, the conscious majesty, habitual to her person, she seemed to have gained wonderfully in the softer, more attractive, more womanly qualities, by the art with which she had arrayed herself, art too, that was so disguised one could not tell in what it consisted. Grace had satisfied herself before she left her chamber; she was still better satisfied when she saw the effect upon others. Yes, her first aim for the evening was achieved, and the fact augured well for the more important schemes she meditated.

It was not Sir George who returned with Mr Dell to the drawing-room, but Mr. Nicholas Rudyard, the brewer and great man of Leatham. With him came his two elderly maiden sisters, who were soon engaged in condoling with Mrs. Addersley on the hopeless defects of the English climate. They were followed by Mr. Payne Croft, a barrister, and an old friend of Mr. Dell's.

As Winny saw the lamps of more than one carriage shining through the dark firs along the drive, she ceased smiling behind her fan at Mr. Rudyard's big voice, and patronising manner to her husband; and felt herself growing nervous, as Mr. Dell had predicted she would feel, but the idea of which she had laughed at, asking him if he supposed they had never had a party at the old farm, or at Laurel Cottage?

And now, as a little flushed, and a little trembling, she stood beside Grace to receive her husband's guests, and watched each group as it passed before her, she almost unconsciously contrasted them with the visitors

at her father's house. She compared the stiff bow to the hearty squeeze of the hand; the awkward embarrassing silence, that in spite of everybody's exertions would now and then reign, to the boisterous mirth and chatter in which one could not hear one's own voice at those former meetings. But when Sir George Dell arrived, and saluted her with cold frigid politeness, and presented her with a magnificent bouquet in lace paper, a vision of uncle Josh with his round good-humoured face, and enormous bunch of flowers—which he never came without, which everybody laughed at, and which everybody enjoyed—rose up so vividly before her that she felt very much inclined to burst into tears before the eyes of all. But when she met Mr Dell's gaze, resting anxiously upon her, she tried to shake off the images of home, and to restrain her childish emotions. And she succeeded: but still at times everything seemed to swim before her vision; she forgot names almost as soon as they were uttered; and found herself addressing Mr. Mylde, the poor incumbent of Yelverton, as Mr. Staunton, the owner of the largest estate on this side of the county.

While yet suffering from the confusion of this discovery, which she imparted secretly to Grace, the latter said to her,—

"Oh, you will soon get over this nervous feeling. It is very natural at first. If we could only keep the people busy and amused, you would not fancy they thought so much of you."

"Ah, Grace, if you would but do for me—what I cannot!"

"You mean, Winny—?"

"Oh, if you would but try to amuse them—to keep them as you say 'busy—' to talk to them, and make them talk to each other—so that Mr. Dell may not grow uncomfortable, thinking he sees them so."

"I don't think I could do much, but if you fancy—"

"Oh, I do—I do,—and I should be so grateful."

Grace pressed her hand in token of understanding, and lost no time in keeping her word. She went to Mr. Dell—and intimated what had passed; and although for the moment he looked doubtfully toward Winny, and the mere fancy that it implied some sort of reproach cut her to the heart as she saw his glance, yet an instant after, he smiled, and then laughed right out at something Grace said to him whisperingly. Presently the musical voice—the bubbling musical laughter, were heard—here—there—everywhere; a jet of sunshine seemed suddenly to light everybody up; the right people got comfortably together; and no matter what the topic, politics, society, gossip, church rates, the assizes, Puseyism, or the last new book,—Grace had not only something to say that pleased the hearer, but that gave the said hearer a notion that if he or she had expressed it in words, would have been to some such effect as this—"Really, a charming woman—what admirable sense—how thoroughly she appreciates one's meaning and views!"

If Grace needed any fresh incentive to exertion she had it in a chance word that some one dropped to Mrs Addersley, and which set that worthy lady laughing so vigorously that Grace came to ask her what was the matter; whilst half-a-dozen other ladies also paused

to learn the source of the amusement of the Indian lady, as they already began to call her.

"Why, Grace, excuse my laughing—but—this gentleman and I have been discussing the bride, and though we both paid her many compliments, somehow we seemed to be contradicting each other at every word, yet with the most amiable unconsciousness of anything amiss; and so went on again—till it got too ridiculous—and then at last—he said—'Surely, my dear madam, I have not mistaken the person, that tall—elegant—' I burst out, I couldn't help it—'Why, my dear sir, that is my daughter—Grace Addersley!—Mr. Dell's cousin, not his bride.' " Mrs. Addersley again broke out into loud mirth, and the ladies around seemed to be half inclined to join her. The gentleman referred to looked confused, and grew evidently very hot in the face; but he strove to carry the matter off as gaily as he could, by saying,

"As a stranger personally to both ladies, I hope I may be pardoned my unlucky mistake; yet in justice to myself and other gentlemen who may happen to be similarly situated, I would venture to suggest—that one is apt to come to such an assembly with highly wrought expectations, there is something magical for a time at least in the word bride—and then too every one knows Mr Dell's tastes, position, and opportunities, so that if under such conditions one happens to see a form realizing, nay, surpassing, all that one—" The gentleman here thought he had gone far enough, and bowed to Grace; she slightly answered his bow, but her colour rose, and she moved away, quite sure in her own mind that she saw plenty of listeners there, who would carry about the room the fullest particulars of the mistake, and with embellishments not at all displeasing to herself.

If Grace could have been eclipsed by any one to-night, the three Misses Staunton would have done it. They were fine showy girls in themselves, and always dressed with such magnificence that they made a sensation wherever they appeared, so that party-givers were glad to invite them; until at last they got accustomed to look upon themselves as the chief stars of every assembly they attended. But to-night,—when they found themselves as usual gathered round Grace, amusing her with the chit-chat and scandal of the annual Leatham ball, which had just taken place, they bit their lips with vexation as they looked at each other, and saw their magnificent pale pink satins growing pallid and washy beside the deep rich glow of hers. But the eldest, who, unlike her sisters, had not come with any view to conquest, did not trouble herself about their ill-concealed jealousy; she began her scrutiny of Winny, who had unconsciously dashed certain hopes, very faint ones to be sure, that had been cherished by Miss Staunton in her heart of hearts. The sisters, finding themselves in this agreeable state of mind, made for the rest of the evening a party of themselves and their own peculiar friends at one end of the drawing-room; where they retired at the close of every dance to vent their spleen in satirical criticisms on every one out of their own set. This amiable society was joined by many, who—having moved in a lower sphere where they were made much of—felt themselves not appreciated here. Among these were Mr and Mrs Rintle and

MOZART AT COURT.

THE plate on the other side was to have accompanied the article on Mozart in our last number. We, however,

received it unfortunately too late, and were compelled to go to press without it. For the description which should have appeared with it we must refer the reader to the article on Mozart in our last.

their daughter, to whom poor Winny, quite inadvertently, had given mortal offence.

It was when Grace was standing talking to a stiff pompous-looking old gentleman, that Winny, touching her arm, had said pointing to one of the dancers,—a pale and somewhat affected-looking girl, in green,

"Grace—who is that?"

"Miss Rintle," Grace answered quickly, again turning to her companion.

"Poor girl!" continued Winny. "Surely such a delicate, sickly-looking thing ought to be in bed instead of being decked out in tarletan, to dance away what little strength she has. Is there no one to care for her—to teach her better?"

The old gentleman stood a minute in front of Winny, looking down upon her with so peculiar an expression, that she felt very much inclined to laugh. When he strutted away, and she saw him whispering to a stout lady in the Staunton circle, she put up her fan, and said to Grace, with a roguish smile, for she felt she was going to be satirical for once,

"Who is he? Tell me his name?"

"Mr. Rintle."

"What, the father of—?"

"Yes, of that poor sickly girl, who can't take care of herself, and has no one to be careful for her," answered Grace, with a still more malicious smile in return.

But Winny grew serious instantly; and taking her place at the dining-room door waited for the quadrille to end, when she had some vague notion of waylaying Miss Rintle, and saying or doing something to please her before she encountered her father. Mr. Dell could not think what was the matter with her as he watched her gliding round the dancers, looking, with her white dress, and pale anxious face, among their splendid dresses, like a delicate spring blossom, blown among the gorgeous summer flowers. Unfortunately Miss Rintle was dancing with one of the Staunton set, who bore her off under Winny's very eyes to their end of the room, so she retired to Grace's side in despair.

After the business of supper was over, and the dancers had exhausted what strength they had gained from it, time seemed to drag a little. Nearly everybody had joined the Staunton set but Mr. Rudyard, and the curate and his family, and a sprinkling of elderly ladies and gentlemen, looking rather sleepy and cross.

Of course Mrs. Addersley had not once moved from her arm-chair in the corner, where she had been holding a little court of her own; the flash, whenever she lifted her swansdown wrapper, of the chains and jewels with which her dress was covered, attracted many; whom her idle complaints, and not over-refined expressions, would have otherwise repelled.

About this time, Winny—forgetting her dread responsibilities—had found a little peace of mind in talking to Mrs. Mylde the curate's wife about preserves and babies; whilst Mr. Dell, Sir George, and Mr. Rud-

yard quarrelled with one another over politics on the hearth-rug. As for Grace, she seemed to grow more and more radiant every hour. It made Mr. Dell smile to see how his friend Mr. Payne Croft (the gentleman who had mistaken Grace for the bride, and who had the fame of a confirmed woman-hater) was fascinated by the ease with which she conversed on subjects seldom grasped by a woman's intellect. Mr. Croft's eye caught one of those smiles, and joining the politicians on the rug, he said,—

"I was just asking Miss Addersley for some music. Does Mrs. Dell sing?"

"Sing!" cried Winny, gaily, and coming up to them—"I often wonder how I should live without singing."

"Come, then," Grace said, seating herself at the piano, "I will play for you. What will you sing? This?"

Winny drew back.

"What do you mean, Grace? You know I can't sing to music," she whispered over Grace's shoulder.

"Nonsense," Grace answered in the same tone. "You will find it just as easy—sing as you would without music, and I'll keep you right." Grace then struck a few notes of a song which Winny but imperfectly knew. She drew back and was going to refuse, when she became conscious of a sudden move in the room, and turning her head she beheld the whole Staunton set coming in a phalanx towards the piano. What was she to do? she asked herself. Would he like her to say before all those people that she could not sing to music? Besides, she might be able to do it—with Grace's help. Grace said she would. Better try, at all events. So she began—very tremulously—even the very words she felt uncertain of—and directly she heard her own shivering voice breaking upon the cruel silence, the blood rushed to her face—she felt she could not go on. She grasped the edge of the piano, and making a great effort to speak calmly—said with a faint smile,—

"No, I cannot manage it—I never sang to music. You sing it, Grace."

"Do you really wish me?" said Grace in a tone only audible to Winny.

"Yes—dear Grace—anything to take their eyes off me"—whispered she back again; then, she sank into a chair near the piano, and closed her lips tightly, to keep down the hysterical feeling in her throat.

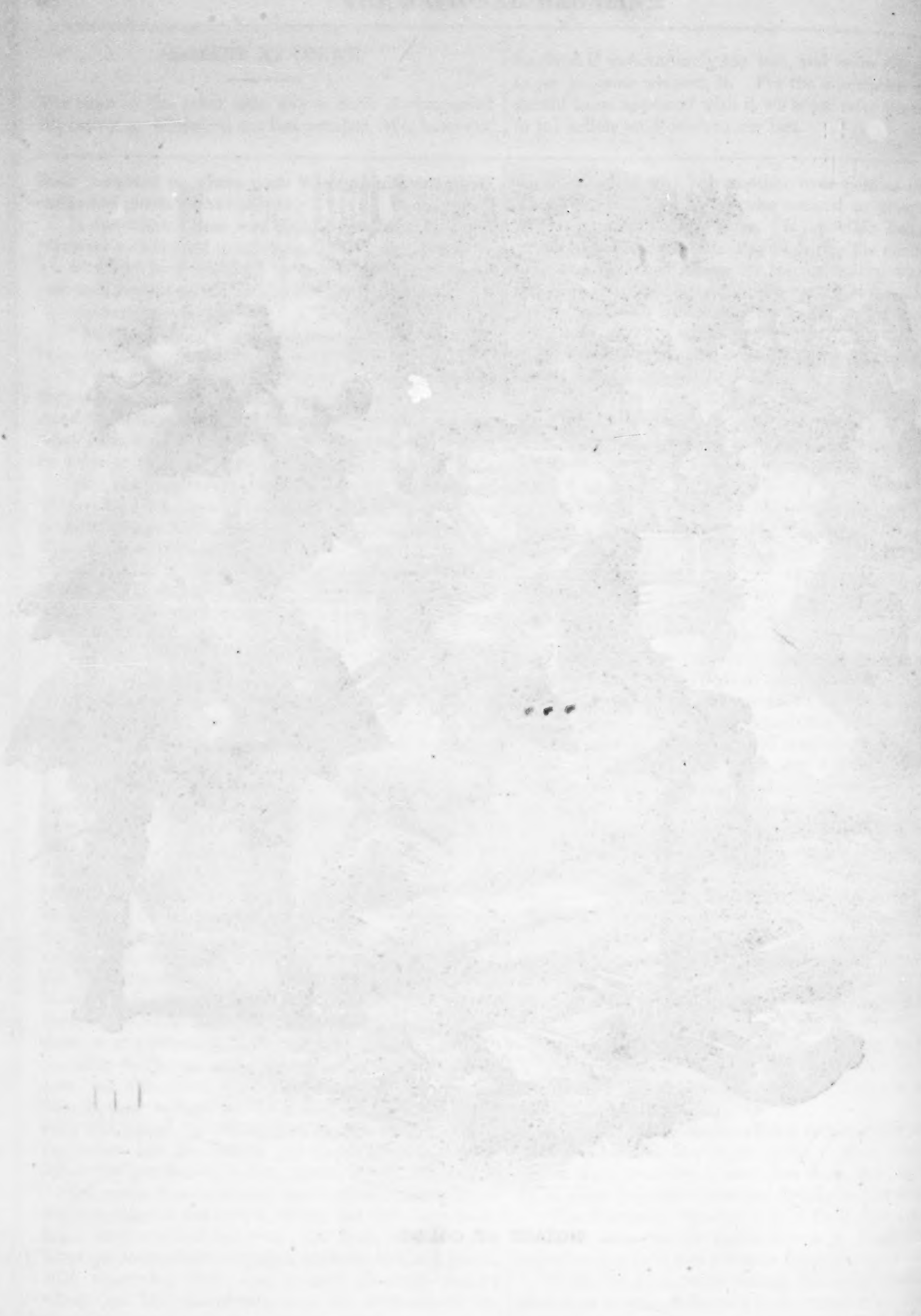
The Stauntons tittered behind their fans; and exchanged remarks till the first two or three notes of Grace's voice held every breath suppressed.

Even Mr. Dell, who, feeling Winny's break-down almost as acutely as herself, had crossed over, and was leaning on her chair, soon found himself forgetting with her everything but that voice which was filling the rooms, and floating out into the quiet night.

It is true he had faintly heard her in the distance, from time to time, practising in her own room, but she



MOZART AT COURT.



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had never sang to him ; and till now he had had no conception of the power and beauty of her voice.

When she had finished, the Misses Staunton, who had the mortification of hearing Grace enthusiastically applauded by their own special admirers and followers, rose to depart. One of them, the youngest, had lost her roll of music, and her two sisters went to seek it in an alcove at the end of the room where Mr. Staunton was sitting enjoying Grace's singing. Winny fancied she had seen the music on a table near the alcove, and went to look for it there. While searching among the knick-knacks and books, she heard Miss Staunton's satirical voice in the alcove.

"O certainly, papa, certainly," she was saying, with her sarcastic stress upon almost every word. "I know many may think her a most engaging young person, for a farmer's daughter ; but what I say is that if Mr. Dell had not more respect for his own family in making such an alliance so public, he might have had better taste than to bring *us* in contact, to place *us* on the footing of guests to a—a—person of her education and manners, to say nothing of her station in life."

"Poor thing !" sneered her sister, "I wonder how she'll manage when she's hailed by the Leatham market women as acquaintances."

"Perhaps we had some of them here to-night. But as regards Mr. Dell, I quite disagree with you, Clara ; I think he is very much to be pitied. Consider his position to-night. What must he have felt at all her blunders, and absurd mistakes ? Did you hear those low remarks of hers about Miss Rintle ?"

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Staunton a little impatiently—"there is no doubt but that Mr. Dell has made a marriage that is likely to prove most disastrous to his prospects here." And he rose to put an end to the talk which he did not care to hear carried on under his neighbour's very roof.

Winny heard all this,—with her eyes fixed on the wall before her, with one hand supporting herself by holding the table, whilst the other was pressed tightly to her heart : she felt then the throbs of its first great trouble.

It was strange how differently the words she had heard affected her, to what they would have done any other person. She felt no anger for the speakers ; not because she was too good to feel anger, but simply because they did not sting : she felt them only as an overwhelming confirmation of a vague dread that had been growing up in her heart for the last few hours. Suddenly, after standing a moment—as if stunned—she closed her eyes and tried to think. What was she doing now—listening ? Yes, she must go away. They must not see her there. She tried to walk steadily down the long room, but directly she turned a giddiness came over her, and she beheld all things as in a kind of whirling maze. She had vague untangible impressions of chandeliers and mirrors ; of old gentlemen walking about tightening their gloves, and looking down at their hands, as if they didn't exactly know what to do with them ; and of young gentlemen bending over chairs, with young ladies looking up in their faces, talking wearily of country parties, and longing for the London season ; of very young girls whose friends were beginning to take them out a little that they might learn

how to stare strangers in the face without shrinking before they went to town ; and of sleepy mammas making signs to the young folks that they wished to depart, but which signs seemed never properly to reach their destination ; these and everything else in the room swam in a confused crowd before Winny's eyes ; a painful human phantasmagoria which would not be fixed and stable—under any effort she could make. But her hand was taken and drawn through an arm—she looked up—and saw her husband's face as she had never seen it before—stern and pale.

"Winny, you shall stay here no longer ; this is my fault. Miss Staunton is right. I *should* have been more careful as to those I invited to meet you."

She drew back and shook her head, her pale lips moving as if she were trying to speak. She wanted to say, "No, I must wait till they are gone, or it will make matters worse." But he did not understand her,—he thought by her cold silent gestures that her heart turned against him as the cause of its pain.

Presently the Misses Staunton and their father issued from the alcove, and sailed majestically past without perceiving them. Taking up the roll of music Winny followed them with it—her husband watching her anxiously.

"Is not this your sister's music, Miss Staunton ?"

"Mr. Dell started ; could that be her voice ? It was so unlike, he would hardly have believed it, but for the outstretched hand with the roll."

Miss Staunton turned—she knew where Mrs. Dell had been for that music, and blushed with genuine shame beneath the sweet mournful gaze of those eyes fixed upon her now.

Every one now made a move to depart. Winny went about speaking a few words, in that same constrained voice which had so struck Mr. Dell, to everybody whom she fancied had been at all neglected. When the Rintles went out she followed them, and presently joined them in the hall ; and going up to Miss Rintle, who was drawing on a thin cashmere shawl, she threw over her shoulders a warm and elegant opera cloak, saying,—

"Mr. Rintle, please let her wear this. I was serious when I said she is delicate, I was indeed. It will make me very uncomfortable if she goes home without it."

Mrs. Rintle was already in the carriage. Mr. Rintle bowed stiffly while holding out his arm for his daughter to take. She at first bridled up ; then catching a glimpse of the cloak, with its handsome jewelled clasp, she looked at Winny, thought of all the exaggerations with which she had told the story of her insult ; and bursting into tears made a convulsive movement to undo the fastening. Winny took her hand, pressed it, and pushed her into the carriage, which after Mr. Rintle had followed drove off, leaving her there alone.

Mr. Dell was not surprised when he found his wife did not return to the drawing-room ; he only longed for the time when his two remaining visitors, his uncle and Mr. Croft, should retire for the night, that he might seek her.

But they chatted on, and he grew impatient, and at last determined to seek his wife, and return, but he met Grace, just outside the door : she arrested his footsteps.

"Cousin, let me go to her first—I have not had a

moment lately to speak to her. *You, I know, have not been deceived by the mask I have worn to-night. She may be.*"

He pressed his cousin's hand with a thankful look, as he replied,—

"Dear Grace—our warmest friendship can never show you how we have appreciated your noble efforts. Go to her if you wish, but don't think for one moment she has not understood them as well as myself. Tell her I am trying to get Sir George and Mr. Croft to end their discussion."

She stood and watched him till he disappeared in the gloom of the passage leading to his favourite antique room, adjoining the study, whither he went to fetch some pamphlet he had been lately reading, and which had been adverted to, in the discussion with Sir George.

"Our friendship," echoed Grace, in an undertone of bitterness, while her form dilated, and her eyes flashed beneath the meeting brows. "Our friendship." But again the cold indescribable light—hardly to be called a smile—flitted across the gloom of her countenance, and her thin lips moved with a low stifled, "Hush! Wait!" She then threw on her cloak, and descended the stairs in search of Winny.

Mr. Dell started, as opening the door of the old room he saw Winny seated in the great chair—his own—in the centre of the window. The moonlight was full upon her face, and he saw she was weeping, though her eyes were closed.

"Winny—you are pained—you think I should have foreseen this."

She stopped him.

"I, pained! do you think I could have heard I had brought trouble upon you, without being pained?"

"Winny, you do not surely believe such gossip has had any effect upon me."

"Yes I do—I know it—I saw how pale you were—you almost trembled when you took my hand."

"Well then I answer you in your own way, and with equal truth. Do you think I am not pained to see I had brought on you such remarks? Surely, Winny, you do not suppose I had any other feeling than scorn—as regards their meaning?"

"Still," rejoined Winny, mournfully shaking her head, "what they said was true, I have been dreaming strangely. Picturing to myself an ideal world—which I alone, it seems, was silly enough to inhabit. Well, I am waked now. I am disenchanted." Again Mr. Dell felt the hot tears on the hand upon which she had laid her cheek. He began now to understand the intense feeling of depression with which his wife received this her first bitter experience of the world. She came to meet it with a glad, frank confidence, full of love, full of the sense of the wondrous affluence of life, the choicest blessings of which seemed to have fallen to her. She had felt so grateful for it all, that she wanted to do something to express her happiness—and to make those she met the recipients of the overflow of her glad emotion. She had not thought—noticeably—of her defective education, had not weighed much her unfamiliarity with the society in which she would be henceforward called on to move. Why should she? They were men and women. They could doubtless teach her much by

their converse and behaviour that she should gladly learn; they might possibly glean something in return from the fresh, happy spirit, that advanced so hopefully to meet them. Alas, she did not know what that word society meant—that it had no open arms for anything so artless and candid as she was, no appreciation for aught that did not come to it stamped with some definite mint-mark previously, no care in short for anything or anybody, except as in so far he, she, or they might help to get up a little excitement for the said poor, weary, helpless society's relief, or amusement. How thoroughly hollow, heartless, cruel, and unjust it can be in its worst moods;—how much it is often dependant for these moods and for its opinions upon the most contemptible of its members, all this she had not even dreamed of as possible; and she stood appalled, heart-sick, now at the discovery of the actual truth; when she connected with it the equally painful fact, that it was necessary for her husband's sake that she should become one of that society, study its ways, win its approbation, colour her whole existence with its hue.

"Well," she continued, in a voice of inexpressible sadness, "what must we do? I have sat here thinking a long time, but nothing comes to me—but the wish, that we had never seen each other."

"Winny!" cried Mr. Dell, at once shocked and displeased, "you did not wish that?"

"Yes I did, I do. When I was standing in the porch, after these people had gone, I longed—oh I can't tell you what a longing I had to see my dear father and mother—to take off this ring and give it back to you, and leave these splendid scenes, where my breath seems only to be like a poison, and to be once again among the humble scenes of my infancy. Oh," she cried, bursting into a passion of tears, "what will become of me, if—if—"

"If what, Winny?"

"If I cannot do for you that which your friends expect—if I am to feel through life that I have destroyed your prospects—if I have to live, not in the hope and happiness of pleasing you, but in the constant dread of offending or humiliating you?"

"Winny, do you remember the line in Hamlet, that you stopped at, and made me repeat, when I was reading to you, and that you yourself so often and lovingly iterated afterwards, as though it were an air you could not get out of your soul:

'Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh.'

Do you remember it?"

"Yes."

"You, my own Winny, are those bells just now, and very suspicious, unreasonable, and unjust you talk in your jangled state. Pray, Madam, for I am going to be very angry with you, do you know that in spite of all these little troubles you have magnified so portentously, there was an opinion in that room curiously opposed, I have no doubt, to all that reached you?"

As Winny did not, perhaps would not, show curiosity, he proceeded:—

"An opinion, let me tell you, that I think worthy of attention. Well, hear it, and then judge. It ran thus—There was not in the whole assembly one woman so truly sweet in her person, or so fresh and vigorous in her mind, as my wife; one woman who really knew so

much as you know, or who was destined probably to exercise so much social influence. Do you know, I ask, that there was such an opinion deliberately formed in yonder rooms?"

"No—no—don't jest with me, as they did who said so."

"On my honour I do not."

"Whose opinion, then, was it?"

"Mine."

What radiance was it that suddenly illumined the sad countenance, and made the tears glitter in the fair eyes, as they turned, looked on his manly, sympathetic, and half-smiling face?—a radiance that kept on growing and brightening, and silvering, like some fair cloud under the rays of the moon, when the glorious luminary is being rapidly freed from a coil of envious shadows? Thus Winny's face brightened at last into a smile, fair but pale; and then colour came, and the smile grew of a rosy hue, though timorous and changeable, as doubting the fact or propriety of its own existence; until at last broke forth a low laugh—delicious music to Mr. Dell's ears—but there she stopped, for the tears would not be restrained so suddenly—they had not gathered so bountifully for nothing, they would forth, but they were happy ones; and they bathed his face too, as the arms were raised, and clasped about his neck, and the tender bird-like form was pressed to the sheltering breast. After a while she murmured,—

"Oh do not let the world part us, whatever God may do."

"The world, Winny! Why does my own stupid, silly little wife not see that I feel for it the utmost contempt? That I would not sacrifice one bit of genuine reality to save its soul alive? But then you know 'tis such a poor soul to save; so don't think me unchristian. What! I sacrifice you for that! Why, I would not sacrifice even my own mere tastes and fancies in such a cause, unless some new spirit, with some savour of health in it, came over this said society. No—no; I play with the world as it plays with me, pleasing myself in my own way, and trying once in a season (as to-night) to please it in its way. But I never did get on well in the process, and I am delighted to see you can't much help me."

"Well, but what is to be done? No more delusions, however sweet. You may calm me easily now, but not when I get to myself alone, unless you do it honestly, thoroughly. Mind that. I don't think I should so much fear the world, if I must buckle armour on. But oh, I wanted to love it—to be loved by it. Well, what is now to be done?"

"Nothing—but smile at the world's folly, and your own, for being moved by it."

"O yes, there is. I will not consent knowingly to shame you. That which your wife ought to do, I must do—or—"

"Well, here is my advice; take it just for what it is worth. Do that which you feel requisite in the way of preparation to secure your own ease and comfort of mind, when you may have occasion to go into the world; and when you have done so, don't give a second thought to the subject. Remain yourself in every essential, or I warn you, I shall love you less—however dearly. You will be surprised some day to find that

society is just as cowardly as it is conventional; and that when once you have fulfilled its ordinary routine conditions, you may be as original, as individual, as you please, if only you don't trouble yourself to ask whether society does or does not approve. Give society nothing to do in judging of you, and it is wonderful how well it will do it."

Winny laughed. Mr. Dell continued,—

"You know what Grace and I told you about Mrs. Cairn?"

"Oh yes; and now I see it all, what you and Grace intended, when you mentioned her name before. You wished to spare me possible mortifications that I was too much self-engrossed to be apprehensive of. You wanted to make me know, in a quiet, loving way, how much I was ignorant of—you, and dear Grace. Oh, here she is."

"Here *she* is indeed," said Grace, laughing. "Why, Winny, I've been searching all your favourite haunts in the house for you."

"Grace, husband," Winny said, standing between them, and taking a hand of each, "I have found you both out. Well, do now what you were going to do for me. Mrs. Cairn will not find me such a thankless pupil as she might have done before to-night. They said I learnt quickly at school what little I did learn; but then I disliked it because I saw no use in it—but now—"

She clasped their hands and raised her head—the eyes half shutting as she did so,—while the strength of will playing about the muscles of the sweet quivering mouth, and shining out upon the noble white brow, staggered even Grace Addersley. She began to respect her mortal enemy. Winny then spoke in low measured accents,—

"But now, if striving with all one's heart, and soul, and strength, I *can* conquer, I *will*."

[To be continued.]

THE LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR.

THE world in general, and the readers of Bleak House in particular, we take it, have heard of the Lord High Chancellor—the Keeper of the Great Seal—of her Majesty's conscience—of church livings, and patronage, and power held by no other living man. Of his power and influence in general it does not become us here to speak, but it does become us very briefly to state that he is Speaker of the House of Lords, and that, therefore, we have something to do with him here. One of the oldest offices existing is that of Lord Chancellor: the almost fabulous Arthur is said to have had a chancellor; certainly such an officer existed in the time of the Anglo-Saxon monarchs, for the good St. Swithin, we believe, was one. Lord Chancellors were great men then—are great men now—but law reform has shorn off some of their greatness. In a parliamentary point of view, and that is the view we take of him here, he is merely Speaker of the House of Lords, an office he holds whether he be peer or not. In recent times, for instance, we find on the 22nd of November, 1830, an entry in the list of peers present, "Henricus Brougham, Cancel-

larius;" but he had no right to debate and vote till the following day, when the entry of his name and office appears in the same place, "Dominus Brougham et Vaux, Cancellarius." This privilege of Speaker, according to Lord Campbell, is said to belong to him by prescription, and he has enjoyed it many centuries, although in the reigns of Richard I., John, and Henry III. (within time of legal memory), it was exercised by the Chief Justiciary. The Crown may by commission name others to preside in the House of Lords in the absence of the Chancellor; and no Speaker appointed by the Crown being present, the Lords of their own authority may choose one of themselves to act as Speaker, which they now often do in hearing appeals; but all these Speakers are immediately superseded when the Chancellor enters the House. He is a very great personage, is the Lord Chancellor, for the time being. To stay him in the execution of his office is high treason. Whether he be peer or commoner he has precedence above all temporal peers, except they be king's sons, nephews, and grandsons. If he be a peer his place is at the top of the dukes' bench on the left of the throne, and if a commoner, before the woolsack. Generally, however, peer or not, he sits there as Speaker, and when he joins in debate he leaves the woolsack and stands in front of his proper seat at the top of the dukes' bench. Anciently the Chancellor addressed the two Houses on the meeting of parliament. This, however, he does not do now; as Speaker of the Lords he is not equal in power to the Speaker of the Commons. He is not addressed in debate; he does not name the peer who is to be heard; he is not appealed to as an authority on points of order; and he may do what would be considered very indecorous in the Speaker of the lower House—he may cheer the sentiments expressed by his colleagues. When he addresses their Lordships he is to be uncovered, and he is covered when he addresses others, including a deputation of the Commons. When he appears in his official capacity in the presence of the sovereign, or receives messengers of the House of Commons at the bar of the House of Lords, he bears in his hand the purse containing, or supposed to contain, the Great Seal; on other occasions it lies before him as the emblem of his authority, or is carried by his purse-bearer. When he goes before a committee of the House of Commons he wears his robes, and is attended by his mace-bearer and purse-bearer. Being seated, he puts on his hat, to assert the dignity of the Upper House; and then, having uncovered, gives audience. At the opening or close of a session of parliament he is the bearer of the royal speech, which he delivers, on his knees, into the hands of his sovereign—a mode of procedure handed down from very early times. In respect to dress he has great choice. He may "weare in his apparel velvet, satene, and other silkes of any colours except purpure, and any manner of fures except genettes." In good old times the office was filled by an aspiring clerk with a view to a fat bishopric; now it leads to nothing further. It has become the *ultima Thule* of the aspiring lawyer. Once Chancellor, he has nothing else to look forward to. On account of his high rank, his important duties, his great labours, and the precariousness of his tenure, he has generally received the largest remuneration of any servant of the Crown. In early times this supply seemsto

have been raised principally from presents and bribes; then by sinecure places in possession and reversion. Now he has a fixed salary, and a retiring allowance when he has resigned office, to enable him to maintain his station and still to exert himself in the public service as a judge in the House of Lords and in the Privy Council. But for the prospect of a sufficient pension on retiring from office, it would be unreasonable to expect men who are at the head of a most lucrative profession to give up their practice, as is required of all who accept this exalted but precarious dignity. It is well known that Lord Brougham made a considerable sacrifice of income by becoming Lord Chancellor, and there are, even now, barristers whose professional gains amount to, if they do not exceed, the salary attached to the chancellorship. Yet these are the men, and none but these, who are wanted to preside in the highest court of judicature in the realm. The proper tenure of office is during pleasure, and it is determined by the voluntary surrender of the Great Seal into the hands of his sovereign, or by the latter's demanding it in person, or sending a messenger with a warrant for it under the privy seal or sign manual. There have been grants, says Lord Campbell, of the office of Chancellor for life and for a time certain, but these Lord Coke pronounces to be illegal; and while its political functions remain, the person holding it must necessarily be removable with the other members of the administration to which he belongs.

Lord Campbell, in his valuable work, commemorates 167 Chancellors. Memorials of the Anglo-Saxon Chancellors are scanty, but we have a series nearly unbroken from Maurice, who held the Great Seal in the year 1067, to the present occupier of that important post. Of these Chancellors, the greater number were ecclesiastics. The first lay Chancellor in England was Fitzgilbert, appointed by Queen Matilda soon after her coronation, during the short time she occupied the throne; and there was no other till Sir Robert de Bouchier, a soldier, appointed by Edward III. Bishop Williams, in the reign of James I., was the only Protestant divine who was ever in possession of the Great Seal; although the Privy Seal was held by a bishop during the reign of Queen Anne. Scrope, in the reign of Richard II., was the first law lord ever created; since then the number has considerably increased. Much of the best blood in the peerage has a legal origin.

There are now sitting in the House of Lords seventeen peers descended from Chancellors in the direct line. Earl Fortescue from Sir John Fortescue, Lord Mountfort from Sir Thomas Bromley, the Marquis of Winchester from Sir William Poulet, the Earl of Bradford from Sir Orlando Bridgman, the Earl of Coventry from Lord Coventry, the Earl of Shaftesbury from Lord Shaftesbury, the Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham from Lord Nottingham, the Earl of Guildford from Lord Guildford, Earl Cowper from Lord Cowper, the Earl of Macclesfield from Lord Macclesfield, Marquis Camden from Lord Camden, the Earl of Lovelace from Lord King, the Earl of Hardwicke from Lord Hardwicke, Earl Talbot from Lord Talbot, Earl Bathurst from Lord Bathurst, the Earl of Eldon from Lord Eldon, and Lord Erskine from the illustrious lord of that name.

It may be satisfactory to our readers to learn that

only one Chancellor was beheaded while in possession of the Great Seal, and that, during the last three hundred years, only six have been impeached, and only one—the great Somers—acquitted. So much for the Lord Chancellor. Gradually he has become great, and strong, and terrible, from a very small beginning. As Gibbon says, "This word, so humble in its origin, has, by a singular fortune, risen into the title of the first great office of state in the monarchies of Europe." It is clear that the office has now reached its culminating point; change looms in the future—law reformers are at work. In a short time the political character of the office may cease to exist. In the mean while, chronicling things as they are, we could do no less than devote a chapter to an office which makes its possessor the president of the peers of England, and which has been generally bestowed by victorious party chiefs on the lawyers who have most skilfully—most powerfully and successfully—fought the battle of party on the floor of St. Stephen's.

SUNDOWN.

A NOVEL.

By EDWARD COPPING, Author of "*Aspects of Paris*," &c.

[Continued from p. 17.]

CHAPTER XXII.

WHEN Ruth awoke the morning after George's arrival, her cheeks were still flushed with the delights she had experienced on the previous evening. She was almost dizzy with joy. Her brain throbbed with an excess of pleasurable excitement, which even in sleep had disturbed and troubled her. It seemed impossible that so much happiness could be real. It must be a dream which in so short a time had raised her from the very lowest depths of despair and sorrow to the very highest mountain peaks of hope and joy. Ruth felt almost sick and ill when she first awoke to consciousness, so tumultuous was the force of her emotions.

It was very early, for the sun still shone upon the house-tops and upper windows, but further sleep was out of the question. She rose therefore and leisurely dressed, feeling too languid for much exertion, and then passed into the sitting-room, to wait until her brother and cousin descended to breakfast.

As she crossed the apartment she gave a little start, for there, in the embrasure of the window, stood George, idly looking into the street.

"How you frightened me, cousin!" she exclaimed, with the prettiest alarm; "why, what can have made you rise so early? It is only six o'clock."

"I was restless, and could not sleep; so I came down here to wait until breakfast-time."

"Instead of going out for a walk in the fresh morning air?"

"I felt too restless even to walk."

"And what made you so?"

"Can you not guess, cousin?"

"Why, how *should* I?" exclaimed Ruth very innocently, but smiling as she spoke.

"I was thinking of you, dear Ruth, and of the hap-

piness I felt in seeing you once again." And here George gently glided his arm round her waist, and drew her towards him, so that they stood side by side in the embrasure of the window.

"And were you then so very glad to see me?" she asked, with her eyes cast down.

"Very glad," he replied in the low tone love delights in, even when listeners are not loitering near.

"And did you sometimes think of me after leaving Sundown?"

"I always thought of you," replied George, with tremulous fervour. "When I was at my easel your face was ever before my eyes, and your kind words were ever present in my memory. I had never known until I saw *you* what it was to love. When I parted from you it seemed as though a portion of my very being had been torn from me. I had no energy, no strength, no ambition. For the first time in my life the world appeared to me a purposeless blank. But, by and by, I remembered your kind words and your sweet glances, and the fond schemes we had planned together, on that bright autumn evening. And on the instant a thrill went through my frame, and the fire of a new life was kindled in my heart."

"O, how happy I felt then! All my thoughts, all my desires, all my hopes, were centred upon *you*, dear Ruth. When I rose in the morning my first thought was of you, and my last words at night were prayers for your safety. My whole desire was to render myself more worthy of you, so that when I came back to Sundown with your brother I might show how fondly I had cherished your memory—how earnestly I had striven to deserve your love."

"You are not angry with me, dear Ruth?" he added with earnest tenderness, for she was turning a little aside to conceal the deep emotion his passionate words caused her.

"Angry, cousin! How could I be angry with so much devotion?"

"And you do not think me foolish for telling you of all my silly hopes and sentiments?"

"O no, dear cousin."

"You must let me tell you all then now; for even if you laugh at me I feel that I must go on to the end. Sometimes I used to steal away from Fred, after he had read me one of your letters, and walk far out into the country amid the darkness of night; and there, all alone in the silence of the fields, I looked up at the stars above-head and thought of you; and oh! how strangely happy I felt then with no one near to break in upon my meditations—with no sound to disturb the rapture of my thoughts. I have sometimes stayed thus for hours, feeling a delicious yearning that I could not satisfy, and a throbbing ecstasy that vibrated through my every vein. I have been very foolish, have I not?"

"No! no! dear George," said Ruth, allowing her head to nestle upon his shoulder.

"But I have not been altogether idle, dear one," continued George, adopting a gayer tone now. "No, no; that would never have pleased you. I have worked and worked since I parted from you, so that I might say when I came back to Sundown, 'Look, cousin, see what I have done to gain your love; look how I have laboured to be worthy of you.'"

"You were already more than worthy," said Ruth, looking up into his face with fondness.

"And I have gained something by my industry, darling Ruth; gained it by your aid alone. Fred and I have kept it a secret until now, so that it might come upon you with all the more surprise."

"A secret!" exclaimed Ruth, half reproachfully.

"Yes; but only that it might afford you the greater pleasure. I have painted a picture, then, since I left Sundown, and it has been received at the Exhibition here, so that all the world will see how I have striven to gain your heart, and to render myself worthy of it."

Ruth could not speak now. The earnest devotion of her cousin; the ardent, yet respectful, affection he evinced towards her; his more than boyish modesty blended with his thoroughly manly frankness; all these evidences of the depth and sincerity of his heart so touched and penetrated her that the responsive words she should have uttered died away without sound upon her lips. She could only nestle more closely upon his breast, look up into his face, and tell him by her loving glances how completely he had gained her affection.

And he understood her. There was no need of a more explicit avowal. They remained silent for several minutes; but their glances spoke more eloquently of the pure passion filling their two hearts than even poetry could have spoken, had it chosen its most harmonious numbers to explain the theme.

"I am very glad, George, to hear of your success," said Ruth at length, after a long and loving pause. "It will make me so proud when I look upon the picture you have painted. You will let me see it, will you not, dear George?"

"O yes, darling."

"And when?"

"This very day, if you like."

"To-day?"

"Yes, the Exhibition has been open for a whole fortnight."

"O, let us go then," exclaimed Ruth, eagerly; "I will run and call Fred, and then we can start directly after breakfast. Why, it's eight o'clock, I declare. I will be off at once. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," said George, kissing her with gentle tenderness.

Then Ruth broke away from him, with delight glistering in her eyes, and ran to her brother's room, at the door of which she knocked with nervous vigour, crying as she did so, "Fred! Fred!"

That was a merry breakfast the young people partook of a short time afterwards. Fred, who, since his discovery of the previous evening, felt a more tender affection for his cousin than he had ever before experienced, and something of humorous pleasure in looking upon the glances and the movements of the two lovers, was full of gaiety and animation. George, though subdued by inexpressible happiness, was very far from being silent or pensive, and Ruth, blooming and radiant, smiled and blushed alternately with a sweet expression of confusion upon her face, such as had never visited it before.

"I have told Ruth about my picture," said George, "and we are going to see it this morning. Of course you will come also, Fred?"

"Of course," replied Fred, "if it's only to look after you both. I shall go as a sort of protecting ogre to see that you don't run away with each other. But mind, I mean to torment you horribly, and not give you a moment's peace."

"Fred, Fred, don't be so silly," said Ruth, giving her brother a little playful tap on the cheek as a punishment for his jesting words.

"Oh, as for you, miss, I shall write to Aunt Susan at once to send for you home."

"What a tantalizing, disagreeable brother you are this morning," said Ruth, affecting to pout at his words.

"There! there! then, if she promises to be good, I won't torment her any more," said Fred coaxingly, as though addressing a baby, and making peace with a kiss.

"By the by," exclaimed George, "have you heard or read anything about the Exhibition?"

"Not a word. I have never once opened a newspaper since my illness, or seen anybody except Lanfrey. I wonder whether there's any notice in this?" and he took up the *Patrie* of the previous evening, which chanced to be lying near.

"Yes, I declare," he exclaimed, after having examined the paper a minute or two, "here's a long article, the third, too."

"And is George's picture spoken of?" inquired Ruth, with eagerness.

"I have not yet glanced all through the article."

"I hope they'll praise it highly: for I'm sure it ~~must~~ be very beautiful," said Ruth, glancing fondly towards George.

The young artist looked pleased, as well he might, but laughed, as though he did not think his cousin's hopes were likely to be realized.

"Well, Fred, well! Is there nothing?"

"Nothing," he replied. "Ah! What's this?" and Fred slowly read aloud in English, "We must not forget to mention a charming little work by a young English painter, whose name we do not remember to have met with before."

"Ah, that's you, George, that's you," exclaimed the delighted Ruth. "Go on, Fred, go on."

Fred went on:

"We apprehend, however, that we shall often meet with it hereafter; for, if we mistake not, M. Georges Radcliffe—"

"I said it was you, George," broke in Ruth.

"For, if we mistake not, M. Georges Radcliffe is destined to attain ere long a reputation that will be European."

"O I'm so delighted," exclaimed Ruth, her face flushed with pleasure.

But here the mischievous Fred, whose features until then had been completely hidden behind the paper, now burst into a loud laugh, and flinging the *Patrie* to the other end of the room, indicated by the expression of his countenance that he had been practising a playful deceit upon the two listeners.

George had suspected so from the first; but Ruth was completely imposed upon. Her disappointment therefore was extreme, and she could have cried with vexation at the trick, had not Fred won her back to good spirits by some of those endearing ways which never failed to captivate the little sister's heart.

Unable now to show any displeasure towards Fred, Ruth found relief by letting the whole weight of her anger fall upon other shoulders. The French journals were the victims which unjustly suffered for her brother's pleasantries.

"What stupid papers they are not to notice George," she said. "I declare I have no patience with them. If I were an editor there should be no such neglect."

George laughed aloud at her pretty petulance. It was so pleasant to see and to hear the little maid when in a scolding mood! Anger sent a light flush into her cheeks, gave her lips a pouting expression irresistibly seducing, and threw an accent of pathetic indignation into her tones, sweet to listen to as the song of a love-lorn nightingale.

"Yes, it's a shame you should be treated with such neglect," she continued with increasing warmth.

"No, no, Ruth, you are unjust," replied George, "recollect I am but a mere student—quite unknown—quite inexperienced. This is my first picture, this is my first appearance in public. It would be wrong to expect as much attention from the journals as they accord to men who have long since become celebrated. If I obtain a few lines not absolutely condemnatory I shall be more than satisfied. I must study hard and work hard before I can expect to be noticed as you would notice me, dear Ruth."

"I'm sure you deserve all the praise in the world," she replied, "so don't say another word in your own disparagement."

And as it is, after all, far more pleasant to let others raise us than to cast ourselves down, George obeyed his cousin's command as rigidly as Corporal Trim would have obeyed my Uncle Toby, and the little party again became as merry and as animated as ever.

"Why, what a parcel of chatterboxes we all are!" suddenly exclaimed Fred, looking at his watch, "it's eleven o'clock! We've been just two hours at breakfast. M. de Vendôme could scarcely have sat longer over a fish supper."

"Eleven o'clock! O never!" said Ruth, starting to her feet with surprise.

"It is though, beyond the possibility of a doubt. There! there! Ruth, run away and dress if we are to go to the Exhibition to-day. And don't be more than an hour."

"O how ridiculous you are, Fred!" said Ruth, playfully struggling with her brother, "you know I'm always ready in *twenty minutes* at the utmost."

"Twenty minutes!" exclaimed he with well-feigned indignation. "Twenty minutes!" and he weighed heavily upon the two words, "why, your back-hair always takes you half an hour. Come, run away at once, you little coquette, and don't spoil my collar." Here he gently shook off his sister, and drove her into her room with playful compulsion.

Preparations for departure were soon completed this morning. Ruth was so buoyant and so joyous that for once she felt too impatient to give much time to her personal adornment or the niceties of dress. While yet George and Fred were only half way through the cigars they had lighted she was by their side again, triumphing at the extraordinary activity she had displayed.

Cigars were of course at once thrown to the winds, and the young men acknowledged themselves beaten. With this fresh incident to increase their gaiety and good spirits, they all sallied out to the Exhibition of Paintings, held in the Palais de l'Industrie of the Champs Elysées.

"Now," said Ruth, as soon as they had crossed the threshold of the building and bought a catalogue, "the first picture we look at, George, must be yours. I don't care to see any other than that. What is its number, Fred?"

"Eight hundred and fourteen," he replied, reading from the catalogue.

"O, but let us stay and examine some of the others," put in George protestingly, "we shall come to mine in due course. Look, there's a charming head by the door!"

Ruth stopped, gazed, and admired at the instigation of her cousin, and then again expressed a desire to go straight to his picture.

There was no opposing her any more, so Fred led the way, catalogue in hand, and guided them to the spot where, according to the official indications, George's work was to be found.

"Here it is," said he, "at least here's 813 and there's 812, so 814 can't be far off."

"It's very strange," he added, after a scrutiny of a few minutes, "but for the life of me I can't find it or any 814 either."

George, who was not looking for the number but for the picture itself, gazed all around, but without more success than his cousin.

"The catalogue distinctly says 814," remarked Fred. "Look at it, Ruth."

"Yes," she replied, "nothing can be plainer. Why, what have they done with your picture, George?"

"I really can't imagine," said the young artist, looking rather pale and disconcerted. "Let me see the catalogue," and he examined the book as though in the hope of finding that his cousins had made some mistake. But no! The thing was too simple and evident to admit of error. "It's very strange," he added musingly, "where can they have put it?"

The young people were all beginning to feel exceedingly uncomfortable—much like pleasure-seekers whose projected pic-nic is threatened by rain, when a thought suddenly came to their aid.

"Stop!" exclaimed George, although as they were all motionless just then, and evinced no intention of moving, the command was slightly incongruous. "Stop! I have it. Very frequently at the opening of the Exhibition mistakes occur in the arrangement of the pictures which are rectified afterwards. This, of course, is one. My picture has either been mis-numbered or mis-placed. The attendants will no doubt be able to explain the matter. I will run and speak to one."

And he immediately did so, coming back soon afterwards with a smiling face which showed that his surmises had been correct.

"It is as I expected," he said. "The picture has been misplaced. It is in the last room, and hangs on the right-hand side. We shall find it now at once."

They all hurried to the spot he indicated and eagerly looked around for the picture.

"'Tis very strange," observed George, his countenance again falling, "but I can't see it even here, though I've looked all over the room."

There were several pictures, however, hidden by a thick group of persons gathered in front of them, and admiring, as it appeared, some production the little party were yet unable to see.

"It may be somewhere there," said George mournfully, "let us approach."

They did so, but the crowd was so compact that they could get no glimpse of what was beyond. By way of compensation, tantalising expressions of admiration reached their ears from every side.

"It is charming," said one. "It is ravishing," said another. "Admirable," exclaimed a third. "What grace!" "What delicacy!" "What freshness!" So went the chorus of commendation.

George at last lost all patience as he heard these notes of admiration without being able to see what elicited them.

At this moment one of the foremost gazers quitted his place, and cleft his way through the crowd; not without a struggle, however, or some little difficulty.

It was Dr. Lansfey.

"Ah! *bon jour*," he exclaimed as he caught sight of his friends and saluted them with the utmost gaiety. (A few hours of bitterness followed by a good night's sleep had quite cured him apparently of his disappointment.) "I congratulate you, M. Georges, upon your triumph. 'Tis *un succès fou*."

"I do not understand you," replied George, trembling and turning pale.

"What! Have you not heard? Why, your charming picture is pronounced the gem of the Exhibition. It is that which all these people are looking at. Messieurs the critics were unanimously struck with it on the opening day, and have praised it in the highest terms. My dear friend, your reputation is made."

"Impossible!" said George, but his cheeks were no longer pale now.

"It is true, I assure you. I have lived so much out of the world lately, or I should have heard of it before. All your old comrades are already dying with envy at your success. You will become quite a hero directly it is known that you have returned to Paris."

"O let us go and look at the picture at once," exclaimed Ruth, her eyes glistening with rapture, "I do so long to see it."

They patiently waited at the back of the group until the persons forming its front rank withdrew; one then at last stood before George's canvas.

Ruth started back with surprise at the sight which met her glance.

And well she might! She herself was the heroine of the picture.

George had represented her just as she appeared at Sundown on the memorable morning of their interview in the trellised avenue.

A pruning knife was in her hand, and with it she was clipping those over-shadowing creepers upon which she habitually bestowed so much attention. Her face, glowing with health and joy, wore a gratified and arch expression as though modestly conscious of its own charms and of the admiration they were exciting.

The resemblance to the original was marvellous, though a lover's hand could be traced in the idolised beauty with which the features were invested.

George, paraphrasing the familiar title of Raphael's great work, had called his picture *Une Belle Jardinière*, and no term could have been more aptly chosen. The winning beauty of the rosy young English girl struck every observer with admiration, while a certain originality and naturalness in the treatment of the whole composition marked it in critical estimation as a work of unusual merit. Mr. Fred's fictitious eulogies were even less flattering than those which the leading Paris Journalist had bestowed upon the young artist's maiden effort.

"O George! I feel too happy now," said Ruth to her cousin after they had gazed upon the picture for a few minutes. She spoke in so soft a whisper that Fred, though standing close to her side, did not hear her words.

"Do you, dearest?" said George in the same low tone, fondly pressing her arm; he thought far less of his success at that moment than of the delight he had occasioned Ruth.

"I would rather please you than all the world beside," he added, looking tenderly into her face with tear drops in his eyes.

"Would you, dear George?"

"Yes, darling, yes, a thousand times."

They would say no more then: their hearts were too full for speech. The happy time had come to them as it comes once to us all, and now the earth seemed fairer than it had ever seemed before; in every passing breath there were sounds of soft music; the air was filled with the scent of perfumed flowers; and sunlight shone upon all objects, far and near, softening the most rugged into shapes of symmetry and beauty.

Love had but waved his magic wand, and the two new subjects he had gained were already in fairy land.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE first few days succeeding that upon which the visit to the Exhibition had been made scarcely left any trace of their passage upon the minds of the two lovers. Ruth and George paid no heed to the flight of time. Night was as bright as day to them; for the sun never set that shone upon their hearts.

The young painter scarcely gave a thought to his picture. What was fame to him, or the applause of the world, compared with the love of Ruth? It was *she* who had guided his hand while at the easel; it was *she* who had stimulated and encouraged him through long days of labour; it was *she* who had filled his fancy with the poetic conceptions he had transferred to canvas. To her therefore was all the honour due. The praises bestowed upon himself George gave to her, as the knights errant of old loved the trophies of their valour before the mistress for whose glory they had fought.

And Ruth! how proud she was of her champion! How fondly she returned the affection he lavished upon her! If he but quitted her side for an instant she was all anxiety until he came back again. If a mere passing cloud flitted across his face it cast its shadow upon

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THE PARTING.

A LITTLE incident like that on the other side can be better imagined by the reader than described by the

hers. If he sighed from mere excess of pleasure, so also did she. There was no emotion of his mind into which she did not penetrate with sympathetic spirit. Their two hearts beat in unison to the melody of that old, old song which the world sang in the spring-time of its infancy, and which it will continue to sing even in the winter of its decaying old age.

And then Fred, the dear brother, was there to share his sister's joy, nay, to augment it by his presence.

Ruth thought sometimes that he would be jealous of her too great happiness, and complain of her divided heart. So whenever she saw him looking grave or pensive she would steal softly up to him, as if to atone for her neglect, place her arms around his neck, and kiss him with appealing tenderness.

But he was not in any way jealous of her happiness. Illness had coloured and chastened his spirit; the old fretting demon had not yet re-appeared; he was still too full of the grateful thoughts inspired by returning health to give entrance into his heart to exaggerated sensitiveness or distorted self-mistrust.

How swiftly time flew by! Why a week had already elapsed since that visit to the Exhibition, and it seemed but as a few hours! Could it be possible that nights had succeeded days, and days nights, with such magical rapidity? Yes, it was even so. George started with astonishment one afternoon as his eye fell upon a newspaper lying on the table, and he saw by the date it bore how the hours had been winged by love.

"Why, Ruth," he suddenly exclaimed, "I must leave you this very day."

"Leave me," replied she, turning pale.

"Yes, this is the day I am to go to Meaux to fetch my father and sister. I declare I had forgotten all about it."

"What a forgetful brother!" said Ruth with playful rebuke. "If Hester only knew the little attention you had bestowed upon her! What would she say?"

"She would say of course that he was a selfish, disagreeable, egotistical, and oblivious person," replied Mr. Fred with much briskness of manner.

"I'm sure she would not be so severe or use such unkind words," Ruth said. "She is too fond of you, is she not, dear George, ever to act thus?"

"Well! she does not always spare me," replied George laughingly. "But on the whole we get on very well together."

"Very well together? O what a cold and disagreeable manner of speaking!" exclaimed Ruth rebukingly. "I am ashamed of you. Why, if Fred were to speak so of me I should never forgive him; never, never."

"Ah, you forget that it is not every brother who has such a sister as yourself, dear Ruth," replied George.

"Why, this is worse and worse; to speak against cousin Hester by innuendo and disparage her in order that I may be exalted. I begin to think, George, you are a very hard-hearted brother, quite a despot towards your sister."

writer. Gallant young horsemen and fair young damsels have at all times a good deal to say to each other, and even when they bid each other good-bye, they manage to put a considerable amount of meaning into that seemingly insignificant formula.

But Ruth's face as she spoke did not indicate that this unfavourable opinion had penetrated very deeply into her mind.

"Of course," chimed in Fred, "I've no doubt he beats her now and then, locks her in her bed-room when she is naughty, and keeps her there on bread and water for a week. George is evidently capable of any atrocity; a domestic Nero or Phalaris, I'm certain. What a prospect for you, Ruth, if ever you fall into his hands."

"I should certainly gobble her up as the wolf gobbled up the lamb," said the ferocious young man, smiling at the good-humour of his cousins. "When Hester arrives, Ruth, depend upon it the first thing she does will be to show you the scars on her arms and back. I dare say she is even now black and blue with the marks of our last encounter."

"Well! mind, George, when Hester comes to Paris I shall always take her part. I'm sure she is very affectionate and gentle, is she not?"

"You must not ask me," he replied gaily. "A brother is one of the worst judges of his sister's good qualities. Besides, to-morrow you will see her for yourself."

"To-morrow! I'm very glad it will be so soon."

"Yes, I shall go down to Meaux this afternoon, stop there the night, bring up my father and sister by an early train next morning, at once take them to the lodgings I have provided for them in the Rue de Chateaubriand, and then, directly they recover somewhat from the fatigues of the journey, I mean to run over here and fetch you and Fred to introduce to them. Do you approve of my plans, dear Ruth?"

"O yes, they could not be better. You will give my dearest love to Hester, will you, and tell her how much I long to see her. What, must you go so soon?" poor Ruth inquired pathetically, as her cousin rose for the purpose of departing.

"Yes, indeed, dear Ruth, or I shall miss the train."

"Stop a minute or so, and I'll accompany you to the station," said Fred, who had already learnt so much within a few days that he knew it was utterly impossible for the two young lovers properly to say adieu to each other in the presence of a third person. And he hastily quitted the room.

"Good-bye, darling," said George, a moment or two later: his arm was round her waist, and they were standing in the now hallowed spot, the embrasure of the window.

"Good-bye, George."

Their lips met so softly and so gently, that the loving kiss was scarcely as audible as the tremulous throbbing of their hearts.

"Good-bye, good-bye."

All the rest of that day Ruth was very still and pensive. She did not feel dejected or sorrowful, but a sort of languid joy, with a delicious sensation of repose, had stolen over her, and now all her emotions were hushed, as though in a sweet sleep.

When Fred returned from the station she glided to his side, laid her head upon his shoulder, and thus the fond brother and sister sat, silently looking out upon declining evening, until the sun had left the sky, and the stars were shining forth in heaven, and the busy sounds of the great city were softened into faint and distant murmurings. They were loth to part that night, loth to disturb the current of happy feeling which flowed on so steadily through their united hearts.

Fred was the first to speak.

"Are you happy, Ruth?" he said, looking affectionately into his sister's face.

"Yes, Fred."

"And do you love George *very* fondly?"

She made no reply, but looked down and hid her face against his breast.

"Speak, Ruth; speak, darling one. You need not fear your brother."

She took courage on this, and timidly looked up into his face as if to see what expression it wore. It was calm and gentle, but earnest almost to seriousness.

"Yes, Fred, I love him very fondly."

Her voice broke as she made this avowal, and again she hid her face upon her brother's breast.

"You are not angry with me, are you, dear Fred?" she said after a moment's pause.

"Angry, Ruth! Angry! How could you think so ill of me? Is not your happiness my happiness?"

"I think it is."

"I used to fancy I should be jealous of anybody who took away your heart from me, and that I could never endure you to be loved except by myself," he said. "But that was silly and selfish; perhaps, even, it was wicked. Now that I see how deeply you love George, and how earnestly he loves you in return, I have lost all such morbid thoughts. I only pray that he will be to you a good husband; I know you will be to him a fond and loving wife."

She could not speak, tears, overflowing tears of joy, choked her utterance, but she put her arm round Fred's neck, and kissed him with deep affection.

"You will think of me sometimes, and love me now and then, will you, Ruth?" he added, quite softly.

"Think of you sometimes? I shall always think of you. Could I ever forget my dear, dear brother!"

"God bless you, Ruth, God bless you," Fred said in a troubled voice; and then he kissed his sister with almost paternal tenderness, and with a solemnity of manner quite unusual to him.

And thus they separated.

The next day Ruth was up at an early hour, all gaiety and excitement in anticipation of the meeting that in a few hours was to introduce her to cousin Hester. A good night's rest had utterly driven away from her heart the languid but joyous pensiveness which had taken up its abode there immediately after George's departure. A few hours before, when sitting by Fred's side and gazing out upon the beauty of the sky, some of the mysterious and softening influence of night had tempered her happiness until it took almost the aspect of sorrow. Now, with the re-awakening day, her feelings were flowing through their accustomed channels, and she was again the same gladsome, active, bustling little maid she had always been at Sundown.

Full an hour before Fred's usual time for rising she was at his door knocking vigorously upon its panels, and calling the sleeper by his name.

"Why, Fred! Get up! Get up! Remember we are to meet cousin Hester to-day and uncle George. Make haste down to breakfast; I have a thousand things to say to you."

All the morning Ruth talked of nothing but the forthcoming interview. She was in a flutter of expectation and delight. For the hundredth time she tried to draw upon fancy for a portrait of cousin Hester. George had said that she was fair and of middle height; that her features were regular; that her voice was soft; that her manner was graceful and dignified, and that her hair was light; as a brother he could not be expected to more closely define its colour. Here was description enough, as it seemed, to satisfy even the most curious. But it did not satisfy Miss Ruth. She could not with the materials at her command paint a picture that contented her. Imagination would take objection, now to this feature, now to that; until the whole fell under the condemnation of its adverse criticism.

As the day wore on, and afternoon approached, the desire of Ruth to see her cousin Hester grew stronger than ever. Of course with this feeling anxiety to see George again was mingled; but of that desire the young girl herself was scarcely aware. All her thoughts for the moment were of Hester.

"How will she receive me, I wonder?" said the little maid to herself again and again, as she stood before her glass dressing with more than usual care. "What will she say to me for loving George so much? Will she be jealous of me? No! She must be too kind and gentle for that. O how I long to clasp her to my heart and call her sister! What happy days we shall have together! What fine walks we will take when we are at Sundown! How I wish we were there already! Aunt Susan will be very happy when she sees us all around her."

And thus Ruth allowed her joyous anticipations to hurry onwards in a mad revel, tripping each other up in their eagerness, and then giving place to new comers even more ardent and impetuous.

She had never felt so buoyant or so confident as she felt to-day. And to think that but a few weeks since all was dreariness and dejection with her. She could scarcely picture to herself now the dismal, anxious time she had passed at Sundown when Fred's fate was enveloped in so much uncertainty.

But would George never come? Why, it was four o'clock and still there were no signs of him. Could he have been detained at Meaux, or had some accident happened?

But no! Ruth would not give entrance into her mind to any gloomy anticipations to-day. There was to be no more unhappiness for them now!

Ah! Whose form was that she caught sight of as she gazed from the window into the street below? It was not difficult to tell. Her flushing cheeks and sparkling eyes spoke of themselves, and told the simple story.

A few minutes afterwards, and George was in her arms.

"You are very late," she said half-reproachfully, when the fond embrace had been exchanged. "I have been waiting hour after hour for you, until I thought you would never come."

"My father was tired with the journey, and I stopped until he had somewhat recovered."

"But I shall see him to-day!"

"O yes! When I reminded him that he was to make your acquaintance this afternoon, he forgot at once all his fatigue, and was as delighted as a child."

"And cousin Hester?"

"Quite well, dearest, and awaiting your appearance with much anxiety."

"Come, then, let us start at once. I do so long to see her."

They hurried away, Fred accompanying them, until they reached the quay, where a cab was procured, which in about half an hour conveyed the eager little party to the Rue de Chateaubriand.

"Which storey?" inquired Ruth the moment they alighted from the vehicle.

"The second," replied George as he led the way upstairs.

When they reached the second landing-place they found the door of the apartment open, and an old white-headed man standing in the entry as though awaiting their arrival.

The first glance Ruth caught of his face was enough. She saw in an instant it was uncle Radcliffe. While George was yet saying, "This is cousin Ruth, father," she was in the old man's arms.

He was quite overpowered by the warmth and earnestness of her embrace: for recent illness had permanently shattered him, and at the least emotion he wept like a child. Now, as he gazed upon the affectionate little being who was clinging to him so lovingly, the tears fell down his cheeks thick and fast.

"Bless you, my little darling. I'm very glad to see you," he said, as he kissed Ruth's forehead. His voice was broken, but it was soft and gentle like a woman's, with a sound of trembling pathos in its tones. Ruth found the tears springing into her own eyes, so affected was she by the tenderness of the old man's greeting.

"Let us go inside," said George, "my sister is waiting for us there."

They went in, Mr. Radcliffe leading Ruth by the hand.

At the farther end of the spacious drawing-room a young girl was seated, book in hand. She was of very fair complexion, had light brown hair, and features almost classical in their regularity and calmness. The sound of voices outside had reached her, but it did not appear to have disturbed her. There she sat, motionless and tranquil, still reading the volume in her hand, as the little party entered. It was not, indeed, until Ruth had advanced half across the room that she rose from her chair.

"This is my sister Hester," said George, "and this is cousin Ruth."

At first there was a little hesitation on the part of both the young girls, but it was ended in a moment by Ruth, who sprang forward and kissed her new-found sister with affectionate eagerness. Hester seemed a little surprised by the warmth of this salutation, and

returned it in a subdued manner, that by comparison was almost cold and formal.

"And so you are the little Ruth of whom I have heard so much," she said, holding her cousin at arms' length, and placidly scrutinising her as though she were a Cellini goblet, a mummy from Denderah, or a good little girl from a Sunday-school.

Her words were not meant unkindly; they were not uttered in an unkind tone; but they fell upon Ruth's warm and throbbing heart like ice, and froze up at once all her overflowing emotion.

It was so strange a greeting for one young girl to accord to another of nearly her own age! There appeared to be something of a sneer lurking beneath its welcome, or a little of the patronising spirit age so frequently displays in its intercourse with youth.

Poor Ruth! In her buoyant anticipations she had pictured Hester as simple, as affectionate, as warm-hearted as herself; and now a sharp chill of disappointment came over her as she found how imagination had led her astray.

(To be continued.)

BREACH OF PROMISE CASES.

EVERY now and then, while the county assizes are being held, the general public derives an immense amount of entertainment from what are described as breach of promise cases. It is true there is a wonderful sameness about them. The defendant is amorous, and quotes a great deal of poetry. The court vastly enjoys the perusal of his letters, and the papers quote them entire and unabridged. The lady suffers much, and the public sympathies are decidedly with her. Of course there are some atrocious cases, for which the men who figure in them cannot be punished too severely; but as a rule, we do think the men have the worst of it. A young man is thrown into the company of an attractive young female; they both have little to do at the time, and naturally fall in love. She has as much to do with the matter as he, and yet, if he begins to think that he cannot keep a wife—that the marriage will not promote the happiness of the parties concerned—that the affair was rash, and had better be broken off—he is liable to an action for breach of promise. Such cases are constantly occurring. The jury being decidedly romantic—thinking love in a cottage to be Elysium—forgetting the vulgar saying that when poverty comes in at the door love flies out at the window—mark their sense of the enormity of the defendant's conduct in refusing to make an imprudent marriage, by awarding to the lady £300 as damages.

Now, we can understand how English jurymen—generally men with marriageable daughters, can easily make up their minds to give damages in such cases, but we more than question the invariable justice of such a course. When affection has died out, we can conceive no greater curse than a marriage; yet either that must be effected, or a jury will possibly agree to damages that may ruin the defendant for life. This we deem bad, nor do we think that a woman should always have

before her the certainty that the promise given in that state of mind which poets describe as brief insanity, an amiable jury will consider as equivalent to an I. O. U. to any amount they please. We do protest against confounding a legal promise to marry with a promise to pay the bearer on demand £1000. We rather fear that this distinction is likely to be overlooked, not but that occasionally an action for breach of promise has a very happy effect. It serves as a moral lesson to ardent youths of an amorous disposition. It also furnishes the broken-hearted and forsaken fair with a dowry, which has been known to purchase her a husband in almost as good a state of preservation as the gentleman who was to have borne that honoured name. All that we find fault with is the number of such cases.

A gay deceiver is no enviable character for any respectable man to wear. No man of mental or moral worth would voluntarily assume it. But a spinster coming to a court of justice, and saying to the defendant, "You have taken my heart, give me your purse," is no very desirable a position for a woman, though she may have the fortitude and strength of mind of a Mrs. Caudle herself. At any rate, the legal view of woman is very different to the poetical one, and for ourselves we infinitely prefer the latter. The view of the jury is, that a woman not marrying a man who has evidently no love for her, or he would not have married another, is to the plaintiff an injury—we think it is a happy escape—and an injury which deepens as the courtship lengthens. The jury reasons that the plaintiff, Mary Brown, is as good-tempered a girl as ever lived—that provided she could but marry she did not care who made her his wife. The position of the sexes is reversed, and the woman sings—

"How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away."

According to the jury, if Jones had not married Mary Brown, Jenkins would—consequently hers is a double loss. So that if a woman reaches the ripe age of thirty, by this arithmetic she is more wronged than she would have been had she been a blooming lass of twenty. In the same manner there is a delicate sliding-scale for defendants in such cases. A bridegroom well-made and well-to-do has to pay no end of sovereigns for the damage he had done; while a short time since, a defendant who had been attacked with paralysis was let off for £50. Woman, in this view of the case, is as dangerous as a money-lender or a shark. Byron tells us—

"Man's love is of man's life a thing apart—
'Tis woman's whole existence."

But our modern juries give us a very different reading. We prefer, however, to abide by the old.

Most undoubtedly to win the affections of a woman and then desert her is a crime—but it is of a character too ethereal to be touched by human law. If the woman's heart be shattered by the blow, no amount of money-compensation can heal the wound, and a woman of much worth and of the least delicacy would shrink from the publicity such cases generally confer on all the parties interested in them. But if the principle be admitted, that disappointment in love can be atoned for by the possession of solid cash—if gold can heal the heart wounded by the fact that its love has been repelled—that its confidence has been betrayed—we do not

see why the same remedy should not be within the reach of man. And yet this notoriously is not the case. When anything of the sort is tried, the unhappy plaintiff seldom gets more than a farthing damages. Besides, what upright, honourable man would stoop for a moment to such a thing; and yet, in spite of all modern enlightenment, we maintain that the injury of a breach of promise on the part of a woman is as great as that on the part of a man. In the morning of life men have been struck down by such disappointments, and through life have been blasted as the oak by the lightning's stroke. With his heart gone—demoralised, the man has lived to take a fearful revenge for the first offence, possibly to become a cold cynic—sceptical of man's honour and woman's love. Yet breach of promise cases are not resorted to by men, and we cannot congratulate our fair friends on the fact that so many of them come into courts of law as plaintiffs in such cases. Bachelors will fear that, after all, it is true that—

"Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare,

And Mammon wins his way where seraphs might despair."

And the result will be that while the more impetuous of us will commit ourselves at once, and come within the clutches of law, the more cool and cunning will excite hopes, which deferred will make sick the heart, and inspire an affection which may exist but to torment the heart in which it had its birth. Ay, beneath such mental grief the beauty and blessedness of life may vanish never to return, and yet all the while he who did the deed may defy the power of human law.

LITERATURE.

NEW POEMS.—*Songs of Life*, by William Fulford, M.A., Pembroke College, Oxford. (London: Alexander Heylin.)

Alban: a Narrative Poem, by William Thurston. (London: Judd and Glass.)

A Man's Heart; a Poem, by Charles Mackay. (London: Smith, Elder, and Co.)

It is hopeless work publishing poetry. We are a poetical people; each man is more or less a poet. When we are very young we all write poems, and sometimes publish them. Pitt is said to have been the only eminent man never known to write a line of poetry. The consequence of all this is, distinction in poetry is rare, and what in a less educated and less poetical age would have gained the writers vast reputation, now-a-days meets with no sale whatever, and falls still-born from the press. It is lamentable to think of the waste of time, and intellect, and purpose thus occasioned. The authors themselves, perhaps, reap a certain amount of benefit. They undergo an educational process—they learn that fame is not so easily gained as youth imagines—they learn that man has something better to do than sing songs, or frame lays of love, and they rise from an unsatisfactory interview with their publishers sadder and wiser men; but the general public have little to thank our young bards for; they distract its attention—they interfere with the claims of better men, for as life is short, and time for reading shorter, it is self-evident

that it is a sin and shame for a man to read other than the best and highest productions of human genius. A poet now who would gain a hearing must write short poems. Mr. Fulford has complied with this condition, and he has also the additional merit of writing on what touches the human heart. With Keats he believes

"The great end
Of Poesy, that it should be a friend
To soothe the cares and lift the thought of man."

It is true he displays no very great originality—that occasionally he reminds the reader too much of Tennyson—that his muse is somewhat sad and troubled with low spirits, but he has a certain amount of melody and fine feeling enough to give him a respectable place among the minor poets of the day.

Mr. William Thurston writes a narrative poem. In the personage called Leonto, the bosom friend of his hero of the poem, he endeavours to imitate the character and principal actions of the great Turenne. He has, it is true, introduced several circumstances which did not happen in the life of the French general, and some public actions he has ascribed to Leonto he tells us may not have been performed by that brave commander, but the reader will find all Leonto's thoughts and actions are consistent with the character of Turenne, and the main incidents in accordance with his actual history. Alban, who gives the name to the poem, is an artist. The poem itself is in blank verse, and is cast in a mould which being old, and unused in these spasmodic days, has almost an air of freshness.

But we now make way for no puny songster, but a real living poet—one who can understand his age, and set its highest thoughts to music. In what English family is not the name of Dr. Mackay known? Was ever song more popular, and more deservedly so, than that of his "Good Time Coming?" What worker on behalf of right and truth, in his darkest hours, when most disposed to despair and give up, has not been cheered and invigorated by snatches of some of the Doctor's many and exquisite verses? The true poet is a poet to the last—not merely in hot and lusty youth, but when the hair is silvered, and the brow furrowed by the hand of age. Thus is it, in the very prime of life, and in the fulness of his fame, Dr. Mackay gives us a noble poem, under the title of "A Man's Heart,"—tender, delicate, and, alas, sorrowful and sad. A father and son live in a beautiful English home. Within a mile is—

"The Hall of Erlwood with its towers antique,
Seen through an arching avenue of elms."

At the Hall resides Sir Thomas Bellenden, a rich merchant and ambitious M.P., and a daughter—we need not say how beautiful—whom he desires to marry to a peer, and thus become—as he cannot succeed in obtaining a title for himself—indirectly connected with the peerage. She loves the boy, Arthur Westwood, of whom we have spoken, as he loves her, with all his heart, and soul, and strength. Arthur's father, foreseeing a hapless conclusion to this first love, travels with his son,—the latter painting as he travels to Italy.

"Twas three months afterwards, they'd gone to Rome,
Seen all the sights—been saddened day by day,
At the great spectacle of death in life"—

When the father receives a letter containing the news that Edith Bellenden had married

"That superb old earl,
Who loved so well her father's manly boy."

Arthur read the terrible news, with what results we can guess, for man's heart is ever the same, and few are there who know not the fierce fire of a first love, and the bitterness which comes to the soul when it discovers all its passion has been poured out in vain.

"They went to Naples, thence to Sicily,
And thence to Athens. Arthur could not rest;
He thought he'd like to row upon the Nile,
And see the Pyramids; and so they went
And rowed upon the Nile, and thought it dull,
And saw the Pyramids, and thought them small,—
And next they tried the desert—what of that?
It *was* a desert—but in their degree,
Pall Mall, the Boulevards, and the grand canal,
Are they not deserts also if the heart
Find not another heart in all their scope
To change a feeling with? so back they turned,
And came to Pera, and the Golden Horn,
Where Arthur fumed and fretted at the Turks,
And mourned the fate of such a lovely land,
Encumbered by such people."

Back to Italy was the cry—then on to France. At last Arthur exclaimed:

"Let's seek that fresher land,
Our own land, where a public soul remains
To guide the public body! Let us go—
For I am weary of the beat of drum,
The dust of troops—the slavery and the slaves—
And long to rush into the open air,
Out of this fever—to the land of health,
To tread the sward of Freedom, and inhale
The fresh pure atmosphere that freemen love."

England gained—they hear that Edith's lord, while riding, is thrown from his horse, and after three weeks' languishing, dies. Edith returns to her early home,

"And no one knew her anguish but herself,
For she had given her hand without her heart,
After great struggle, after many tears,
Because she reckoned filial duty much,
Herself as nothing. She had sold her peace
For empty title, which she valued not;
And, like the Patriarch's son, had laid her down,
Moaning and helpless, but obedient still,
On the grim altar which her sire had built
To offer up his human sacrifice
To his false gods of Vanity and Pride."

In her widowhood she cherishes Arthur's memory, whose love meanwhile has turned to hate. To save Edith's life her father seeks an interview with Arthur's, and once more the long-divided lovers meet; for Arthur, hearing the great Sir Thomas had become bankrupt, thinks that in her poverty he may seek to win the Edith of his youth. They marry, and are happy, but in making their wedding tour, Edith in a mist falls from the top of a Scottish mountain, and perishes miserably.

"It was not till the noon—the dreadful noon,
Glaring and gay, as if this thing were not
Glaring and staring in its lusty life—
That they discovered in the glen below
The lovely body of the loveliest soul
That ever brought a comfort to the world,
Or took a joy away in going home
To that serenest world whose door is Death."

Then comes a sad lament, sad as that with which David bewailed the loss of Jonathan; sad as Lycidas, or Adonais; sad as heart ever felt; and then we see Arthur dying, just as he finishes the portrait of his wife.

"They sleep together in one humble grave,
Under the ancient yew that overlooks
The moss-grown portico of Erlwood church.
And thither every morn a maiden comes
To tend the flowers. And thither every night
A father strays lamenting for his son."

We lay down the volume in no mind to criticise or to find fault. It is a tale of a man's heart—how it loved—and hoped—and wrought—and joyed—and sorrowed, told with a beauty and a delicacy, and a tenderness and a grace, unsurpassed by any contemporary writer. Besides we have some of Dr. Mackay's choicest lyrics; and the descriptions of Scottish scenery, and of the terrible storm and mist which terminated so fatally, are as vivid and powerful as anything in the English language. We congratulate Dr. Mackay on the completion of this noble poem. It must add to his fame, for it is better and, as a work of art, completer than anything he has yet done. We are much mistaken if it does not obtain an extensive popularity, even in these days of wonderfully funny and fast writing—when poetry and passion—all that is grand, and dignified, and noble in life—seem going out of date.

THE LADIES' TREASURY for May has just reached us. We have looked through it, and consider it admirably adapted to the class for whom it is designed. The engravings are of a very superior quality; the tales and descriptive articles are of great interest, and our lady friends assure us that the pages more exclusively devoted to female fashions, and the mysteries of fancy-work, are unusually accurate and valuable. We are not surprised to find this cheap periodical a great favourite with the ladies.

LIGHTS and Shadows of Church Life in Australia, including Thoughts on some Things at Home, by T. Binney: London, Jackson and Walford. Mr. Binney—perhaps the first man in the denomination of which he is an ornament—some time back went to Australia to recruit his health. Whilst there he became extensively engaged in ministerial work; the colonists were glad to see him, and in visiting their churches, and preaching and lecturing, his time was amply occupied. His presence led to an ecclesiastical controversy, which is here reprinted. It appears in South Australia all denominations of religion are more completely on a level than in the other colonies in consequence of state aid having entirely ceased for some time. This religious equality has not been without its influence on the thinkings and sentiments of several in the Episcopal church. When Mr. Binney arrived the parsons and the laity requested the bishop to allow him to preach in one or other of his churches; the bishop felt himself compelled to refuse this request. In his letter to Mr. Binney, the bishop writes: "Neither the power of your intellect, nor vigour of your reasoning, nor suavity of manners, nor soundness in the faith, would justify me in departing from the rule of the Church of England, a tradition of eighteen centuries, which declares your orders irregular, your mission the offspring of division, and your church schism,—I

will not say schism, but *dichostas*." This request and refusal created considerable excitement in the colonies, and on Mr. Binney's return to England he thought it advisable to reproduce a part of what then appeared; and he has acted wisely in so doing, for church union, liturgical revision, historical nonconformity, are matters of pregnant interest in England as well as in Australia. A more valuable work, one more calm, or dignified, or religious, has not appeared on the dissenting side of the question for some time—if ever.

THE WAYWARD HEART, a novel, in two volumes, by Edward T. Branthwayt, author of "Deerbrook Parsonage." London: Charles T. Skeet.

The name of Edward Branthwayt must be familiar to the reader of the *National* as the writer of sundry tales which from time to time have graced our pages, and which always have been characterised by great smartness, fluency, and artistic skill. Mr. Branthwayt undoubtedly besides is one of the most gentlemanly of modern novelists; he avoids low life, and writes of and for the upper ten thousand. His heroes and heroines have all good blood in their veins, are remarkably handsome or beautiful, and have a very natural tendency to fall in love. It is true that similar heroes and heroines have been met with before, but it is also equally true that the old, old story never tires, and that in the hands of good writers, love—and its attendant emotions, the hopes, the fears, the jealousies it excites—may be still made to give as much interest as ever. In "The Wayward Heart" Mr. Branthwayt has excelled himself, and has constructed one of the most powerful and pathetic tales we have read for a long time. The tale is full of strange incident and wonderful surprises, far more so than we would suppose from its quiet opening. Arthur Langdale and Charles Carville are cousins—the sons of sisters wonderfully alike, and bear a very strong outward resemblance to each other. They are educated together at Eton and Oxford, where they attain great distinction, and make the tour of Europe together; but the families are not intimate, for Charles's father is not on friendly terms with Arthur's, who eloped with his sister-in-law. Arthur's mother is dead, and his step-mother gives him on all occasions an unfriendly greeting; her son George does the same. Meanwhile Arthur falls desperately in love with the wayward heart of his cousin Edith, who loves him, but will suffer other eligible parties to pay her attentions. However, she resolves to behave for the future much better, and has an interview with an old admirer, to reject his suit positively and for ever. This interview Arthur unfortunately witnesses, and all his previous suspicions are confirmed. He tears himself from Edith, rushes to London, writes magnificent poetry, and makes most eloquent speeches, has an affair with an Italian countess, fights a French baron, and is on the point of marrying a scheming woman, who hates him for his refusal of her proffered love. When his father dies he discovers that he is illegitimate, and surrenders his vast estates to his step-mother and her son. Poor Edith, at death's door, however, marries him in his adversity, and at length it turns out that his mother, who was not dead, but confined in an Italian convent, was the lawful wife of his father, and that the estates rightly belong to Arthur. The brother shoots himself rather than live on in dis-

grace; his mother dies in consequence of the shock; and Arthur, amidst universal congratulation, enters his paternal home. Such is a very meagre outline of "Wayward Heart,"—a tale which we predict will confer no little additional popularity on the author. It is a capital book for light summer reading.

"DAYS AT MUIRHEAD" (London: James Blackwood) is a very pleasing book for children. Olive Gray, a little girl living at Liverpool, is taken by her mamma to spend a short time in Scotland, on a visit to Uncle Robert. On their way they make the acquaintance of an Indian colonel, who has much to tell them, and whose destination is the same as their own. Olive enjoys her visit vastly in spite of a narrow escape from drowning, sees a great deal of quiet Scottish life, learns much that is useful to her in after life, and altogether is a young lady much to be desired, and whom we may safely introduce as an agreeable companion to our younger readers.

THE MONTH.

It is reported (says the *Observer*) that the government intends to adopt Captain Fowke's plan for altering the National Gallery in Trafalgar-square, one of the main features of which is supposed to be to make the present building large enough for the national pictures without turning out the Royal Academy.

Mr. Holman Hunt's picture "The Saviour in the Temple," is attracting large numbers of persons to the German Gallery, in Bond-street. On Friday upwards of 700 people saw the picture, and the numbers appear to increase every day. There is a proposition made by some influential men of Manchester, which is mentioned by the *Guardian* newspaper of that city, to the effect, that the picture should be purchased for their New Free Art Gallery, and that £8000 should be subscribed by eight individuals residing in Manchester, with the view of offering that sum for the picture. Already three gentlemen have put down their names for the amount.

The favourable turning point in our agricultural prospects appears to have been reached. The principal part of May was everything that the agricultural heart could desire—abundance of rain, soft and penetrating, and a very liberal allowance of hot sunshine.

It is stated that the tremendous recoil from the Armstrong gun experienced during recent trials on board the Redwing gunboat renders it imperatively necessary that some other form of carriage should be substituted for the one at present in use, should the smaller class of gunboats be armed with these weapons. The greased wad that was introduced for the purpose of cleansing the gun when fired is said to have remedied the matter to a certain extent, but the fouling of the gun is still very great.

The pictures in the Royal Academy in London were opened to the public in the first week in May. The notices which have appeared describe the exhibition as an excellent one, though there is an absence of any "surpassing work" which absorbs the public attention—a failing which, however, the mass of exhibitors will take to be a merit. Sir Edwin Landseer comes out this year; so does Mr. Millais, with a picture which may be taken to be the companion of "The Huguenot." There are also exhibited a few pictures of great merit, taken from sacred subjects, a line of art into which English artists are gradually creeping.

If we may credit the Registrar-General, the country is

in a prosperous condition. The marriages in England in 1859, an account of which is now first published, were considerably in excess of the marriages in the four previous years. The numbers were 167,900 in 1859, 156,207 in 1858, 159,097 in 1857, 159,837 in 1856, and 152,113 in 1855. As the rule, every marriage indicates previous preparation and saving, and there is no better criterion of the well-being and foresight of the people than an increase in the number of marriages. Thus, in every 100,000 of the population 98 persons more were married in 1859 than in 1858, 52 more than in 1857, 26 more than in 1856, and 80 more than in 1855. The halves of these sums show us the greater number of new homes that were established in England amongst every 100,000 of the people in 1859 than in the previous years; for example, 49 more than in 1858.

The Crystal Palace directors have inaugurated their new season well. The Mendelssohn Festival was a great success—all musical London was present—and the general execution of the *Elijah* was really wonderful. The only drawback was occasioned by acoustic difficulties, which, perhaps, with a better arrangement of the seats and of the screen, may be altogether removed. Of course, with so many thousands present, all requiring, in spite of the music, something to eat and drink, the scramble to procure refreshment, and the time so occupied, was almost unavoidable. The contractor, we dare say, did the best he could with his staff; but on such gigantic gatherings as that of which we write the company should give him every assistance in their power, as they have as much interest in catering for the public appetite as he has.

It is with sincere regret that we have to announce the death of Sir Charles Barry, which took place very suddenly a little before midnight, on May 13, at his residence near Clapham-common. This bereavement falls in the most unexpected manner on the family, as up to within two or three hours of his lamented decease Sir Charles continued in the enjoyment of as sound health as often falls to the lot of men who are approaching their 70th year. On the previous day he was at the New Palace, Westminster, and transacted business as usual, and on Saturday so little did any change betoken his approaching dissolution that he appeared even better than usual, and passed the greater part of the day at the Crystal Palace. Between eight and nine in the evening, however, he was seized with a fit of what appeared to be paralysis, the worst symptoms of which progressed with such fatal rapidity that in little more than two hours Sir Charles had ceased to exist. Sir Charles was born in Westminster in 1795, and was a Royal Academician and a Fellow of the chief architectural institutions in England and Europe.

On May 23, another London celebrity, Albert Smith, died.

We have to announce the foundation of a new public gallery of Art—the Ellison Gallery—henceforth to rank in name and standing with the Vernon Gallery and the Sheepshanks Gallery. Mrs. Elizabeth Ellison, of Sudbrooke Holme, in the county of Lincoln, has made to the Department of Science and Art, at South Kensington, a most noble gift. It consists, for the present, of fifty splendid original water-colour paintings (the production of British artists), the property of her late husband, Richard Ellison, Esq., who always intended that some of his collection should ultimately be bequeathed to the nation. The pictures now made over to the public comprise specimens of the following artists:—G. Barrett, 1 specimen; C. Bentley, 1; G. Cattermole, 8; G. Chambers, 2; David Cox, 1; Sydney Cooper, 2; P. Dewint, 3; Copley Fielding, 2; C. Haag, 1; L. Haghe, 2; Hills and Barrett, 1; W. Hunt, 3; W. L. Leitch, 1; S. P. Jackson, 3; C. F. Lewis, 2; F. Mackenzie, 2; John Martin, 1; Nesfield, 1; S. Oakley, 1; S. Palmer, 1; T. M. Richardson, 1; D. Roberts, 1; T. S. Robins, 1; G. F. Robson, 1; C. Stanfield, 1; F. W. Topham, 1; J. M. W. Turner, 1; W. Turner, 1; J. Varley, 1; Carl Werner, 1; J. M. Wright, 1;

in all 50 paintings of the highest class of water-colour art. The main conditions annexed to this gift are :—The pictures shall be deposited in the National Collection of Water-Colour Paintings, at Kensington, commenced by the Department of Science and Art, until a separate and permanent room or rooms shall be erected for the purpose; that the professional adviser for the preservation of the said Water-Colour Paintings shall be the President of the Water-Colour Society for the time being; and that they shall be exhibited to the public as constantly as the oil paintings in the charge of the Science and Art Department. Mrs. Ellison expresses her desire (in which her late husband, it is said, would have concurred) that the pictures shall not be exhibited on Sunday. The gift has been formally accepted by Lord Granville on the part of the public; and the works are in progress of arrangement under the judicious care of Mr. Redgrave.

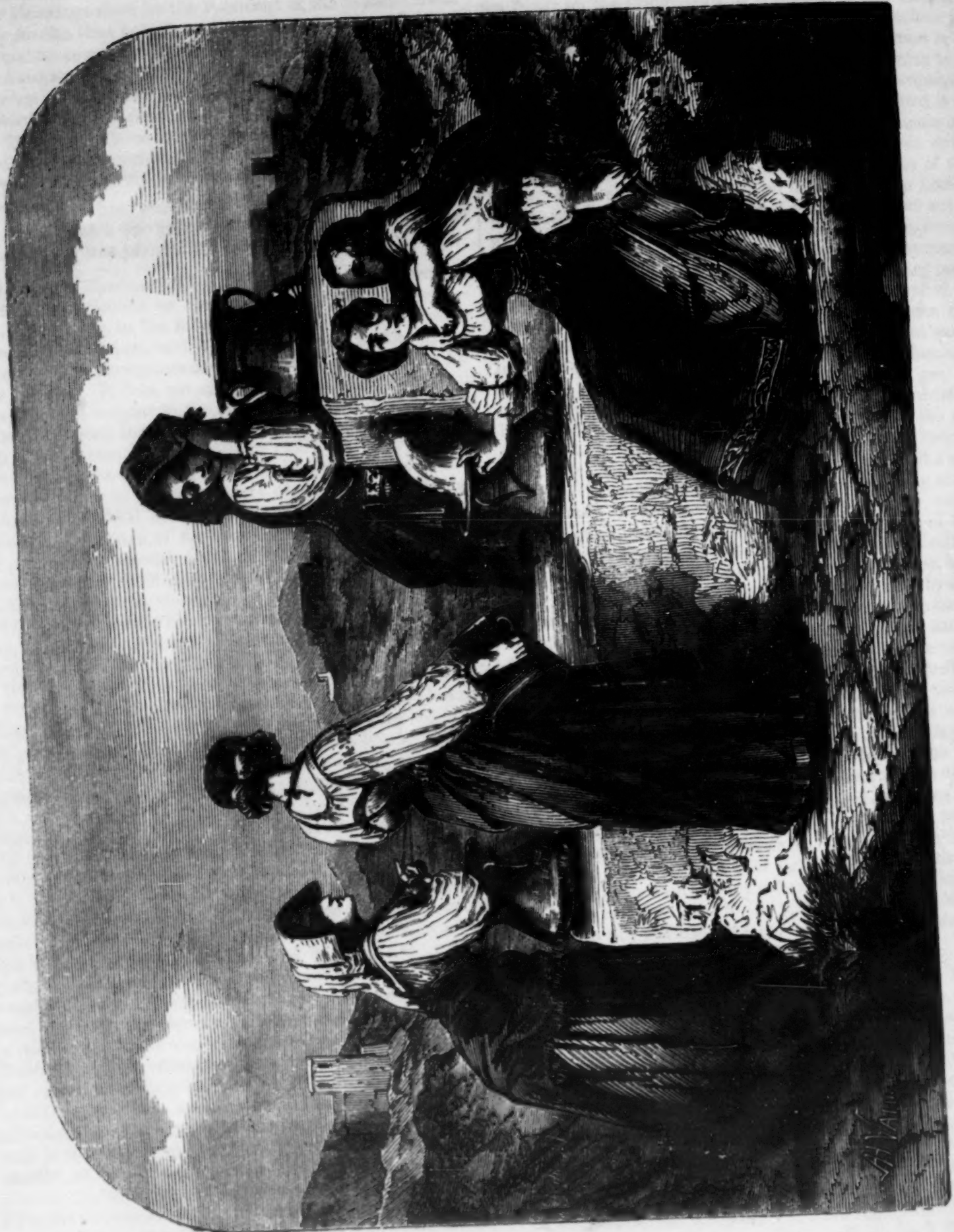
The Queen has purchased the picture entitled "The Governess," which forms part of the Exhibition at the Royal Academy. It was painted by Miss Osborn.

A series of Recommendations is made by the Council of the Statistical Society on the Operations for the Census of 1861. A minute, in the following form, was adopted by the Council in April last, and a copy forwarded to the Home Office :—"The Recommendations of the Council are as follows, viz. :—1. It does not appear to the Council that it will be desirable to suggest to the Government any arrangements of detail differing from those which were observed, generally with great success, in the Census of 1851. 2. They consider it to be desirable, on many grounds, that the Census of 1861 should be taken at the same time of the year as the last Census. 3. In 1851 two collateral branches of inquiry were prosecuted by means of the Census machinery, but not under compulsory provisions of the Census Act. These collateral branches of inquiry related to—(1.) The provision existing for religious worship, and the attendance thereon; and (2.) to the means existing for education, and the attendance at schools and places of instruction. The Council are strongly of opinion that both these collateral subjects should in 1861 be inquired into in a manner similar to that pursued in 1851. 4. The Council recommend that a distinct inquiry should be inserted in each Census Schedule, asking the religious persuasion of the persons included in each schedule, but leaving it *optional* with parties to answer the inquiry. 5. It appears to the Council that the machinery of the next Census (*i. e.* of 1861) may be employed with great advantage in the collection, for the first time, of information throughout the country as regards the income of *charitable* and *beneficent* societies and institutions, such as exist in a variety of forms in nearly every parish and in connexion with every place of worship. The Council would suggest for consideration the basis of classification of *beneficent institutions* adopted by this Society in the inquiry attempted by it in 1855-6 as regards the Metropolis. The inquiry now suggested would be collateral to the Census, and would probably have to be confined chiefly to the object and income of the charity or fund in each case. 6. It also appears to the Council, that in the Census of 1861 an effort should be made to institute a decennial return of certain kinds of agricultural statistics. They would suggest that such return should be confined to a statement of the quantity of land under different kinds of crop in the preceding year (1860), and to a statement of the number of horses, cattle, sheep, and pigs at the time of the Census. 7. The Council recommend that, as far as practicable, the Census Schedules be framed with a view to collecting some particulars of the *character*, as well as the *number*, of the dwellings of the population. 8. In the return of the ages of the population in Great Britain, the Council would be glad to see a distinction of each age below *five* years, so as to admit of more accurate investigations of the important questions relating to the mortality of infants. 9. Finally, the Council strongly recommend that the Censuses of Great Britain and Ireland should be taken at the same time—that

they should include, as far as possible, the same heads and branches of inquiry—and that the results should be set forth, as far as possible, according to the same principles and details of arrangement."

For some evenings past the completed portion of the new Westminster Bridge has been lighted by the new lime light, and has presented a brilliant appearance. There are ten lights on the bridge—about one-third of the number of the old gas lights. The light is of a pure white colour and of dazzling brilliancy, making all the old gas burners in the proximity appear as dull as though they were burning in the bright sunlight of noonday. It was to this description of light that Professor Faraday referred when he stated it was so intense that it could be distinctly seen for a distance of 95 miles, and the correctness of this statement was verified during the ordnance survey of Scotland, when one of these lights, placed as a station mark on the top of Ben Lomond, was distinctly seen at the Knock Laid, between 90 and 100 miles distant. A single jet of the lime light of medium size is equivalent to 40 argand, or 80 fish-tail gas burners, or to 400 wax candles; and its intensity and brilliancy may be increased by augmenting the quantity of gas supplied. As compared with the illuminating power of common gas, a single jet, consuming four cubic feet of the mixed gases of hydrogen and oxygen, is said to be equal in illuminating power to that obtained from 400 feet of ordinary gas. The mode in which the light is produced is by the combustion of lime under the great heat caused by the flame of the mixed gases. A stream of common gas, which is used instead of pure hydrogen, is conducted through one pipe, and a supply of oxygen is sent through a second one, each being attached to separate gas-holders. These pipes terminate near the lamp in one single tube, where the gases are allowed to mix in their way through a curved jet to what may be called the wick of the lamp, which is simply a lump of lime, held in close proximity to the mouth of the curved tube by a piece of metal. In lighting the lamp the first step is to direct the stream of hydrogen upon the lime; it is lighted, and gives forth a small flame of a pale yellow colour. In a few seconds after this pale colour gives place to a deep red, caused by the combustion of the metal calcium in the lime, under the great heat of the hydrogen flame. When the lime is in this state the oxygen is turned on, and instantly the bright white light is produced, which will continue as long as the "wick" remains unconsumed. The supply of lime is kept up by the action of simple clockwork machinery, which raises the material as it burns down, at a rate of speed varying according to the progress of the combustion. There is nothing of an expensive character about the light, and with ordinary care it may be used with perfect safety. At present the oxygen gas is conveyed in bags to the pipes, as the gas-holders provided are not sufficiently large to contain the quantity required for the night's consumption.

The proposal for the Great Northern Palace Company having been temporarily withdrawn, a prospectus has been issued of the Muswell-hill Land Company for securing the estate which had been selected as the site for that undertaking. The proposed capital is £140,000 in £10 shares. The property consists of 457 acres within five miles from King's-cross, on the Great Northern line, and the purchase money is to be £135,000, of which £70,000 will be taken in shares. A deposit of £15,000 will accompany the signing of the agreement, and the remaining £50,000 will be allowed to run on for three years at 5 per cent. interest, at the end of which time the company will have the option of declining to complete the purchase, and of receiving back the £15,000 deposit. It is contemplated to let the land for villas, but 150 acres will be reserved for the intended palace. A finer site it is impossible to find near London.



ITALIAN WOMEN.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

ITALIAN WOMEN.

Just now all the world is busy thinking of Italy. Hitherto we have lamented the degeneracy of its sons and daughters. We have looked on them as merely a nation of singing men and singing women, and have mourned that they have not risen as one man to burst the chains by which they have been enthralled, and to gain their proper place in the annals of the world. It seems now as if the dream of the Italian patriot was to be a reality. It is clear that there is a shaking amongst the dry bones, and that the dead once more live. From victory to victory have gloriously marched the sons of Italy. Statesmen such as Count Cavour—kings such as Victor Emmanuel—generals such as Garibaldi, revive in Italy the most splendid traditions of the past, and bid the friends of freedom all the world over rejoice. In these dark and troubled times, when nations are uneasy, and weighed down by a sense of fear, Italy is the one bright spot to which all eyes and hearts are turned. Our artist has engraved a group of Italian women. What can we say about them save that they have been celebrated through Europe for their beauty? Barry Cornwall has sung of the

"Dark-eyed beauty of the South,
Mistress of the rosy mouth."

Wordsworth wrote of

"Yon Italian maid,
Our Lady's laggard votaress,
Halting beneath the chesnut shade,
To accomplish there her loveliness;
Nice aid maternal fingers lend—
A sister serves with slacker hand,
Then glittering like a star she joins the festal band."

Byron, whose fault was not an undue admiration of woman, speaks very freely of Italian women. In a letter written in 1820 he says—"As for the women, from the fisherman's wife up to the noble dames, their system has its rules, and its fitnesses, and its decorums, so as to be reduced to a kind of discipline, or game at hearts, which admits few deviations unless you wish to lose it. They are extremely tenacious, and jealous as furies, not permitting their lovers even to marry if they can help it. They marry for their parents, and love for themselves. They exact fidelity from a lover as a debt of honour, while they pay the husband as a tradesman, that is, not at all. You hear a person's character, male or female, canvassed, not as depending on their conduct to their husbands or wives, but to their mistress or lover. If I wrote a quarto I don't know that I could do more than amplify what I have

here quoted." Let us hope things have altered for the better since Byron's times. We believe they have. We have no such testimony now-a-days. Residents in Italy describe the Italian women as uneducated, and to a certain extent ignorance leads to vice. But really there is little visiting in Italy between Italians and the English, and therefore we can place little reliance even on what we do hear. We dare say they are much the same as other women—neither worse nor better—for the heart of man or woman in all parts of the world is much the same. The open out-door life of the common order of Italian women indicates a purity for which Byron does not give them credit. One of our latest lady writers on Italy says, "The scenery presented as we drove through the Chiaja (a street in Naples) was most amusing. Nursing, sewing, talking, washing, knitting, and even the offices of the toilette, were amongst the sights we beheld. The women place their chairs in the street, and seem quite as much at home as we should be in our own snug parlour or drawing-room in England." In common with the rest of Eve's daughters they "are exceedingly fond of dress, and are sometimes seen with two or three gold chains around their necks, and their fingers covered with gold rings." We have spoken of their ignorance, but they are sharp nevertheless. The writer from whom we have already quoted says, "It is singularly interesting to observe that the quickness of the people often makes up in some degree for the deficiency in education. Thus the fisherwomen, melon-sellers, and other humble vendors in the streets, are as keen after their interests as if they had had mental arithmetic carefully instilled into their minds from their earliest youth." Our latest tale of Italian women is that of Dr. Charles Mackay in his poem of "A Man's Heart." He tells us how the father of his hero,

"Stepping from a gondola,
Stood in the market-place—an idle man,
And watched the peasant girls of Trieste
Bring flowers to flowerless Venice. Young and fair
He roamed for pastime—master of himself,
To study art and nature in the South.
Here, as he loitered to refresh his soul
With beauty, fashioned in immortal stone,
Painted on canvas; streaming from the sky,
Impermeate in all shapes of earth and heaven,
He saw a maiden lovelier than art
Had e'er imagined in its happiest dream;
With all Italia on her glowing face,
Its beauty—passion—tenderness, and hope."

And we may be sure for many a year to come many an English traveller will return home with an Italian bride. Such beauty as one meets with in Italy is sure to be dangerous to susceptible youth.

THE TREASURY WHIPPER-IN.

A PARLIAMENTARY SKETCH.

BY J. EWING RITCHIE.

ONCE, and once only, Mr. Gladstone was known to speak against time. The occasion was in the debate on the third reading of the bill for the Repeal of the Paper Duty. All at once it became apparent to the Government that they were in danger; by outward signs and symptoms it was made manifest to the most obtuse of them that their foes were more numerous than their friends, and that a division under such circumstances would be fatal. Lord Palmerston, who has a happy faculty of sleeping all the evening like Lord North, was wide awake; Lord John Russell displayed anxiety; Mr. Gibson, it was very evident, was ill at ease, as were the rest of the gentlemen who generally sit in very ungraceful postures on the Treasury Bench. To be beaten was the destruction of the Palmerston Administration; destruction of that administration was to every individual member of it, for a longer or shorter interval of time—perhaps for ever—loss of place; and loss of place means loss of influence—loss of rank—loss of salary—loss of everything the politician strives to gain. In such circumstances there is nothing like a Fabian policy, and there is nothing more desirable than a long speech. The man who speaks longest speaks best. Happily, Mr. Gladstone was on his legs, and there is no man who has such a wonderful faculty of speaking as himself, and on the occasion to which I refer the hon. gentleman very wisely exerted that faculty to the utmost. He (says an eye-witness) started vigorously enough, dashed with impetuous brevity through a great part of the subject, on which he might have advantageously insisted; but all of a sudden he began to wind round and round, over and over again came the same arguments in almost the same words, and for once the Chancellor of the Exchequer was—not almost, but I should say quite—prosy. To an *habitué* of the House, however, the cause was obvious. The Treasury Whipper-in was seen flitting about in and out, backwards and forwards, to the Treasury Bench, with an anxious and perturbed aspect of countenance. Sir Wm. Hayter, too, was moving about very much as he used to do when he was in office—in fact, he was evidently imitating the retired tallow-chandler, who used to go down to the shop on melting days; while ever and anon white-waistcoated gentlemen, evidently dragged from the opera or evening parties, were silently filling the ministerial benches. The whip was severe and unrelenting. However, at last the Treasury Whipper-in entered the House, and sat down upon the Treasury Bench with an air of complacent satisfaction—the thing was done—narrowly, but effectually; and then the Chancellor of the Exchequer sat down also. In spite of Mr. Disraeli's reply, all ground of anxiety had been removed, and the ministry had a majority—not a large one, but a majority, when they were on the verge of defeat. How was it that this defeat was averted, that the ministry were saved, that the bill for the Repeal of the Paper Duty was carried? The answer is—by the exertions of the Treasury Whipper-in.

It was once my good fortune to behold Lord John

Russell smile and carry on a friendly conversation on the Government benches of the British House of Commons. Generally his lordship is cold and dignified in his demeanour, as becomes a man who is part and parcel of that wonderful machine—the British Constitution. The individual with whom he was conversing was rather under the average size, of slim build, very plainly dressed, and with one of those fresh, ruddy, whiskerless faces which make even an old man look young. It was clear that he was a good Whig, and of an old family, otherwise Lord John would have been a little less friendly. It was also clear that he was in office, or he would not have been sitting by the side of premiers and Chancellors of the Exchequer; and yet his was not a face familiar to me as a man who had won his position by any talent, oratorical or administrative, of his own; the name of the gentleman was Brand—a reference to “Dod” informed me that he was the second son of the twentieth Baron Dacre; that he was private secretary to Sir George Grey; that he was “averse to large organic changes;” that he was returned for Lewes for the first time in 1852; and that on the formation of the Palmerston Cabinet he was promoted to the office held so long and ably by Sir William Goodenough Hayter. After all, the general reader is still in the dark with regard to Mr. Brand. He says to me, “Here is a man, born in 1814, in the prime of life, not memorable for any great work or act, yet you give him a niche in your gallery of modern statesmen. How is this? What you quote from ‘Dod’ in no way enlightens me.” Wait awhile, my anxious inquirer. I frankly confess that, after all, you are very little the wiser when I give you Mr. Dod's facts. There is a society called the Tract Society—of the merits or demerits of which it is not for me to speak here—the travelling agent of that society was an immensely stout man. On one occasion that agent called at a clergyman's house in a provincial town. The clergyman's daughter ran laughing into her father's study, “Papa, here's the Tract Society come.” In the same way Mr. Brand is that awful personage—THE BRITISH PARLIAMENTARY SYSTEM. He smiles and you are returned for Rottenborough, and the newspapers trumpet the glorious triumph of liberal principles. He frowns and you are unseated for bribery and corruption. Be on good terms with Mr. Brand, and you are elected into the Reform Club; you get that little place in the Circumlocution-office for your son; your wife has a ticket for one of Lady Palmerston's brilliant assemblies. When the Duke of Wellington said, in the excitement occasioned by the passing of the Reform Bill, he did not see how the king's government could be carried on, he forgot Mr. Brand. By the aid of Mr. Brand nothing is easier. Sir W. Hayter, Mr. Brand's predecessor, was a model in this respect, and still, I think, does a good deal of amateur whipping-in. If I could catch him a moment I would point him out. Here he is. “What, by the door?” No, he is in the lobby; no, he is gone into the House; no, he is out. Ah! here he comes; but you can't see him, for he is in the midst of a group. But see! he has stepped on one side to read a note. That is he—that sharp-featured, active-looking man! a cross, as it were, between a rollicking Irishman and an English merchant, all the shrewdness of the one and the fun of the other; in person square-built and not very tall,

but ever agile, and seemingly a model of the art of perpetual motion. In the same way Mr. Brand is always on duty. You will see him in the lobby before the Speaker is at prayers; after the Speaker has done his prayers; long after the gas has been turned on, far into the night, oftentimes far into the early morn. Mr. Brand dwells in the lobby. It is not known that he sleeps anywhere, with the exception of forty winks on the Treasury benches, nor that he partakes of meals except during the parliamentary recess. He says to one, "Come," and he cometh—to another "Go," and he goeth. He is friendly with every one, and manages to talk to a dozen people at once. He holds one by the button, he administers to another a dig in the ribs, at another he winks, another he accosts in a free and easy manner. He slaps the peers on the back, and shakes hands even with Irish M.P.s. His duty is, as Canning—no fourth-rate man, as a contemporary ludicrously calls him—said, "to make a House, and keep a House, and cheer the minister." I think it is in the Rolliad we read—

"Cheer him as his audience flag,
Brother Riley, Brother Blag,
Cheer him as he hobbles vilely,
Brother Blag and Brother Riley."

Brothers Blag and Riley were the Treasury Whippers-in of their day. Mr. Brand is, perhaps, the most powerful man in the House of Commons. Let him oversleep himself—let him have a fit of indigestion—let him be laid up with the gout—and immediately the Liberal Cabinet is *in extremis*, and the nation is plunged into all the horrors of a crisis. How comes this about? you very naturally ask. You tell me you do not hear of Mr. Brand's eloquence; you do not see his name in Hansard; it does not seem to you that he shines in debate. Well, the answer to this question will let you into one of the secrets of the British constitution—a secret that you will not discover, however attentively you may study Blackstone or De Lolme. Gentle reader, you cannot be so green as to suppose that, in any country under the sun, men are guided to their conclusions simply by means of the debates of public assemblies; you cannot be so green even as to believe that these discussions have anything to do with the subsequent decision. Pre-eminently in the British House of Commons this is not the case, and the consequence is that the debate does not influence the decision, but is merely the apology for it. The premier makes his speech, and he leaves his whipper-in to make up the majority. Mr. Brand is the Ministerial Whipper-in; hence it is that he is always in the lobby finding pairs—laying hold of this—preventing that from escaping; and that his means of communication reach to the clubs, to the opera, as well as to the smoking-room and library of the House of Commons. The fact is, we are governed by the whip; nor could we wish otherwise. Mr. Disraeli, in his *Life of Lord George Bentinck*, speaks of the creation of a third political party as "a result at all times and under any circumstances difficult to achieve, and which had failed even under the auspices of accomplished and experienced statesmen." Sir Robert Peel understood this. In a letter written to Mr. Gregory he says, "What must have been the inevitable fate of a government composed of Goulburn, Sir John Beckett,

Wetherel, and myself—supported by very warm friends, no doubt, but those warm friends being prosperous country gentlemen—foxhunters, &c. &c.; most excellent men, who will attend one night, but who will not leave their favourite pursuits to sit up till two or three o'clock fighting questions of detail, on which, however, a government must have a majority, we could not have stood creditably a fortnight,"—that is, in other words, the hon. baronet felt that his party would not respond to the whip. The French republicans failed because they could not understand this, and for a similar reason the Metropolitan Board of Works, and the respectable parish vestries of St. Pancras or Marylebone, seem in a disorganised and chaotic state, and succeed in doing such little business. During the recent Reform debates more than one effort was made to count out the House of Commons, and yet let there be anything supremely unimportant of a personal nature, such as that squabble between Messrs. Horsman and Walters, and the House is crammed in every part. When a discussion respecting our three hundred millions of Indian subjects is raised, I have often seen less than forty members present. One advantage of this is that even the dullest dog in the House gets his say, for if the House be thin—and why should any sane man be compelled to listen to a lawyer talking for promotion, or to a borough representative airing the dictionary for the exclusive benefit of his own constituents?—the Whipper-in knows where all his men are, and will bring them up when the division bell rings and the serious business of the evening has commenced. Without the so-called whip, Parliamentary government is almost an impossibility—the assembly, with its eternal talk, would fall into contempt, and all power would pass into the hands of the Crown. Make the experiment on a small scale—get a hundred honest, intelligent men together—each man with a theory of his own and a grievance, and what would be the result? Why, that nothing whatever could be done. There are votes taken every night in which the majority of members take no earthly interest; yet these votes are essential to the carrying on of the Queen's Parliament. Now, in the House of Commons, by means of the party and the whip, actually some progress is made. Here, in England, so much business is taken off by the municipalities, that our Parliament is far less laden than the French Assembly; yet, if all our legislators were honest, independent freemen, disdainful of party and disobedient to this influence, we should split up into helplessness and fatuity similar to that of the French. It is the application of the whip that makes the House of Commons a working assembly, and preserves us from the horrors of despotism.

Dreamers and theorists—political babes and sucklings—may tell me that a Whipper-in is the result of parliamentary corruption—that we should be better without him—that such as he are a fearful sign of the times; but if jobs must be done—if little arrangements must be made—if, in other words, people require to be looked after, the Whipper-in is the man to do it. Parliament is a self-seeking assembly, and to buy every man at his own valuation would be evidently a bad bargain for the people. Indeed, the Whipper-in is most useful to his party. He will supply Liberal candidates to any amount; he will judiciously distribute

the Government advertisements and patronage ; he will make the needful arrangements with the opposition as to the public business ; he will reconcile uneasy consciences to the unpleasant task of renouncing in Parliament the pledges they made when out. I confess—unflinching patriot though I be—my mouth waters as I think of the good things the Whipper-in has at his disposal ; and I rush away from the lobby exclaiming, "Lead me not into temptation ; but deliver me from evil."

DYING.

You and I once loved
Very dearly,
Now the end has come
Very nearly ;
I shall turn my face away,
As you turned your heart,
And though we have loved,
This is how we part !

I was sad and silent,
And you could not know—
You could not imagine
It would grieve me so.
She has golden beauty,
Mine is gone,
But my love is truest—
She has none.

Ah ! you start and shudder,
It is true,
You will prove her faithless
Even to you.
When these sad, dark eyes
Are closed for ever,
And her blue ones laughing,
Weeping never,

Beam on you so brightly
Their sweet light,
You will not forget me,
Never quite ?
I am sad and wearied,
And I would not stay,
From Heaven I shall watch you
If I may.

Once I wished to live,
Now what matters it ?
Life had woven that dream,
And death scatters it.
Nay, you must not weep, love,
Nothing is amiss ;
Press on my pale forehead
One last kiss.
So all here is ended—
Is this bliss ?

A. D.

SUNDOWN.

A NOVEL.

By EDWARD COPPING, Author of "*Aspects of Paris*," &c.

[Continued from p. 107.]

CHAPTER XXIV.

EVER since the memorable day on which Mary and John had made the acquaintance of Mr. Watts they had regularly walked every afternoon in the Champs Elysées, and placed themselves a while upon the seat just beyond the Rond Point, in the expectation of again meeting with the young groom ; but he did not appear. From time to time a number of his confreres passed by, sometimes on horseback, sometimes on foot ; but *he* was not among them. Mr. Watts, to say the truth, had been seized with a violent attack of self-dissatisfaction—a malady to which he was subject ; and now he was purposely and deliberately avoiding the society of his new-found friends. He was disgusted with himself at the warmth he had displayed on the Quay when dilating to Mary and John upon the political characteristics of the French nation.

"What an ass I was to make myself such an ass," he said to himself again and again ; "why couldn't I let politics alone, and try and make myself agreeable to the young person ? She must have thought me an idiot to run on in that style about the French. I'm always putting my foot in it like this. Whenever a chance comes in my way I'm safe to miss my tip."

And the hypochondriacal young Englishman, firmly convinced he had disgusted Mary by his over-earnest declamation, moodily shut himself up in his stable, and never went forth into the Champs Elysées except at an hour when he was certain not to meet his new acquaintances. They would forget him in a week or two, he said, and he should forget them, and so all would be made square. It did not seem as though squareness was, however, to be obtained so easily. Thoughts of Mary incessantly cantered across Mr. Watts's mind. It was to no purpose that he tried to hustle them away, so to speak, by main force, as an intrusive cat is hustled out of a dairy by the milkmaid in command ; they *would* return and disarrange the order of his more tranquil ideas. When matters came to this pass, Mr. Watts had but one resource—but one remedy for his annoyance, and that remedy lay in song. Singing, however, is not perhaps the word ; bawling or vociferating would be the correcter term. The more heavily unpleasant emotions pressed upon him the louder were the sounds he uttered. Strangely enough, too, it was always the same song which he sang when under the influence of melancholy. Of a lachrymose and sentimental character, that song embodied the lamentations of an individual who having had, as he stated, "a flower within a garden growing," felt himself under the pressing necessity of announcing this fact at the commencement of every verse with an unflinching determination, at once pertinacious and maudlin.

From long familiarity with this intelligence the young man's fellow-companions grew in time to understand its full import and significance. Though none of

them understood a word of English—Mr. Watts being the only native of Great Britain in the service of Messrs. Curtis and Wainwright—they had learnt the whole song by heart from hearing it so constantly repeated, and by degrees and in various ways had found out its entire meaning. Innumerable, accordingly, were the jokes they directed against their unhappy comrade whenever he favoured them with his favourite ditty. Jules Bonneau, the wag of the stable, who, as a constant frequenter of the Lyrique, the Opera Comique, and the Bouffes, considered himself something of a musician, was merciless in the sarcasms he levelled against song and singer.

"M. Guillaume," he would say, knocking at the door of the stable in which the young Englishman was occupied, "M. Guillaume."

"Hulloa! what is it?" would be the answer.

"When do you think your flower is likely to leave off growing?"

A fierce English invective, accompanied by the rapid flight of a curry-comb in the direction of the questioner's head, was the only reply Mr. Watts deigned to make.

At other times M. Bonneau would feign excessive and uncontrollable delight with the song, and if it ceased for a few minutes would cry "*bis*" with the simulated enthusiasm of a vaudeville claqueur, and again put oaths and curry-comb in rapid and dangerous motion.

Poor Mary was of course in utter ignorance of the feelings animating Mr. Watts, and attributed his non-appearance to the cold and cutting manner in which he had been received by John. John himself was sorry that he had not shown more politeness to the young groom, and deplored his absence with deep contrition. But Mary became really angry with her fellow-servant as day after day passed without bringing with it Mr. Watts.

"You ought to call upon him," she said upon one occasion to John, as they sat upon the accustomed bench. "He gave you his address, and said he was always at home until twelve, and should be delighted to see you. So, why do n't you go and thank him for his advice and genteel behaviour the other day?"

John had several times resolved upon adopting this course; but the modesty, or, rather, the shyness of his disposition, had always withheld him. Now, however, he felt that, in obedience to Mary's suggestions, he must make an effort over himself, or be liable to feminine reproaches during the remainder of his stay in Paris. Accordingly one morning, about a fortnight after that on which he had become acquainted with Mr. Watts, the old gardener dressed himself with scrupulous care, and at precisely half-past ten o'clock repaired to the livery stables of Messieurs Curtis and Wainwright, in the Champs Elysées. As he passed along the well-sanded yard, poor John looked timidly round in search of his friend, or of some one who could direct him to that friend. But the place just then chanced to be deserted—neither man nor beast was to be seen in any direction, and the visitor was compelled to wander from out-house to out-house, and from door to door, without being able to find anybody to whom he could state the object of his call. Not knowing what to do, he hesitatingly stopped in the middle of the yard, and was

gazing blankly around, when a voice, which seemed to issue from a fine bay mare stalled in an open stable—for no other speaker was visible, suddenly exclaimed—

"Eh bien! mon vieux. Qu'avez-vous donc?"

John, who felt that the question had been addressed to him, but who had no more knowledge of the language in which it was framed than of the Vedic theology or the precession of the equinoxes, hesitated, and made no reply, his embarrassment being increased by the invisibility of the speaker. This silence was not, however, without its effect, for the person who had addressed him now came forth from the gloom of the stable and the screen of the bay mare's body, and repeated the question he had previously put. John felt that, at all hazards, he must say something; so he responded to Mr. Jules Bonneau, for it was that waggish individual who stood before him, by slowly pronouncing Mr. Watts's name.

"O vous verez chercher, M. Guillaume. Il est parti," replied the French groom.

Poor John was more at a loss now than ever; for he felt that a conclusive reply had been given to him by the fact that M. Bonneau re-entered the stable, evidently without any intention of supplying further information; and yet, from utter ignorance of the meaning of that reply, he was as far off as ever from the object he had in view. The honest old fellow, terribly humbled by his incapacity, and confused beyond measure by the unsatisfactory result of his visit, was about to leave the stable-yard, when a voice suddenly exclaimed in lower colloquial English—

"Who's that a askin for Villiam?"

John Plumber started with delight upon hearing his own language spoken, and upon looking up discovered that the speaker was a stout florid man, of middle height and age, standing in his shirt-sleeves at an open first-floor window, smoking with a sort of philosophical melancholy a long clay pipe. He had been seated in the back part of the room until the old gardener's words reached his ears, and induced him to come forward with the question that had just struggled past his lips.

"Who's that a askin for Villiam?" he repeated, as though mechanically.

"If you please, sir, it was me, sir," replied John, polite, if not grammatical.

"It ain't a no use a askin for Villiam now he's gone," said the stout person, sighing deeply.

"Gone!" exclaimed John with astonishment.

"Gone," replied the smoker, in a tone of determined resignation.

"And might I be so bold as to ask, sir, where he's gone?"

"To Hingland," replied the other in the most mournful of tones. "To Hingland; leastways I s'pose so. At all events he's gone from here, 'as Villiam—never to come back again no more."

After this piece of information John felt that he had nothing to do but take his leave, all further inquiries apparently being useless. Accordingly he was about to put on his hat as a preliminary to departure, when the stout person pointed to a staircase, beckoned amiably, and exclaimed with some animation, "Come up," and then collapsed into his former melancholy.

John, with some hesitation, obeyed this invitation,

ascended the stairs, and in another minute found himself in the presence of his host. Fumbling with his hat in his hand the old gardener remained awkwardly in the doorway, as if unable to determine what course he ought next to adopt: but the stranger soon put an end to his uncertainty by gesticulating him into a seat and requesting him by a wave of the pipe to sit down. John obeyed, placing himself, of course, at the extreme edge of the chair, as is the custom with timid men when embarrassed.

"Smoke?" said the gentleman in the shirt-sleeves, offering his jar of tobacco.

"No, sir, I'm obligated to you. I never smoke, sir."

At this statement Mr. Jones, for such was his name (he was the living embodiment of the mythical Curtis and Wainwright, supposed by popular credulity to constitute the firm)—at this statement Mr. Jones was lifted, as it were by astonishment, high out of his dejection, but he immediately descended again, as though suddenly uninflated, and became more solidly sorrowful than ever.

After a pause of some few minutes, only interrupted by the ticking of the Dutch clock hanging against the wall, and the whiffs of the smoker, Mr. Jones seemed suddenly to remember that a visitor was present awaiting explanations; he filled therefore with great deliberation a fresh pipe, lit it from the ashes of the one he had just emptied, and then began to speak.

"Yes," said he, returning to the point the conversation had reached when John was in the yard, "Villiam has gone to Hingland."

"Has he been long gone?" inquired John.

"A week come Vensday."

"Has he taken service, sir?"

"Vot Villiam has done, or vot Villiam has n't done, it ain't for me to say. Fancy he *has* took a situation. A gent, with a card as is there on the chimbley piece, come here the other day for his character, and I give it. 'All right,' says he, 'much obliged; that'll do,' and off he goes. I did n't ask him his name, nor his address, nor his occupation. I could n't—I adn't the sperit; but I s'pose they're all on the card. Take it, and do what you like with it."

"You seem very sorry to have parted with Mr. Watts," remarked John, who began to feel some sympathy with the other's melancholy, divining as he did its cause.

"Villiam Vatts had been in my yard nine year come next Midsummer," replied Mr. Jones, "and in all that time I never had so much as a single shine with him. I'd only to say 'Villiam, it'll be done?' 'Done it will be,' was his observation hinstanter; and it *were* done. That lad wos my right hand; he wos the happle of my i. And now I've lost him for ever."

John's looks expressed sympathy, so Mr. Jones went on—

"Villiam had only one weak pint. He was too perlitical. Hoften an' hoften did I used to say to him, 'Villiam, I used to say, 'cut pollytics, and stick to the yard.' 'No,' says he, 'a man as do n't hinterest hisself in pollytics ain't worthy of the hair he breathes.' He wos ollis running down the French, too, and wanting to return to Hingland. 'I ate 'em,' he's said to me undreds

o' times.' 'So do I,' says I to him, 'but I likes their money, and lives by it. Vy do n't you do likewise?' But I might just as vell have tried to break in a marah colt with a bridle made of packthread as pull hup Villiam ven he vos a riding on his faverite topic. There vos no 'olding on 'im in.

"Vell, a little time ago one of his down-in-the-mouth fits come on him very aggravatedly. Nobody could n't get not so much as a word out on him, and he did nothing but sing while vorking, a sign vich it was that he vos a growing more and more hexasperated. At last he come to me one day, and says he, he says, 'Mr. Jones,' says he, 'it ain't a no use; I can't stand this year kind o' life no longer. I shall pack up my traps and be hoff to Hingland.' 'Nonsense,' says I to him, 'Nonsense, Villiam, do n't go a talkin sich bosh,' for I thought it best to speak in a kind sort of way to him, seein' his wexation of sperit; besides he'd said the same thing undreds of times afore. 'No,' says he, 'it ain't nonsense this time; my life's a burding to me, and so I shall cut and run.' 'Vell, but Villiam,' says I, a remonstrating with him, for I see how down he were, 'vot are yer goin up to in Hingland? Have yer got anything there?' 'Nothink,' says he. 'Nothink! an you'll give up a ole loaf here,' says I, 'for no loaf over there?' 'Yes,' says he; 'vot's life without liberty?' 'And vot's liberty without wittuls?' says I. 'Liberty's both meat and drink,' he says, right off, jist as if a readin from a book, and so serious, a fellow might a thought he was a huttering the most extrornary visdom instead of right down rubbish. 'Vel,' says I, 'if you're determined to go, go you must; it ain't me as 'ud stand in your light, or take a spoke outer yer veel.

"'Still,' I says, 'think it hover agin, Villiam, fore you do anything rash, an' if you've a mind to stop say so, and stop accordin.' 'No,' says he, 'I've a'ready turned it over long enough. In a week from to-day I shall bolt.' 'An you've got nothing in perspective?' says I. 'Nothin,' says he, 'but I shall look about.' 'Do,' says I, 'an' if you don't find nothin don't be afeerd to say so.'

"Vell, directly arter this conversation, Villiam grew as gentle as a hinfant, dropped his singing, made it up with Jules Bonneau, who'd been a chaffing 'im, and seemed so 'appy as you might a thought he'd come in for a 'andsome fortin. Still, as the day come on ven he vos to leave I thought he'd see the hinsanity of cutting the yard; so I'd made up my mind to say, case he fought shy of goin, 'Villiam, sign articles for another year, and I raises yer ten bob a week.'

"But on the wery last day he come into the yard all flushed and fiery with 'appiness, and reglary falls to cap'ring and dancing like a cannibal Injin. 'Jones,' says he, 'old cock, I'm off!' (Villiam had never took sich a liberty before as to call me 'old cock,' bein in general wery respectful in his manners.) 'What do you mean?' says I. 'Mean,' says he, 'that I've got a berth, and am goin to Hingland a'most directly,' and he give three cheers, as though screwed and growin convivial.

"I never see any one so extravagant. There was no 'olding 'im in arter he'd given his three cheers; out come all the yard o' course to see vot vas the row, and then he grew more heggstated than hever. Fust he shook 'ands all round, even with Jules, an' then he give three

more cheers, and this time all my fellers jined in, and hang me, though I did n't mean it, I jined in too.

"Vell, then Villiam must needs insist on standin' glasses round, though ordinary the soberest 'and as I ever knowed, and nothin' less than champagne would suit him. Out he sends for a dozen, though it was only one o'clock in the day, and lunch jist done.

"Vell, arter the fust dozen was drunk I stood, as in dooty bound, another; and then Jules Bonneau stood one, and then François, and so ve vent on on till seven o'clock. I leave yer to imagine the row as vos kicked up. By arf-arter three there vos n't a man on us as vos n't tight. Villiam vos the least gone of all, though you might a' thought him wust. He did nothin' but make speeches and propose healths. I never see a quiet steady one turned so quick into a roarer. I couldn't keep my eyes off him a minit. He made such a row that about six o'clock in comes a pleeceman—a Sir-John-de-Wheel, as they call 'em here, to ask wot he vos a doing on.

"Directly Villiam sees him he runs up to the Bobby—though quite unusual, for he 'ates the French pleece—and he says, 'Hulloa, old cock, have some champagne, for I'm going to old Hingland; *vive l'Empereur!*' and then he made the pleeceman drink till his eyes began to twinkle like the brass hornyments on a new pair of blinkers.

"It was nine o'clock afore we knocked off, and then all my fellers was so horrid drunk that I 'ad to shut up the yard myself. There vos n't one as could valk the chalk, or remember his own name. As for Villiam, I found 'im next morning in a hempty manger a cussin and grumbling in his sleep, cos the counterpane did n't cover his feet. That wery day, arter he'd had some oderselts and some oderwee—for he was awful seedy at what he'd done—he showed me his back, and I ain't seen it since."

During his narrative of the convivialities which had taken place in the stable yard, and in which he had borne a reluctant part, Mr. Jones warmed into something like animation and cheerfulness; but as soon as he reached the end of his story all the gloom and melancholy which had previously possessed him returned and settled upon his features. Indeed, he soon relapsed into such a state of dejected abstraction that even the presence of a second person in the room seemed to be a fact of which he had no cognisance. His pipe had long since gone out, but he continued, nevertheless, to keep it in his mouth, and to puff with his lips as though smoke were issuing past them. Judge Pincheon was scarcely more inanimate as he sat through the long and dreary hours in that strange old house, around which Hawthorne has thrown such a fascinating and mysterious charm.

John remained very still during the progress of the story, and kept silent and motionless when it ceased. He did not know what to say to cheer up Mr. Jones, for that gentleman was evidently far beyond the reach of mere verbal consolation.

A pause accordingly ensued, during which the old gardener twirled his hat with an embarrassed consciousness that he ought to say something, though unable to determine what that something ought to be. At last he rose, muttered a few scrambling expressions of

regret at the circumstance which had occurred, and then prepared to depart. Mr. Jones listened to his words without appearing to have the slightest idea of their meaning, and noted his movements without evincing any appreciation of their significance. But when John stood, hat in hand, on the threshold, preparing to make an exit after the ungraceful manner of commonalty before royalty, he somewhat overcame his mental prostration, and regained comprehension of passing events.

"If you ever see Villiam," he said in a mournful voice, "tell 'im he's broke old Jones's 'art; but that old Jones vishes 'im good luck, 'ealth, and 'appiness notwithstanding. He was the best hand as I ever had—the wery best; but he's gone vere dooty calls him, and I shall never see him no more."

Here Mr. Jones, who had partly risen to bid his visitor good-bye, sunk back helplessly into a chair, his voice shaking and his lips trembling, as he repeated the melancholy words "never see him no more."

As he took his leave John thought he saw a tear in the old fellow's eye; but then something at that moment rose into his own, so that the worthy gardener's vision was not perhaps of the clearest.

CHAPTER XXV.

WHEN Mary Trueman learnt from her fellow-servant that Mr. William Watts had left Paris for England, she pettishly tossed up her head, and displayed an amount of indifference upon the subject, which completely astonished poor John from its contrast with the interest she had previously manifested. The old gardener expected to hear some expressions of regret at this unlooked-for departure; some fresh reproaches for his tardiness in visiting the livery stables of Messrs. Curtis and Wainwright. But it appeared as though Miss Mary cared absolutely nothing now for the "historical young man" in praise of whom she had recently spoken so warmly, nay, something of scorn and contempt seemed to hover over her words when she made allusion to that individual.

"What do 'I' care, John, whether he's gone or not?" said she quite snappishly to the old man, who had suggested that perhaps Mr. Watts was still in the French capital. "I do n't want to see him, I'm sure. I did n't ask you to call upon him for *me*; it was only to thank the young man for the perliteness he'd shown to *you*. The idea of supposing that 'I' should care whether he'd gone to England or had stopped in France!"

Poor old Plumber actually stared and rubbed his eyes with astonishment when he heard these words, and wondered in his ignorance of the feminine disposition what it was that could make Mary so excessively sour and waspish upon the subject of Mr. Watts.

"Well," said he at length, summoning up courage to speak, "I thought by what you said afore you 'd taken quite a fancy to the young man. Howsomever, if you do n't want to know nothin' about him, why I do n't want to say nothin'. Only, Mr. Jones give me the address here of the family he'd gone to, leastways offered it to me—but as I forgot to take it, why I'm going this arternoon to ask for it, and then if the place be near

about anywhere I shall call on Mr. Watts. Of course if he ain't gone I shall see him agin, and if he is, why there 'll be no bones broken as I knows on."

Mary tossed up her head with an air of utter indifference, and the two servants sat down in silence to their mid-day meal. Directly it was over, John put on his Sunday coat, brushed himself with scrupulous care, and prepared for departure.

As he was descending the stairs in order to set out on his errand, Mary appeared at her bed-room door, high up on the *sixième*, or rather a small section of her face appeared, and a voice issuing therefrom, requested him to wait for her "just a minute," as she had determined upon accompanying him.

"But I'm a goin' to look arter Mr. Watts, to see if he be gone or not," John remarked in an explanatory manner.

"O yes, I know," said Mary, "but the day is so delightful, and as Missis is out and don't want me, it would be a pity to lose a walk. Besides, if Mr. Watts has not gone it would only be perlite for us both to call upon him."

John wondered at the favourable change which appeared to have taken possession of Mary's mind upon the subject of the young groom, but, utterly unable to determine its course, contented himself with muttering some disparaging remarks upon the fickleness of "young gals," in which he unconsciously embodied a little of the philosophy of the Prince of Denmark, and then patiently resigned himself to wait during the brief period his companion had named.

In a little more than half an hour the "minute" of Mary Trueman had elapsed, and the young lady appeared radiant with the over-hasty exertion she had undergone, and so elegantly attired in her lavender shot-silk dress, and Palais Royal bonnet, that Madame Dufour threw up her hands in simulated admiration as the young girl passed out, and by other gestures, of an equally expressive character, proclaimed in the plainest pantomimic terms her conviction that when servants dressed like that, created nature was rapidly approaching its hour of final dissolution.

To say the truth, Mary had taken special pains with her personal appearance to-day, although compelled to use unwonted despatch. But then, as she said, while arranging her glossy hair, the day was so fine, the sky so blue, and the promynades so gay, that it would be a pity to wear anything dull-looking or shabby. Besides, she added, in a sort of mental whisper, Mr. Watts might not have quitted Paris, and—but here the whisper suddenly ceased, and Mary looked at herself from head to foot in the large mirror of the *commode*, and allowed feminine ideas of conquest to take exclusive possession of her mind.

"I should like to see the lad agin," said John as they walked along the breezy quays in the direction of the Pont de la Concorde. "He certainly were an exceeding civil young man, that he were."

"Yes, you really ought to have called upon him before, John. Only suppose if he has already left Paris, how uncivil he will think you. Of course it's of no consequence to me. I'm merely speaking on your account."

"Well, it's a no use scolding me any more, Mary,"

replied John, who had heard the remark so often that, patient as he might be, he was beginning to wince under it a little. "If the young man be really gone, why there's an end on 'im, that's all."

Mary seemed by no means inclined to accept this conclusion quite so philosophically as her companion, for she continued to speculate on the probabilities of the case until they reached the middle of the Champs Elysées, and stood at the entrance of Messrs. Curtis and Wainwright's livery stables. Conversation ceased there, and they entered the yard intent upon finding Mr. Jones. But that gentleman, it seemed, was not on the premises, so they were informed at least by a precocious English lad, evidently a new hand, who came forth as they appeared, and replied with much acerbity to their questions. The governor, he said, was out. Might be home in one hour, or in two, or in three, or in any given number of hours—did n't know when; could n't undertake to guess. Governor had left no message before starting.

Mary and John were both annoyed at this intelligence; indeed, the former seemed so affected that if she could have soundly boxed the ears of the lad who had communicated it, the exertion evidently would have afforded her much mental relief. Fortunately, at the moment when returning to the Champs Elysées, the discomfited pair were standing in hesitation what course to adopt, a gentleman hastily brushed against them by accident, and as they turned round to make way for him it was to discover, with as much delight as surprise, that it was Mr. Watts himself with whom they had come into concussion.

"What, Mr. Grey!" exclaimed the young groom, reminiscences of the celebrated Gaffer at once rising to his mind, "why who'd a thought of seeing you here? The young lady, too! my service, miss," and Mr. Watts raised his hat with much politeness, and saluted Mary with a deferential elegance that would have done honour to M. de Coislin himself.

John was so completely taken aback by this meeting that at first he could only shake hands with Mr. Watts, and imply, by grins of satisfaction rather than by words, how glad he was to see the "historical young man" once again.

"I were told, sir, by Mr. Jones, that you was gone back to England," he at length remarked.

"O, you've been looking me up here at the old shop, have you? Very good of you, I'm sure. Well, you see, I'm not off yet, but I'm going. The fact is, I could n't stand it any longer. After the conversation I had with you that day, just by the river's side, I fell to ruminating upon the advantages I was losing by remaining in this wretched country, and for a whole week I turned the matter over in my mind until I'd thoroughly examined all its points. At last I said, 'Come what may I'll pack up my traps and bolt,' and I told Jones so, but of course the old fellow only grinned, and said I should break down before I'd started. But I'd taken the bit in my mouth this time, and really meant to be off. Well, as good luck would have it, about a week after I'd come to this conclusion I stumbled upon an odd number of *Galvani*, and in it there was an advertisement which at once took my eye. A steady young man, accustomed to horses, was wanted in a quiet

English family, intending to return to England in a few months. All right, says I, just my affair. The quiet English family wants a steady young man, and I want a quiet English family. Hoorah! That very morning I answered the advertisement, and that very morning I was engaged, and here I am, as you see, at my new governor's door," concluded Mr. Watts, pointing to the well-known house in the Rue de Chateaubriand, which they had reached while gently strolling onward.

"What! do you live there, with Mr. Radcliffe, and Miss Hester, the sister of Master George?" exclaimed old John, with surprise and delight in his tones.

"To be sure I do. Why, you seem to be on visiting terms with the whole family, Mr. Grey."

John briefly explaining the relations existing between his own employers and those of Mr. Watts—

"What!" said the young groom, in his turn astonished and gratified, "that sweet young creature they call Miss Ruth, and her rayther melancholy brother, Mr. Fred, your governors? Mr. Grey, give me your hand, sir. Why, this is extraordinary; this is immense—it beats cock-fighting by a long chalk, and play-acting is a fool to it. And now, what's your game this afternoon?—what's your next move, Mr. Grey?"

"I wonder why he keeps on a callin o' me Mr. Grey?" thought John, but he was too modest to utter his thought aloud, so he merely replied—

"Why, Mary and me, sir, was merely a goin out to call upon you, sir, to see if you was gone or no."

"It was astonishing kind of you, and of the young lady, sir, I'm sure," and Mr. Watts again bowed with much politeness to John's companion. "Shall we take a stroll in the Bois, sir, or what?"

John had not the faintest idea what the Bois was, or where situated, but he nodded acquiescence on his own part, and then appealed to Mary, to ascertain if she were quite prepared for a fresh pedestrian journey.

The young lady had now, however, quite recovered her vivacity, and with its return had departed the desire for premature death and burial which only a short time before had entered and taken possession of her mind. In fact, she looked just now so fresh, so blooming, and so attractive, that Mr. Watts suddenly felt an acute pang of anguish shoot across his heart as he gazed upon her, and there seemed every probability he would forthwith favour his friends with some of those vocal explanations respecting a certain "flower within a garding growing" which were always indicative of the depressed, or even hypochondriacal, condition of his mind.

He rallied, however, by a great effort, but only by assuming a stiff, cold, and severe manner towards Mary, which filled the poor girl with pain and confusion, ignorant as she was of its cause, and little dreaming her own fascinations had led to this result. Under the supposition that by word or deed she had unconsciously offended the young groom, she lost no time in endeavouring to restore herself to his good graces, and as they walked down the sweltering avenue de l'Imperatrice, she threw out with all a woman's artifice many tempting little conversational baits for the over-sensitive young man to nibble at.

First she expressed rapture at the fineness of the weather, which, however, merely elicited an admission from Mr. Watts that the day was certainly very delight-

ful. Then she became enthusiastic about the beauty of Paris; but upon this theme Mr. Watts showed as little inclination to descant as upon the other. Then, as they entered by the Porte Dauphine the ever charming Bois de Boulogne, and followed the main route to the lakes, she exhausted all her vocabulary of adjectives in laudation of the pretty Parisian park through which they were passing; but Mr. Watts still remained insensible to her eloquence, doling out his words by way of reply in much the same niggard manner that a money-lender doles out his gold.

Poor Mary, now fairly at a loss for a fresh subject to touch upon, gave up in despair all further attempt to rouse the slumbering speech of the young groom, when John fortunately came to her aid with a remark which, although uttered in full simplicity of soul, and without direct intention, produced exactly the effect required.

"We have often thought," he observed, "of what you said about the French, sir, when we first met you. We talked o' nothin else for a whole week, and Mary was uncommon struck."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Mr. Watts with a start, so surprised and gratified was he with this announcement. "I'm sure I must have tired you with my rigmarole."

"O no," replied Mary, "I was only sorry you left off so *quickly* and so *unexpectedly*," and she looked up into his face with the most encouraging glances—not the less encouraging because blended with an expression of reproach!

The blush of pleasure which had been slowly, and, as it were, cautiously and suspiciously, settling upon Mr. Watts's cheek, now took its place there with triumphant confidence, and remained during several instants.

"Well, I really thought I'd disgusted you," said the young groom, at last fairly roused into communicativeness, "and I was sorry afterwards I'd let my tongue run so fast. But when a man's heart's full he must empty it somewhere. It's only natural, Mr. Grey, is n't it?"

"O' course," replied John; and Mary said, "Certainly."

"During the nine year I've been here in this city I've had to stand so much from French, that when I find myself with English—that is, with rational human beings—I can't pull myself up. Sapristi! the shines I have had with that cove Bonneau—Jules Bonneau of our yard—about this miserable and unhappy land."

"What! I've said to him hundreds of times over, 'you call France the first country in the world—the head of civilised nations? Bosh! England's been bang in front of you from the earliest times, and always means to be.' 'Why, look at our Great Revolution,' says he, 'was n't we the fust to give liberty to the world?' 'Bosh again,' says I, 'and fust be blowed. You killed your king and 'stablished your republic in 1793, while we killed ours and had Cromwell instead of the Blessed Martyr in 1648. What's the use of bragging about being fust in the field when you was n't even second or third, but right behind in the ruck of the outsiders, just a hundred and fifty years after us?'

"But that's the way they all go on. If you was to believe what Frenchmen say you'd suppose that not a blessed word was known of liberty in the whole world until Louis Seize was gullytined, though, as I've said

before, *we* polished off Charles and started a republic a hundred and fifty years before they had the pluck even to dream of one. And then they talk of their Great Revolution as though it had really done 'em good. What a pack of rubbish!

"Why, look at France at this blessed moment! Where is she as compared with England? Where's the political liberty which they say the Great Revolution introduced? where's the Habeas Corpus? where's the press? where's the Parliament? where's the public meeting? Why, the African niggers in the United States aint such slaves as the French nation at this moment. Liberty indeed! They do n't know what it is, and what's more, they never have known.

"The fact is, the French are a vain, ignorant, conceited, restless, bouncible, bragging, unsatisfied, discontented lot, and do n't know what they want—and it's always been the same. Go back as far as the League, or even to the Fronde, and you'll find it so. (Mr. Watts's chronology becomes at times somewhat confused, it will be seen, when the more remote events of French history were in question.) Why, when Mazarin, Condé, Retz, and all those heavy historical swells, were going in against each other, did n't the people oscillate fust on one side and then on the other, just like a penjolum? you never know at last who they're for, and who they ain't for, and it's my belief they did n't know themselves.

"Well, then take later dates. Just look what the French have done and undone, and done ~~again~~ in sixty odd years. Up to '92 they had the old original Bourbon shop, and 'no connexion with any other house' written over the door. Well, they pulls that down, all in a hurry, and starts a bran new Republic in its place. Republic not answering expectations, the Directory was opened with every prospect, people thought, of doing a roaring business. But that soon shut up, and then comes the Consulate, which went the way of the rest, and then up starts Bonyparty with his empire. *That* lasted eight or ten year, and then Mr. Bourbon comes back, takes the business off Boney's hands, and there was a Restoration. Shortly afterwards Boney himself comes back, and the Empire took down its shutters again. Then Mr. Bourbon comes back once more, and there was another Restoration, and so it's been going on to this blessed day.

"Why, even since the peace the French have had two regular Kings, one Orleanist ditto, a Republic, a Dictator, a Prince-President, and now they've got another Bonyparty Emperor, and are playing the same old game again, with the same flags, and banners, and costumes as were in use forty year ago. O, they disgust me, they do, with their chopping and their changing, and their bounce and their vanity—always talking about giving liberty to all the world, and never having any of it for themselves.

"I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Grey; it's my solemn opinion that the French ain't fit for liberty—never have been fit—and never will be. They were meant to be either tyrants or slaves, but not free men. They're like a parcel of children crying for a toy,—until you give it 'em they halloo and roar, and stamp and shout, and grow black and blue in the face, and directly they've got it they make a great fuss with it for a minute or two, then let it fall to the ground, and either

crush it beneath their feet, or fairly chuck it away—and that's what the French do with liberty."

Mr. Watts had given utterance to these exceedingly positive, if not exceedingly charitable opinions, with so much vehemence, that he was now completely red in the face with exertion. He had lashed himself, too, into such a violent rage by descanting upon the nation, for which he entertained even more than a Briton's profound contempt, that it seemed by no means improbable he would give still further vent to his feelings by a personal onslaught upon some of the inoffensive guardians of public tranquillity, occasionally to be met with in the discharge of their functions. Indeed, the young groom glared with such inhuman ferocity upon one peaceful *sergent de ville* who came in sight, that the man continued to watch Mr. Watts during the next half-hour, under the impression that he must be of unsound mind, and recently escaped from Charenton. It was only when by overhearing a few words of conversation he discovered the supposed lunatic's nationality, that he desisted from his pursuit.

"The English are all mad," he complacently remarked to himself, and philosophically turned on his heel.

Fortunately while Mr. Watts was still trembling with emotion, and walking in silence by the side of his companions, who on their part were too astonished to speak, a sight met his eye which at once tranquillised his spirit, and forced his thoughts into a pacific channel.

George Radcliffe, with Ruth on his arm, and Fred similarly linked to Hester, came along the broad promenade, and smiling recognition at the three servants, passed happily by, like young devotees returning from a pilgrimage to the shrine of Love.

Directly Mr. Watts saw his young master and mistress the sense of duty rose above all political considerations, and at once composing his features into the decorous and attentive expression befitting, as he considered, an English domestic, he banished France and the French from his consideration, and regained the philosophical calmness habitual to him.

"A charming creature your young lady, miss," he remarked to Mary, when Ruth was quite out of hearing.

"O, very, Mr. Watts," she replied, "though a little fastidious sometimes, and not easy to please. You know she's engaged to Mr. George, of course?"

"Well, I guessed so. It's so easy to see when one party has made it all square with another party in that way. I've half an idea, too, that your Mr. Fred is rayther soft upon my young misses, Miss Hester. He's always with her—has been at least since I took service in the house. So I for one should n't be knocked off my perch if I was to hear that them two were to pair off also."

"O, how delightful that would be!" exclaimed Mary, with all the rapture of a professional match-maker; "brother and sister marrying brother and sister."

"Uncommon delightful," replied Mr. Watts; "it must be very agreeable to be coupled like that, must n't it, miss?"

"O, I do n't know, I'm sure," said Mary, with a pretty simpering laugh it would have been unfeeling to call a giggle.

"Why, I thought all young persons liked to have some one particular one as was more tender to 'em than any other one."

"Law! Mr. Watts, what strange things you do say," and Mary looked timidly and with hesitating glances towards the young groom.

Now, it so happened that at that particular moment Mr. Watts, utterly unaware that he had said anything worthy of being set down as strange, looked towards Mary, as if to find in her face rather than in her words the explanation of a remark which he thought more entitled than his own to the adjective she had employed. In so doing their eyes met! It was but for a moment, but in that brief space what a long tale was told by the flashing glances the young couple exchanged!

It was all over now! Not a word was said upon the subject, for not a word was necessary; but Mr. Watts rapidly turning towards John Plumber, suddenly exclaimed, in quite an altered tone—

"Mr. Grey, sir, let's have some coffee, sir."

And he led the way to the little Swiss Chalet close to Lac Superieur, where the three servants sat until dusk, closely knit together in amicable social intercourse, the topic of love being, however, utterly banished from their conversation.

THE LORDS.

ACCORDING to Sergeant Parry, the House of Lords is an anomaly. Mr. Bright is understood to be of a similar opinion. To show their sense on this subject, the other day when the bill for the repeal of the Paper Duty came up for its second reading, noble peers threw it out by a majority of 83. I do not suppose the majority would have been in favour of cheap papers,—I don't imagine their lordships care much about cheap paper—but I do believe, that why the majority was so great was owing exclusively to the fact that their lordships felt that they had been insulted, and were determined that the people of England should know their power—and be taught to keep a respectful distance. Of course the rude and rascal Commons will bear this rebuff patiently. In 1849 such a thing would have set England in an uproar, but we are a patient people—and it is Christian-like when you are smitten on one cheek to turn the other. Such a scene as that in the Lords on May 21 is only seen once in a generation. Lord Derby is omnipotent in the Lords, and they came at his call and filled the House and sat there till day-light did appear; then the ladies filled the gallery—then the strangers' gallery was as full as it could be—and many were waiting with orders in the lobby outside, and below the bar, where the commons and the sons of peers are allowed to congregate, there was scarce standing room. No wonder! A great crisis was at hand. Lord Derby was to deal a blow at his foes,—Lord Monteaule, once a Chancellor of the Exchequer himself, was to have the honour of destroying the reputation of a greater and more eloquent Chancellor,—Lord Lyndhurst was to keep his eighty-eighth birthday by insisting upon the government having upwards of a million more to spend in the ensuing year than had been held to be necessary by the Commons, the guardians of the national purse. Truly it was a bold and plucky thing to do, and the House of Lords might well be full!

Associations good and bad—tragic or the reverse—of shame or glory—cluster round the House of Lords. Everywhere around you are historic names. The only modern thing is yourself and the chamber in which you sit. The men who came over with William—who dictated Magna Charta to the pusillanimous and craven-hearted John—who fought with the Black Prince at Cressy, or with Henry at Agincourt—who shared with the English Bluebeard in the spoils of the Romish Church—are here in the persons of their sons. Others also are here, whose history has less in it of honour, and more of shame. You hear names that take you back to that dark period in our history when Charles II. wielded the English sceptre—when vice was no barrier to the palace—when England's princes stooped to pocket the pay of France, and when England was a scorn and a by-word amongst the nations of the earth. The bastards of such kings—these are brought back to your memories as you see their coroneted children taking their place in an assembly that should be an assembly of what is greatest and best in our midst. But the shame has been done, and a race born in dishonour has a career of honour open to it as well as others. Yet the Upper House offers but few incentives to such a course. The business of the nation is done elsewhere. The responsible minister, from the time of Sir Robert Walpole, has sat in another house. With the exception of Shaftesbury, and St. John, and Chatham, no memories of power, and genius, and patriotism speak to us from these walls. Many an illustrious career has been buried in a peerage. Thus was it with Pulteney, with Walpole, in the past; and thus is it with Brougham at the present time. Great orators come to the Upper House when their work has been done. They go there for repose, not for action. In the Lords the barometer points to calm, not storm.

On going back to the infancy of parliament, we find much that seems to us incongruous and out of place now. Under the date of 1377, for instance, we read in the "Parliamentary History" as follows:—"Now that Edward III. being too old and infirm to meet his parliament, a commission was granted to Richard, Prince of Wales, to hold it in his stead. At the day of their meeting in the painted chamber, the young prince, then about ten years of age, sitting in the king's own seat, Dr. Houghton, Lord Chancellor and Bishop of St. David's, made a speech in the nature of a sermon, from the text, 'Ye suffer fools gladly, seeing that you yourselves are wise.' The reverend divine argued that God loved the king and the kingdom: the king, because *quos diligit castigat*, and because the Psalmist said, *Uxor tua sicut vitis abundans in lateribus*; thence he showed no Christian prince could be so happy. That God loved the realm, he proved from the recovery of so renowned a prince; the said recovery happening in the fifteenth year of his reign, the year of jubilee, the year of joy for his said recovery. Then arguing that, though the head be sound, if some particular member be diseased, the benefit that otherwise would result could not possibly accrue; so he inferred that the king being now the sound head, and willing to show grace and favour to his subjects, they ought to qualify themselves aright by approving their loyalty sound and uncorrupted. Having thus enforced the duty of freely giving,

and quoting St. Paul for that purpose, the courtly divine addressed himself more particularly to the Lords. They, he was sure, should rest happy in the belief that the good king loved them dearly, since he had, upon their request, advanced the Lord Richard, there present, to be Prince of Wales. Then he proceeded to show what cause they had to cherish the said prince, by offering unto him, as the wise men did unto Christ, all honour, by presenting him gold in token of riches and renown, and myrrh in token of his honourable sceptre, since even the pagans were used to strew abroad money at the approach of their princes. He insisted that 'the said prince should, without all rancour, be embraced with their hands and hearts, even as Simeon had embraced Christ, because their eyes had now seen that which their hearts had much longed for; that they ought to obey him as the vicar and legate of God, that they might see the true peace of Israel.' Of course, the end of all this was a subsidy. Modern readers, however, will think it a round-about way of getting one.

In the Lords' journals, under the date of June 4, 1610, we have an account of the singular creation of Henry Prince of Wales, by his father James I. We read:—"This day the chamber, commonly called Whitehall, or the Court of Request, was very richly hung from the upper end more than half-down towards the lower end, where there was set up a strong bar of timber thwart the room. In the highest part of the room was placed for his Majesty a sumptuous cloth of estate, and of either side scaffolds for ambassadors of foreign countries. On each side against the walls were erected seats, one above another, for strangers and noble personages, with the Lord Mayor and his brethren in the midst. Upon forms and woollacks did sit all the lords of the parliament, and the judges in their robes, and likewise the officers and attendants, as in the days of the sitting in parliament. Below the bar was placed the Speaker's chair, forms on the ground, and seats on each side one above another, fit and convenient to receive the whole House of Commons. His Majesty being come, the Prince, his highness, honourably attended by divers noblemen, the Knights of the Bath, Officers-at-arms, and his own servants, entered in at the nether end of the house, and was with great state and solemnity brought up to the foot-path before the king, where kneeling at the first, and then standing, his highness was with all reverence created Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester, and a patent thereof first read by the Lord Treasurer, principal secretary of his Majesty, and afterwards delivered to him; which done, and all ceremonies finished which thereunto appertain, the prince, his highness, in great state and magnificence, some little time after the king's majesty, departed the court at Whitehall." Alas for human pomp and prince! A few years, and that prince himself departed to another and more solemn court summoned by a terrible and irresistible power.

Occasionally the hot blood of the bold barons got them into scrapes. "This day" (February 14, 1620), the journals of the Lords say, "the Lord Chancellor acquainted the house that this morning a quarrel happening between two noble members of that house, the Earls of Berkshire and Scroop, the former did forc-

bly push the other out of the house, against the honour and dignity of it." Both lords were called to the bar, and after serious debate, the Earl of Berkshire being called again to the bar of the house, and being on his knees, the Lord Chancellor told him that the house had considered of his fault, which they found to be very great, in that his lordship, being a peer, who therefore should be tender of the privileges of the house, had in the house, and in the presence of the prince, his highness, offered force to a member of the same. The sentence of the house, therefore, was that his lordship be committed close prisoner to the Fleet until the house should order further. The Gentlemen Usher was ordered to attend the said earl to his own house at his own request, but disarmed, and from thence to the Fleet. The latter place seems to have been favourable to good resolves and profitable meditation; for a few days after we find his lordship making submission to the house, and deeply regretting the trouble his bad temper had given them.

Grander scenes have, however, been enacted on the floor of the Lords. Many a mighty heart that had ventured everything for a sinking cause, was here brought to bay by the infuriated Commons, in that fierce time when the rage of the Lower House was rapidly reaching its culminating point. When the time for peace was past—when the tempest was rising that was for a time to destroy prince and sceptre—even in the Lords occasionally a scene occurred. Take the following as an instance:—In the middle of a dull November day there issued from the House of Commons, after hours of earnest deliberation with closed doors, three hundred representatives of the English people, with Pym at their head. They go to the House of Lords. They seek there the greatest man in all England—a man greater than the king—a man who might, peradventure, have saved the king's head. Mr. Pym at the bar, and in the name of the Lower House and of all the Commons of England, impeached Thomas Earl of Strafford with high treason. Bailie tells us:—"The Lords begin to consult on that strange and unexpected motion; the word goes in haste to the lord-lieutenant, where he was with the king; with speed he comes to the house; *he calls rudely at the door*; James Maxwell, keeper of the black rod, opens; his lordship, *with a proud glooming countenance*, makes towards his place at the board head. But at once many bid him to rid the house; so he is forced in confusion to go to the door till he is called. After consultation, being called in, he stands, but is commanded to kneel, and on his knees to hear the sentence. Being on his knees he is delivered to the keeper of the black rod, to be prisoner till he was clear of those crimes the House of Commons had charged him with. He offered to speak, but was commanded to be gone without a word. In the outer room James Maxwell required him, as a prisoner, to deliver his sword. When he had got it, he cries with a loud voice for his man, to carry my lord-lieutenant's sword. This done, he makes through a number of people towards his coach, *all gazing, no man capping to him, before whom, that morning, the greatest of England would have stood discovered.*" In succeeding reigns the scenes were still in the Upper House. The graceless Charles would lounge into the house, chat with some of

the courtiers—look black, perhaps, at a few who were playing, under the mask of patriotism, some little paltry game of their own, and of course, peers and bishops would be decorous and well-behaved enough all the while. When stormy times came, the great Chatham, whose peerage had been to him the same cloud it has too often been to others, came down to the house to die, with that Roman air which has made his name immortal. The occasion was the recognition of American independence. Chatham then appeared in the House of Lords for the last time. Sickness and age had done their work. The strong man had become weak. Wrapt in flannel, pale and emaciated, he came into the house supported by two friends. Within his large wig little more was to be seen than his aquiline nose and penetrating eye. He looked like a dying man, yet never was seen a picture of more dignity. He rose slowly from his seat, leaning on his crutches, and supported under each arm by his two friends. He took one hand from his crutch, and raising it, cast his eyes towards heaven and said: "I thank God that I have been enabled to come here this day, to perform my duty and speak on a subject which has so deeply impressed my mind. I am old and infirm; I have more than one foot in the grave; I am risen from my bed to stand up in the cause of my country; perhaps never again to speak in this house." The reverence, the attention, the stillness of the house were most affecting. If any one had dropped his handkerchief it would have been heard. At first he spoke in a low and feeble tone; but as he grew warm, his voice rose and was as harmonious as ever; once more the old flame burnt brightly, and the feeble, tottering cripple was again the mighty orator of his manhood's prime. As Chatham was sitting down, his brother-in-law, Lord Temple, said to him, "You forgot to mention what we talked of; shall I get up?" Chatham said, "No, no, I will; I will do it by-and-by." This by-and-by never came. After the Duke of Richmond had spoken, Chatham again attempted to rise, but his shattered frame was unequal to the feelings of the dying orator. He fell back in a swoon. The whole house was agitated; political friends and political foes were alike alarmed. The scene was impressive. It needed not art to commemorate the great man struck down in the scene of his ancient greatness. Art cannot heighten the interest of that reality. From the Chamber of Peers to Hayes, and from Hayes to Westminster Abbey, to mingle his ashes with those of others of England's illustrious sons, were steps thence easily taken—steps the immortal Chatham speedily took. A few days, and England wept her greatest statesman dead.

On some occasions, the peers have shown themselves not exempt from the fears of ordinary men. For instance, when Lord George Gordon presented the monster petition from the Protestant Association to the House of Commons, an infuriated Protestant mob had taken possession of Palace-yard and the surrounding streets; Lord Mansfield's carriage was attacked, and his windows were broken; Lords Hillborough, Townshend, and Stourmont, were in danger of their lives; the Duke of Northumberland was forced out of his carriage, robbed, and his clothes were torn to pieces. The Lords, who had met to consider, curiously enough, the Duke of Richmond's scheme for annual parliaments

and universal suffrage, were in a terrible state of perturbation. At first they were resolved to play the part of Roman senators, and to be massacred at their posts. But fear triumphed; Lord Montfort, looking ghastly, and covered all over with mud and hair-powder, burst into the assembly, and began to vociferate; the Duke of Richmond appealed to the woolsack for protection; Lord Mansfield tried to restore order, but Lord Montfort insisted on being heard "in an affair of life and death; for Lord Boston, coming to his duty as a peer of parliament, had been dragged out of his carriage by the mob, who would certainly murder him if he were not immediately rescued from their violence." "At this instant," says the "Parliamentary History," "it is hardly possible to conceive a more grotesque appearance than the house exhibited. Some of their lordships with their hair about their shoulders; others smothered with dirt; most of them pale as the ghost in Hamlet; and all of them standing up in their several places, and speaking at the same instant. One lord proposed to send for the guards—another for the justices or civil magistrates; many crying out, 'Adjourn! adjourn!' while the skies resounded with the hurras, shoutings, or hootings and hissings in Palace-yard. This scene of unprecedented alarm continued for about half an hour."

Perhaps one of the most exciting scenes in the Upper House was that which took place in July, 1834. It arose out of certain explanations which noble lords, members of Lord Melbourne's government, were giving at the time respecting the course which ministers meant to pursue relative to the Coercion bill for Ireland. The Duke of Buckingham, after violently attacking government, concluded by saying:—"The noble and learned lord on the woolsack (Lord Brougham) and his colleagues think they have buried the noble earl in his political sepulchre, and that he will never more disturb them; but they will find themselves mistaken; the spirit of the noble earl will burst its cerements, and will haunt them in their festivities, and disturb the noble and learned lord on the woolsack in the midst of his potations pottle deep." A scene of confusion and uproar followed, which it is impossible to describe. The Marquis of Lansdowne and Lord Brougham both rose at the same time to address their lordships, but the former gave way. Lord Brougham (labouring under great excitement and addressing his first sentence to the Marquis of Lansdowne) said, "Stop a minute. As to the concluding observations of the noble duke, all I shall say is, that I do not frequent the same cabaret, or ale-house, as he does (deafening cries of 'Order, order'); at all events, I do not recollect (continued Lord Brougham with increased energy) having met the noble marquis (Londonderry) at the noble duke's ale-house potations;—my lords, I have not a slang dictionary at hand." Here a whole host of noble lords rose, amidst deafening uproar, to address the house. Lord Brougham remained for some time on his legs, as if desirous of proceeding; but the confusion and noise, in all parts of the house, were so great as to render any effort to obtain a hearing altogether hopeless. The shout of 'Order, order,' from every side was absolutely deafening, and Lord Brougham at last resumed his seat without uttering a word.

The House of Lords consists of two classes, lords spiritual and temporal. The temporal and spiritual peers of England all sit by virtue of their creation or consecration; the temporal peers of Scotland have each a vote in the election of sixteen members of their body to represent the whole during the continuance of each distinct parliament. The temporal peers of Ireland, immediately after the passing of the Act of Union, elected under its authority in the same manner, but for life, twenty-eight representatives, and the right of election has subsequently been exercised to supply from time to time the deficiency created in the representation by death. The spiritual peers of Ireland are represented, not by election, but rotation, the two archbishops sitting alternate years and three bishops in annual rotation. At this time there are in the House of Lords twenty dukes, twenty-one marquises, one hundred and twelve earls, twenty-four viscounts, twenty-four bishops, and one hundred and ninety-six barons. You will find but a small proportion of these in the house. The absentees are by far the most numerous.

"The following," says Lodge, "is the ceremony in use in admitting a peer into the House of Lords. After the peers have taken their seats, the lord chancellor being on the woolsack, garter-king-at-arms attired in his taliard, and bareheaded, comes into the House of Lords bearing the patent, if there be one, and writ of summons of the peer to be introduced, who then follows between two peers of his own rank, attired in their robes of state, and is led by them to the chancellor, to whom he makes obeisance; garter then presents the patent and writ of summons to the lord chancellor, who directs the same to be read; this being done, the oaths are administered to the new peer, and the chancellor dismisses him to take his seat, to which he is directed by the two noblemen who introduce him, garter leading the way. The writ is then delivered by the lord chancellor to the clerk of the house, to be laid up. The new peer forthwith rises from his seat and returns to the lord chancellor, who congratulates him on his becoming a member of the house of peers, or on his elevation to the dignity of the peerage, as the case may be.

That the proceeding does not always go off so smoothly as in the above extract, the reader of Lord Byron's Life is aware. Mr. Dallas, who was present, says: "I accompanied Lord Byron to the house. He was received into one of the ante-chambers by some of the officers in attendance, with whom he settled respecting the fees to pay; one of them went to apprise the lord chancellor of his being there, and soon returned for him. There were very few persons in the house; Lord Eldon was going through some ordinary business; then Lord Byron entered. I thought he looked still paler than before, and he certainly wore a countenance in which mortification was mingled with, but subdued by, indignation. He passed the woolsack without looking round, and advanced to the table where the proper officer was attending to administer the oaths. When he had gone through them, the chancellor quitted his seat and went towards him with a smile, putting out his hand warmly to welcome him, and though I did not catch his words, I saw that he paid him some compliment. This was all thrown away upon Lord Byron, who made a stiff bow and put the tips

of his fingers into the chancellor's hand. The chancellor did not press a welcome so received, but resumed his seat, while Lord Byron carelessly seated himself on one of the empty benches to the left of the throne, usually occupied by the lords in opposition. . . . We returned to St. James's Street, but he did not recover his spirits." His lordship's mortification arose in part from the fact that his relative, the Earl of Carlisle, had not offered to introduce him. To revenge himself for this disappointment, Byron, in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," took a biting revenge. Till then he had introduced his guardian into the satire in the most complimentary manner possible—

"On one alone Apollo deigns to smile,
And crowns a new Roscommon in Carlisle."

In common with members of the House of Commons peers enjoy all the privileges they possess. They have, however, others. They may vote by proxy; they are not subject to make answer to questions from the lower house; they can only be tried by peers, and a peer has this advantage on his trial, all his peers are summoned to his trial, and he is acquitted or condemned by the verdict of the majority, which is not given upon oath, but in the form, "Guilty," or "Not guilty, upon my honour," pronounced by each peer in his place in answer to the question severally put by the lord steward who presides in the court, beginning with the youngest baron and proceeding to the first duke or senior prince of the blood royal. A peer, also, answers to bills in chancery upon his honour and not upon his oath; but when he is examined either in civil or criminal cases as a witness, or in the high court of parliament, he must be sworn. A peer cannot be bound to keep the peace in any other than the courts of Queen's Bench and Chancery, and the honour of peers is so highly tended by law that it is much more penal to spread false reports of them than of other men; scandal against them being called "*scandalum magnatum*," and subjected to punishment by divers ancient statutes. Peers are exempted from attending court-leets or on the "*posse comitatus*." A peer cannot lose estate but by death or attainder, except, indeed, he wastes his estate so as not to be able to support his dignity; then he can be degraded by act of parliament; but there is but one instance of this supreme jurisdiction, which was in the case of George Neville, Duke of Bedford, in the reign of Edward VI.

The great council of lords spiritual and temporal dates as far back as the time of William the Conqueror. In the reign of Henry III., where we more clearly see daylight, it was entirely composed of such persons, holding lands by barony, as were summoned by particular writ of parliament. Tenure and summons were both essential at this time in order to render any one a lord of parliament. No spiritual peer was summoned without a baronial term. The prior of St. James, at Northampton, having been summoned in the twelfth of Edward II., was discharged upon his petition because he had nothing of the king by barony, but only in frankalmoign. The prior of Bridlington, after frequent summonses, was finally left out with an entry made in the roll that he held nothing of the king. The abbot of Leicester had been called to fifty parliaments, yet in the twenty-fifth of Edward III. he ob-

tained a charter of perpetual exemption, reciting that he held no lands or tenements of the crown by barony or any such service as bound him to attend parliament or councils; but there were great irregularities in the lists of persons summoned. "It is worthy of observation," remarks Mr. Hallam in a note, "that the spiritual peers summoned to parliament were in general considerably more numerous than the temporal. This appears, among other causes, to have saved the church from that sweeping reformation of its wealth, and perhaps of its doctrines, which the commons were thoroughly inclined to make under Richard II. and Henry IV. Thus the reduction of the spiritual lords by the dissolution of the monasteries was indispensably required to bring the ecclesiastical order into due subjection to the state. From the time of Edward III. the council, consisting of the chief ministers of the crown, and the lords' house in parliament, were often blended together in one assembly. Thus was formed the great council which exercised a considerable civil as well as criminal jurisdiction. In the time of Edward III. or Richard II. the lords, by their ascendancy, threw the judges and rest of the council into shade, and took the decisive jurisdiction entirely to themselves, making use of their former colleagues but as assistants and advisers, as they still continue to be held in all the judicial proceedings of the house. Ages have come and gone, and the grand council of the nation is now not in the upper, but lower house; but as part of the whole English constitution, it still exists. And though now of decreased importance and power, still it has claims for the intellect it yet boasts, and for the good it yet accomplishes. Intellectually, it must take a high stand, for it is constantly replenished from the most successful lawyers of the other house. Historically, it has been the barrier against the despotism of the crown. To the great Whig families that upheld the revolution of 1688—that bravely contended with a lower house of Jacobites—we owe the Hanover succession, and England's subsequently growing favour. On the face of it, it seems absurd that a man should be a legislator born; but, at the same time, practically the custom has not been fraught with the evil which might have been anticipated. It is very clear that many men who have done the state good service have cared more for acquiring hereditary honours for their children, than for the immediate *éclat* which promotion to the peerage conferred on them.

Of course the lords do not act as common men. For instance: in divisions they give their votes beginning at the lowest and proceeding *seriatim* to the peers highest in rank. Each one answers for himself, content or non-content. If the numbers should chance to be equal, it is invariably presumed that the house is against the bill. The lords are still true to the maxims of their forefathers. We are unwilling to change the laws of England. Right or wrong, a law is a law, and with them, for that reason alone, is to be revered and preserved. The lord has this advantage over an M.P.: the latter may pair off when a division is about to take place, and thus the loss of his vote to his party is compensated for by the absence of the vote of the M.P. with whom he pairs off to his party. A lord may do more than this: he may vote for a measure by proxy. Some men are very large holders of proxies.

The number of those held by the late Duke of Wellington was prodigious, and almost dangerous to the state. There were times when the noble duke had nearly half the votes of the peers in his pockets. Debating, in such circumstances, must have been little better than a farce.

The writer of this article must add that one of the sights best worth seeing in this country is her Majesty opening parliament. No strangers are admitted on that day where the peers sit; you see nothing but ladies in full dress,—the peers, an insignificant minority, in red cloaks and ermine collars, are placed in the middle of the assembly. On the benches reserved for ambassadors are the representatives of the different courts of Europe, and not unfrequently princes from "furthest Ind." The sound of trumpet and the booming of cannon announce the arrival of her Majesty, who, attended by her consort and the chief officers of her court, takes her seat amidst her congregated peers. All rise on her approach, but she invites them to be seated, and the Chancellor, in her name, orders the Usher of the Black Rod to summon the Commons (who generally rush in in a most confused and disorderly manner, like so many schoolboys) to hear the forthcoming oration. Headed by the Speaker, the Commons at length arrive, order is restored, and on his bended knee the Chancellor presents his royal mistress with a copy of the speech, which has come to be, in our time, proverbial for its feeble elegance and unmeaning perspicuity. Having concluded, the Queen gracefully bows to the house, and retires with the same ceremonies with which she entered. The return to Buckingham Palace is by three at the latest. On the assembling of the present parliament the writer was present, and certainly never beheld a more gorgeous scene. Mr. Kean never put such a spectacle on the boards of the Princess's. You felt everything was real, that the crown held by the Marquis of Lansdowne was a real one of gold; that that splendid stomacher of the Queen's was made of pearls and precious stones; that all those glittering ornaments on the heads of ladies on every side were real; that those grand-looking military gentlemen, with orders and stars, and gold lace, were real foreign ambassadors. I am not fond of millinery and such-like shows, but I must confess to feeling that a sight of the Lords, on the opening of parliament by royalty, is one of the grandest things of the sort I ever witnessed.

Haydon has left on record his impressions of a similar scene. In his diary I find the following entry—"Went to the House of Lords. It was a very grand affair. The beautiful women—educated—refined—graceful—with their bending plumes, and sparkling eyes; the Chancellor—

'The sceptre, and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The tissued robe of gold and pearl,'

gave a grand sensation, and I could not help reflecting how long it was before society had arrived at that state of peace and quietness, that order and regulation I witnessed. What tumult—what blood—what contention—what suffering—what error—before experience had ascertained what was to be selected and what rejected."

THE COURT FARM, OLVESTON, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

SOME seven miles north of Bristol lies the village of Olveston, one of several rural villages lying along the course of beautiful Severn. It is a very clean, very pleasant, very secluded place, far from the hurry and noise and riot of railways. The inn is a true "nest antipodean to all ceremony," old-fashioned, as becomes the neighbourhood, comfortable, and suggestive of rest and a quiet pipe, and a mug of good country ale. In itself the town has nothing remarkable. The church retains evidences of a late Norman or Early English origin, but its ancient characteristics have been shorn away of late years with very unsparing hand. In 1841 it underwent very extensive repairs, so that externally (the tower excepted) there are no traces of old work. The upper stage of the tower was destroyed by lightning in 1603, and repaired, with a bad imitation of the decorated style, in 1606. Inside, the Early English arches with the capitals have been retained. In the south wall at the east end of the church there is a handsome founder's tomb, under a decorative canopy with elaborate finials and a blank shield, once in all probability emblazoned with the arms of the founder. In the eastern wall is a curious brass to the memory of Sir George Denys, engraved with a kneeling male and female figure, having each a label issuing from the mouth. In each corner is a shield emblazoned.

"There is a very high strong wall in the village enclosing several acres of ground, which is the site of the ancient seat of the Dennises, who had considerable property here, and some ruins of that seat are still remaining." Such is Rudder's account of the ruin which forms the subject of the accompanying engraving. The "high and strong wall" remains—high and strong still, covered with ivy and all manner of luxurious creeping-plants and "weeds of glorious feature." The buildings must have been very extensive and very magnificent, and have an ecclesiastical character about them which leads to the supposition that they were of monastic origin. They are occupied now for farming purposes, and are known as The Court Farm. In the pure air that blows over the Severn the architecture keeps its freshness and beauty, and the mouldings are almost as sharp as if they were new from the hands of the mason. Over the smaller doorway is a huge corbel head of ruder and earlier sculpture than the rest of the structure. Why it should occupy that place, and to what use it was dedicated, if any, it is difficult to conjecture.

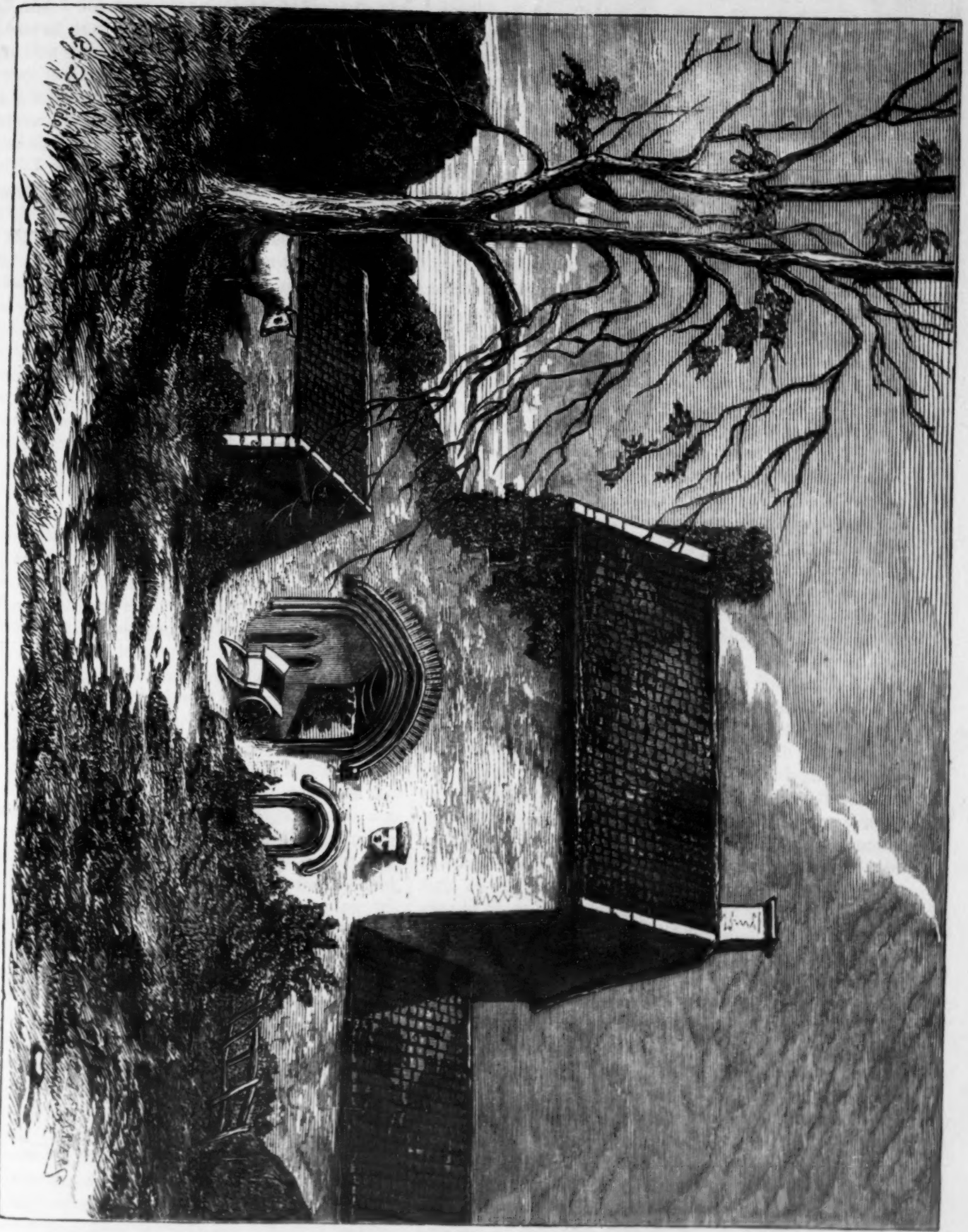
AN OLD MAN'S MEMORIES.

"I WOULD rather go through any amount of suffering than live a cold, grey life, with no vivid event to colour it," I lately heard one of my scholars say to his companions, and they all echoed the sentiment. They were right, I think, though, poor lads, they hardly understood what they said; for to the young, suffering and sorrow seem full of poetry, and they have yet to learn that when the sorrow comes, the poetry can give but little

consolation. I am old now, and, doubtless, to other men my life has appeared dull and eventless enough, for no one has cared to know its hidden trials and consolations—and yet, how much there is for my poor, fond heart to look back to and dwell on, recollections that now I would not lose for worlds. The one great sorrow of my life has become so interwoven with every thought and feeling, I cannot imagine what I should have been without it, but the very monotony of my outward existence has had a soothing effect, and has made my lonely life and unshared grief a second nature to me. I do not understand how men can bear to wander from place to place as they do now-a-days,—they cannot feel the unspoken sympathy of inanimate things as I do. I have always lived in this old town, mused in its gardens, wandered through its cloistered halls, finding such comfort and companionship in their beauty that I have long felt towards them as I believe other men do to their friends. They have never seemed to look less kindly on me because I am poor and weakly, or weary of me because I am grave and slow of speech, and even as a little child I felt grateful for this, and learnt to love them, and they have never changed to me in these changeful times.

It seemed to me to-day, as I sat listening in Magdalene Chapel to the grand old organ, and the boys' clear fresh voices singing some anthem that has been heard there for these hundred years, and watching the soft evening light as it came mellowed through the painted windows, just falling on the picture over the altar, and bringing out clear the quaint carving of the oak stalls, that only I had changed through the long, long years since I first sat there a feeble child, weeping from very fullness of heart, it all seemed to me so beautiful. But it was touching to think that of all those who were there then perhaps I alone survived,—what had been the fate of those who listened with me then, as full of life, as untroubled by fears of the future, as confident in their young strength as those I looked at now? I could hardly believe they were not the same faces I saw before me, so like were they in their unclouded brightness. The light shone more vividly still on the altarpiece "Christ bearing the Cross," and the choir sang louder, "Comfort ye, comfort ye," while the organ sobbed and wailed like a human voice. Aye, these too will have to bear the cross, these too will soon need comfort—God help them in this evil world.

How well I remember that day (so long past now) when I first went to the chapel. The last notes of the organ had died away, the young men had all rushed out eager to escape from the enforced quiet, but I still sat in a corner of the dark Anti-Chapel quietly crying; I could hardly have told why, except that the music seemed to understand my thoughts and express my feelings as I could not have done in words. I need not say much about my home, but I was not happy there, my *own* mother had been long dead—my father had married another wife, and it was no wonder they both cared for her handsome boy more than they could do for me. They were never unkind, only indifferent, leaving me to wander as I liked, but I knew all their love was for Hugh, a bright winning child, as unlike me as they could wish, and the thought that no one could care for me was very bitter sometimes.



COURT FARM, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

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I was suddenly startled by a light hand being placed on my shoulder, and a gentle voice asking "what ailed me?" I raised my eyes and saw a tall gray-haired man looking down upon me so kindly, I could not feel frightened; he led me out of the chapel and made me sit by him in the cloisters outside, bidding me "tell him all about it," and I did open all my childish heart to him, for there was an earnest simplicity and gentle kindness about him that made me forget he was a stranger. He listened very patiently, asking me questions as I went on; when I told him how I loved the music because it seemed to me a friend, he smiled and told me it was he who played the organ and taught the boys to sing, and asked me if I would like to learn too,—I said "yes," but it seemed as unreal a dream that I should ever do so as any of the bright joyful dreams I sometimes had. We soon separated, but good Martin Flemming did not forget me, (he never did forget where there was any kindness to be done,) he found I had some capacity for music, and soon, through his influence, I was one of the boys he taught so patiently and lovingly.

My father failed in his business soon after this, and left Oxford with my mother and little brother for a distant colony, willingly consenting to Martin's offer of adopting me as his own son, an offer generously made when he saw how it would half break my heart to leave him and give up my singing; so I lived on at the old grey house, a tranquil, peaceful life, loving my dear master more and more daily. We were quite companions, notwithstanding the difference in our age. I was too feeble to join in the sports of my schoolfellows, and much preferred wandering about with him in the lovely college gardens, hearing all the many traditions of the time-worn buildings, reading to him the old books he loved and I learned to love too, and helping him to pet and play with his darling Jessie, a delicate pretty little child, whom he loved better than anything on earth, for her young mother had died when she was born some four years past.

She was always fond of me, awkward boy though I was, and I, ever grateful for affection, was soon her willing slave;—it was not a hard bondage, for she was gentle and tender-hearted like her father, though full of life and gaiety; dear little Jessie, how she used to flit along the cloisters to meet me when I came from school, her bright curly hair blown back from her smiling, innocent face, and her blue eyes sparkling with pleasure because "Stephen had come back to play with and take care of her!" What delicious rambles we had together by the river side; then, when she was tired, I would sit on the roots of one of the old willows pretending to read, but finding it impossible not to look at the little fairy figure, half hidden in the tall buttercups and grass, or not to listen to the eager, silvery voice, for ever proclaiming some wonderful discovery of hidden flower or bright insect. Then going home in the twilight she would be half frightened under the arches of the long avenue of the elm-trees, though we both liked the mysterious light that came through their thick foliage, but when the wind sighed through the branches mournfully her little hand would clasp mine more tightly, and she ceased her innocent prattle for a time. Those were very happy days, and year after year went by all too quickly. I received a good education at the choris-

ters' school; I liked my studies, and they said I learnt easily and remembered well. Master Flemming (as he bid us boys call him) had no ambition for himself, but often said he would like to see me a scholar of the college before he died, and I felt I must not any longer be dependant on his charity, so I toiled hard and was successful. I was elected scholar of M.e, and at the end of my undergraduate's course, having obtained (to me) unexpected honours, I remained on at the old college as tutor and lecturer.

Jessie had grown up to womanhood now, though as childlike in her simplicity and trusting innocence as when I first knew her; she was very lovely, and her frailness and delicacy made her even more so. I used to fancy, as she hung about her father, cheering his age and, alas, increasing infirmities, that she was like the delicate flowers that gave such brightness to the old gray mullioned windows of the college; he always seemed younger when she was by him. I always loved her, and I cannot tell when the protecting love of an elder brother changed to the deep passionate love of the man for one infinitely better and purer than himself, but it had so changed. I never betrayed this by look or word, it was only in my most sanguine day-dreams that I hoped to win her so to love me in return; how could she, so young, so fair, dream of linking her fate to such as I was? it was bliss enough for the present to be with her daily, to know that she cared for and trusted in me. I would not for worlds disturb her innocent confidence in "Brother Stephen," as she still called me, but I inwardly vowed that the one object of my life should be to guard her from sorrow, and, if possible, to keep her happy and peaceful as she was then—in my presumption and blindness forgetting that others might pluck my cherished flower from me.

My father had never returned to England; he had prospered greatly, and was a rich man now; his letters were always full of praises of my little brother Hugh,—his beauty, his wit, his popularity were a never-failing theme. I often longed to see the boy, whom I remembered a bold, imperious, yet winning little fellow—and now my wishes were to be gratified. Hugh was coming to England before finally settling in the colony, and meant to spend some time in Oxford, picking up what instruction he could in an irregular way there. This news caused great excitement in our quiet household. Martin Flemming insisted upon his becoming an inmate of his house, and when the time of his coming drew near Jessie was quite in a flutter of shy expectation. Her life had been so very quiet with two grave, studious men as her only companions, the arrival of an unknown guest was a great event to her. How lovely she looked as we sat watching for him that bright summer evening, in her simple white dress and blue ribands, the corn-flowers (I had jestingly bid her wear because they matched the colour of her eyes) placed in her sunny hair; how timidly she shrunk behind her father when Hugh came, and I went out first to greet and bring him in; and how prettily she forgot her shyness and came forward to welcome him as an old friend because he was my brother. I could hardly believe he was my brother, he was so unlike me in every way; he was tall and dark,—his face, which was bronzed by the sun and long voyage, would have been almost stern in its regu-

larity had it not been for his bright, laughing eyes and ready smile; his manners were frank and winning; altogether there was a pleasant mixture about him of the careless lad and the man who has seen something of the world. We were all soon like old friends together, and in a few days Jessie's shyness had vanished, and she was her own gay simple self again. I could hardly believe I was only a few years older than Hugh. I never knew how little life and gaiety there was about me till I compared myself with him. I was very proud of him, yet almost envious sometimes, his active bounding step, his manly strength, his very idle mirth and dislike to dry books had a charm about them, and he soon was a favourite with every one; from Master Flemming, who listened with the eager pleasure of a child to his description of far-off places and people, to the little bird Jessie had rescued from some cruel boys and brought home to nurse and pet, and who listened delighted to his cheery whistle. I perhaps was the only one who could see any fault in him, and I thought I discerned the old selfishness and imperiousness, though so pleasantly veiled where he chose to please, I did not wonder they remained undiscovered.

During the ensuing winter and early spring I saw very little of them. I was young and inexperienced in my various offices, and it was only by dint of hard work I could fill them as I thought worthily. It was very difficult to leave the pleasant little room, with the bright fire throwing a ruddy glow on the carved oak bookcases and cherished books,—Martin Flemming in his easy chair, Jessie seated on a low stool at his feet, his hand playing with her curls, while her little fingers busied themselves over some bit of work or let it drop idly to listen better to Hugh, whose tall figure looked taller in the fire-light as he leant against the mantle-piece, amused with Jessie's eager attention to the adventures he told with such spirit, seeming quite content to pass his evenings in their quiet society, unheeding the numerous invitations of his young companions. I used to hear their merry singing voices as I sat poring over my books and papers in my little den up-stairs, or, harder to resist, Jessie's fresh young voice, singing the grand old music her father loved, or some simple ballad to please Hugh; then Martin would move to the instrument and play fragments of Handel, Beethoven, or Mozart, linking altogether in an unbroken chain of harmony as he alone could do; and though I could not see them, I knew how Jessie and Hugh talked more quietly, or sat silent in the fire-light, subdued, not saddened by the thrilling chords and plaintive melodies, and the music was still a friend to me as it had been long ago, and is still, and now it spoke of budding hopes and happy dreams, till the bell in the old tower, tolling the rapidly passing hours, recalled me to my books and prosaic life again.

Spring was returning again, the tall elms were budding, the meadows daily growing greener, the ivy on the grey buildings putting forth fresh sprouts. Master Flemming had been ailing all the winter, and it grieved me that he did not improve with the spring. He had given up his post of organist; it was sometimes too much for him now to mount the steep stairs to the organ loft. It may have been fancy, but he never seemed to me the same afterwards; and now his strength

gradually declined Jessie was not uneasy, she never doubted his perfect recovery, and often talked cheerfully of what he would do when he was quite well again. He never contradicted her, but he knew that he was failing, and would often speak to me in his simple trustful way of death and heaven; I think his heart had been there ever since the young wife he loved so well died; it was only when he talked of Jessie that he seemed unwilling to leave this world; he reproached himself bitterly for not having thought of providing for her; he never had saved; what he did not absolutely need he gave away, "and now my little one will be left a helpless orphan with none but you to care for her;" and as he said this bitter tears ran down the old man's cheek. I could not bear this, so I told him all I felt, and hoped, and feared, how my love for Jessie had strengthened with my strength and grown with my growth, till now it seemed a part of my nature, he was much moved; I believe he loved me more than any other human being has loved me since, and when I saw how relieved he was, I was glad to have spoken so openly. He promised me faithfully not to reveal one word of this to Jessie; he had never ceased to regard her as a little child, and thought it far better not to "startle her by such things yet awhile;" but he felt so sure all would be as I wished it—so perfectly sanguine of my success, I could not help being influenced by his words, and hoped more and feared less than I had hitherto done.

March and April glided away, the first of May had come. On that day the choristers of the college always assemble on the top of the chapel tower at day-break to sing certain anthems; it has been the custom for hundreds and hundreds of years, and I hope will be so for many years to come, for the effect is very touching and beautiful. Jessie and I had never missed going since the time we were children together,—and I was so proud to sing with the other boys. Master Flemming used to carry Jessie (then a tiny little thing) up the long, dark staircase, from which she was so glad to emerge on to the high tower, and whilst we sang she would stand by his side with that look of rapt happy thought one only sees in childish faces. Dear as she was to me then, and fair as I had thought her, she was still dearer now, and still more fair. She and Hugh stood together looking over the same book; her blue eyes were cast down, their long lashes resting on her soft cheek, and an ineffable smile was on her slightly parted lips. I did not wonder at Hugh's undisguised look of admiration. She did not see it. She was evidently in some happy dreamland of her own, which harmonised with the soft yet joyful music.

It was a lovely morning, warmer and brighter than May days often are. I lingered after the singing was ended to feast my eyes on the view. The morning sun shone clear on the numerous spires and towers of the city, showing their exquisite proportions and tracery; the gardens, with their glorious trees and bright flowers, relieved the sombre grey of the colleges and halls, and the river flowed still and clear, fringed with its silver willows, through the low meadows gay with the fritellary and other early flowers; beyond lay green fields and woods, and the blue hills in the far distance. I thought I had never seen it look so beautiful before, it has never looked so beautiful since to me. A shadow

fell on my life that day which has never quite passed away.

I had gone behind one of the buttresses to see better some point of view, when I was startled by hearing voices near me, for I thought I had been left alone there. I listened, idly at first, but soon with only too intense an interest—it was Hugh who spoke, and he was telling of fervent love, utter devotion, pleading earnestly and eloquently,—and, oh misery! it was Jessie's voice that answered him. I could not hear the broken words at first, but soon, too soon, she confessed that she returned his love. Why did I not die at that moment? words are faint to express what I felt—grief, shame, anger, were all there. I could not move, I could not speak, I could not listen, I could only feel that the hope of my life was gone, my Jessie lost to me for ever. I had been so utterly blind and presumptuous, a poor dreaming fool—and yet, he could not love her as I loved her, and then came burning indignation against Hugh; why was he ever to thwart and triumph over me? what had I done that I was not to be blessed as other men were? was a mere idle boy indeed more worthy of her than I who had worked and waited so many years? They had long gone down together, the sky had overcast, and the rain and wind were beating against the tower, but I still stood there brooding over my wrongs and misery, till the bell began to ring for morning prayers. Even then habit prevailed, and I went down mechanically through the cloisters, and into my place in the chapel. I felt as though I were in a hateful dream, but knew that from this dream there would be no waking, and my heart was full of dark, evil thoughts, but soon the organ began a low plaintive voluntary. I tried to harden myself against its influence, but it softened me even against my will, seeming to my excited fancy as if an angel pleaded with me; and as the touching strain continued, my anger vanished, my shame lessened, my heart was melted, and I could pray, pray for help, for strength, for comfort—pray as we only can pray when our heart's idols are breaking, what we have clung to escaping one grasp, and we feel our utter inability to stand alone. At last tears relieved me, and I rose up, strengthened if not comforted. It was her happiness I had always desired, should I repine because hers was not mine too? I could bear all if Hugh proved worthy, and I would not doubt him; his love for her would make him so, and purify him from his faults; but for me! Oh God, how should I bear the long blank life from which it seemed to me then all the sunshine had fled for ever?

I went to my usual duties that morning, doing all mechanically, seeing through everything the fair downcast face, hearing the broken voice murmur to another words I had madly dreamt of hearing spoken to myself. I went home at night so sad and weary; it was hard to bear Hugh's radiant gladness, and almost a relief that Jessie looked pale and tearful, and was too pre-occupied to notice any change there might be in my looks or manner. She was with her father most of the evening; he was worse than usual, and had kept his room for some days. I saw she had not told him anything, for he talked cheerfully of indifferent subjects, and he never could keep anything from me; dear guileless Martin Flemming, he never could dissemble or ima-

gine that others could; in innocence, and faith, and charity, his heart was like a little child's.

I could not sleep much that first miserable night, wretched dreams and waking thoughts haunted me. I rose early and went into the little garden Jessie tended so carefully. It was a lovely morning, the sun shone, the birds sang, the flowers I so lately delighted in oppressed me with their gay colours, everything was in such contrast to myself. I was sitting listlessly on the rude stone bench I had put up there in happier days, when light footsteps startled me, and Jessie seated herself on the grass at my feet; she put her hand in mine as she always used to do in childish days, she was too shy to look up in my face with the old wistful glance, as she said, "Stephen dear, I want you to help me and tell me what I ought to do." I knew what she would ask me; I had seen in her anxious gaze at her father and then at Hugh the night before how divided she was in her great love to them both. For a moment I felt as if I could not answer her calmly, but her cold hand trembled so in mine, her half-hidden face was so agitated, I soon thought only of soothing and helping her, as I had always done in her little troubles. I told her (God heard the anguished prayer I offered up for help and courage, or I never could have done it) "that I knew what she would tell me, that she and Hugh loved one another, but that she could not bear to leave her old father, even to go with him, could hardly bear telling him she had thought of it,"—the fast-falling tears and silent pressure of my hand told me I had guessed right—"but that she must not blame herself for loving Hugh as she did, it was no sin;" here Jessie raised her eyes to mine with a glance of happy pride through her tears, and said, "did I not wonder Hugh could care for such a childish little thing as she was? I was very clever to guess it all so well; she thought I never understood such things, and now I would make everything straight and easy as I always did." Oh, Jessie, how your gentle heart would have grieved had you known the pain your innocent words gave me. We talked long together, she told me Hugh was sure his father would gladly consent to his bringing out an English wife, but that he never would be induced to let him settle in England, indeed he had no means to make it possible; my heart sank as I thought of Jessie in a strange land among utter strangers, but she had no misgivings for herself. Hugh was everything to her, but how should she leave her father? I foresaw a speedy answer to this question, but I had not the heart to tell her how fast I thought Master Flemming was sinking. I knew that grieving for me would sadden his remaining days if he knew how things stood, so I advised Jessie not to speak, or let Hugh speak to him, till my father answered the letter Hugh had written, asking for his consent to their marriage; letters were answered, but slowly in those days, "and by that time—" Jessie interrupted me to say cheerfully—"he may be so much better, there will be no fear of agitating him,"—and she childlike wiped her tears away, and sprinkled her cheeks with water from the quaint old fountain, that Hugh might not find her "looking pale and ugly," and then flitted like a butterfly amongst her flowers, gathering a nosegay for her father's room. She told me before I left her that "I had made her happier, as I

always did when I talked to her," and it lightened my heavy heart to find that I could still do so, and made it more easy for me to shake hands with Hugh, whom I met coming in at the garden gate, and wish him joy. I sometimes think he must have partly guessed my feelings, he was so confused, and muttered something about my great kindness, and he always avoided being alone with me, and was silent and reserved if we were. He had never liked me, and I could not wonder at it; I had none of the qualities he most prized, and felt it natural enough that he was often ashamed of his shy, awkward, bookworm of a brother.

I studied harder than ever; I was writing a book, interesting only to scholars, more to force my thoughts from myself and to please Martin Flemming than from any hope of fame or reward. He had somewhat revived lately, and could sometimes sit for hours in the sunny little garden, where he could hear, though faintly, the organ and choristers. He hardly seemed to care for anything now but music and his old books, chief amongst them the Bible and Milton. He had unloosed his soul from earthly cares, and would talk of another life as if he had already partly entered into its peace and joy. We were sitting together in the garden one bright Sunday morning, it was a very calm day, and the music in the chapel floated to us more distinctly than I had ever heard it before. Martin's eye glistened as he sat listening; when it ceased, he told me one of the voices had sounded like his dear young wife's. "How I have pined to hear that sweet voice again, and it is one of my blessed thoughts that I shall soon hear it in Heaven, never to have it taken from me. I am glad the Bible says so much about music, it seems to make it right to love it so dearly and feel it a holy thing. She made me promise before she died that I would never neglect it in my grief for her, but always love it for her sake, she knew how it would comfort me."

The organ began again, and he sat up to listen even more eagerly than before, when quite suddenly he fell back fainting,—I was much alarmed, but he soon partially recovered and begged to be taken into the house. He was much better when Jessie and Hugh came in, but we all saw that a change had come over him and felt what it meant. He was quite conscious, but did not speak, except a few soothing words to Jessie, who sat by his bed, pressing her soft cheek on his withered hand, almost stunned, poor child, by the suddenness of the blow, for she knew now he was dying. Towards the evening he wandered a little, and when the chapel bell rung, begged to be allowed to go and play the organ, but a few words soon recalled him to himself, and he smiled joyfully, saying "he would hear music no more till he heard the heavenly choir, and his wife's voice singing amongst the angels." He then lay quite still and we thought he slept, for the bright smile was still on his face, but it was sleep from which he woke no more in this world, his guileless spirit passed away to heaven that calm, starry night.

I will not dwell on the mournful days that followed; it was Jessie's first real sorrow, and her grief was terrible for a time,—God forgive me that even then it made mine so much more unbearable that it was Hugh who comforted her, Hugh who first won a smile by talking of brighter days to come, of a love stronger, deeper than

that of a father's, and her cheek became less pale, and her tears flowed more quietly as she listened.

How, at that time, I envied my dear master's quiet rest in the grave; he needed me no more, there was no one left to miss me if I died—the only one who had ever really prized my love was gone, and my life seemed darker than ever.

The days went by, Jessie's step was regaining its lightness and her voice its gay tone. It vexed me to see that, after a little, Hugh grew impatient of her grief, and hardly concealed that he was so, and she, woman-like, would meekly conceal all traces of it when he was by, trying to be just as she was when she first won his love. It sometimes frightened me to see the intensity of her utter devotion to him; he loved her too, but there was the old imperiousness in his very love. His father's willing consent to his marriage came all too soon, and Hugh's impatience was not to be withstood. A ship was soon going out, they were to be married immediately, and sail in her. The letter was kind, and, for Hugh's sake, if not for her own, I trusted they would receive his wife lovingly. As the time drew near, Jessie needed all my powers of sympathy and consolation to soothe her mingled hopes and fears; and I would not fail her when she needed me, though none can tell what agony was in my heart to part with her, my little, tender, gentle Jessie, to part with her too probably for ever! it seemed more than I could bear. It was well the last days were hurried; had that wretched time lasted longer I should have broken down altogether; as it was I went through it all calm, unflinching, even that most miserable day of all which made her Hugh's wife, and on which he bore her away from me for ever. How she wept when we parted, and sobbed out that no one could ever be so patient and good to her as I had been, and that she would never never forget me; and though he spoke to her gently, I saw the dark shade on Hugh's face as he led her away; her pale child-like face turned towards me, her loving eyes uplifted to mine, but even before she passed the door she tried to smile up in Hugh's face, and bid him "not think she repented going anywhere, leaving anything, with him."

I never saw her again, and never may in this world, but her every look and tone still dwells in my memory, never to be effaced from it, till I see her again in heaven.

I had a long illness after this, the exertions I had made were more than my weak frame could bear. I hoped and prayed that I might die, but God in His mercy spared me, to learn resignation and submission to His will, and in the long days and nights of pain and weary loneliness that followed, I trust I learned to submit my will to His, and know and love Him as my friend.

I recovered, though slowly. I had to leave the familiar house where all my happiest days were spent for my rooms in the College; my books were still with me, and after a time I found interest in them and in my duties, and every day my past life became more like a dream, and my sorrow less acute.

In due time a letter came from Jessie; what a strange thrill the writing gave me, and I thought of the time when I taught her little hand to trace the letters, and

her merry laugh when her curls would fall on the paper and blot out the strange misshapen characters. It was a very happy letter, full of Hugh's virtues and kindness, "and how popular he was, and how proud she felt to be his wife, and how unworthy;" and there were affectionate words for me too, and promises never to forget my brotherly love and counsels, all written in her simple, childlike, loving way. I was happier for a time after that letter, and those that followed for some months, but after that it seemed to me there was a tinge of sadness in them, deepening more and more. "She was not so strong as she had been, and Hugh was often away, and when he was at home she was much alone, because she was not able to be as gay as he was, and he would grow dull staying in alone with only her;"—then there was a long pause, and I heard nothing, and when a letter did come in the dear hand, it was so unsteady and different from the usual clear writing, I hardly recognised it. "She had been very ill, and Hugh would not let her write letters, because he said it tired her; he did not know how she liked to write to me, and think and talk of the dear old home, or he would not have prevented her; she did so long to see it again, and thought she might yet get strong again if Hugh could spare time and money to bring her back there for a little, but this he could not do, and he said she was getting quite well again, but she did not think so herself." Then she went on to say "she feared she had not prized her old peaceful happy home, and the tenderness and care she had ever met there, as she ought to have done, and prayed me to forgive her seeming ingratitude; she understood better now how precious and rare such constant loving care was." Poor Jessie, her artless words showed but too plainly that the sorrows and trials which I would gladly have given my life to save her from had come upon her—perhaps to be borne only for a short time; and when I thought what misery every neglect or unkindness would be to her gentle, clinging heart, I almost hoped it might be so; but oh! as I sat by my lonely fireside, and pondered over what was and what might have been, it seemed hard that my cherished flower had been taken from me to droop and wither in a strange land; what would I give to be near her, to help and comfort as of old,—but God's ways are not as our ways, and He was preparing joy and love for her such as I could not give, for it was the perfect joy and perfect love we may only find in heaven. I watched and waited wearily through that long, dark winter for tidings from C—, but my heart misgave me when the wished-for letter came, for it was from Hugh. I knew what he had to tell me before I read, for as I hastily opened the letter a tress of golden hair dropped at my feet. What fond memories turned round that sunny curl,—the little laughing child running to meet me, her hair streaming in the wind—the fair girl resting her head on her father's knee, his hand fondly parting the drooping curls—the sad weeping orphan, her hair hanging disordered over her black dress—the proud young wife, smilingly bidding her husband notice how "she had put away all her long locks under her bonnet, because it made her look less like a child"—all her winning looks and ways came back upon me. Jessie, my own cherished darling, was this to be the end of all? Bitter tears dropped on the

precious lock of hair, and for a time I could find no comfort.

Poor Hugh! if his affection for her had ever grown less, her death had revived it; his letter was written in great grief, and bitter self-reproach that he had never seen how ill she was, and had so often left her lonely,—he dwelt on her meek patience through all her sufferings, and gentleness to all. She spoke of me nearly at the last, and bid them send me a lock of her hair, with her dear love. She seemed quite happy and peaceful from the time they told her that she must die, only anxious to comfort Hugh, and delighting in his tender cares for her, though they come too late to save,—he said he felt now how utterly unworthy he had proved himself of the treasure that had been given to his keeping, and that he felt I never could forgive him.

When my sorrow had grown more calm, I wrote to him such words of comfort and brotherly sympathy as I thought he would like best, but the answer (which was long of coming) was constrained and short, the repentant mood had evidently left him, and I fear his misfortune only left him a colder, harder man. I did not often hear of him after this; he married again, and has grown-up sons and daughters all strangers to me.

Since that mournful winter my life has glided by calmly and uneventfully, and it has not been unhappy. All the sadness has faded from the old memories, and they have made many a solitary hour seem not lonely. I have always remained poor and weak, but I have been enabled to be of use to those poorer than myself, freely giving the instruction they could not afford to pay for, and the gratitude (if not the affection) of many has cheered my path. I am old and failing now, and may humbly hope that soon this worn-out frame will rest under the stones of the cloister where in life I so often lingered,—and my spirit join those I loved so deeply and lost so long ago, in that bright world where parting and sorrow are unknown.

AN OXFORD PORTFOLIO.

LEAF I.—MATRICULATION.

PART I.

I WAS between twenty and thirty when I realised a long-cherished dream, and put down my name in the Oxford books. Mine was a comparatively sober age for the beginning of my residence among the incipient men who people the revered precincts, and manhood had settled upon me when the B.A. gown was donned, and the three years' episode of Oxford life left behind—an episode quite unique among the pages of life's Epic, or, it may be, Pastoral.

I was glad, on seeing more, that I came late. The quitting a quite diverse scene and manner of life, and the passing of a few more years over my head, had prepared me against prejudice, and given me a point of view of wider range than is usually vouchsafed to undergraduates. Though one of them, yet I had an elevation to which I loved to retire, and like a taken pawn on the empty box, to survey the chess-board, with its miniature Bishops, its fast Knights, its stolid useless-

seeming King-Chancellor, its acting Vice-Chancellor-Queen, its swooping Rooks of Proctors.

I loved to philosophise a bit, and again to take a practical outside view at times; and through all the mellow gold autumn air of poetry, that softened and hushed the old towers and streets, from so many set suns of so many past years, bound my soul in love and pride to the "Beautiful City."

Much has, of late, been written about Oxford; unreasonable gilding and undeserved mire have alike disguised her true aspect. Be it mine neither to adorn nor to vilify; to muse at the old points in the streets, to stand about the quiet old quadrangles, to recall old and dear days past, thereby feeding in some, perhaps, memory; in others, search for information; in many, the tiptoe spirit that would peep over the boarding which hides the future.

It was December, then, when I entered the train that was to present me face to face with the goal of many longings—the haunted resort of many disembodied dreams.

The entrance to the ancient city loses sorely in effect by the railway approach, and our fathers gained in beauty what they lost in time, from coming at once in sight of Magdalene Tower as it rises straight and sheer from the Charwell side; a first object, seen with its line of old elms in its train, superb against the half-moon of spires and towers, and domes of leafage, arranged as a back-ground.

Natheless, I left the red-brick outskirts in time, and gained the "High," the most beautiful street of British, some say of European, cities.

How it comes back before me—that first short stay in the ancient city, bringing a misty mingling of streets and towers, colleges and river, with some points rising distinct and sharp amid confusion—St. Mary's spire, Magdalene walk and tower, Merton from Christ Church meadows—these among the most prominent; for Merton looked so clad in clear, pure, ancient gray, set in the mellow, yet cool December blue, just enough draped with ivy, just with a scarlet scattering here and there from a late leaf or two of a Virginian creeper. Always since, at the end of my turn round Christ Church meadows, have I lovingly lingered at the point of view from which I first surveyed it; but, alas, they tell me that some barbarian in habiliments of office has stripped Merton of its pride, and Oxford of a charm, and that the luxuriant leafage of the gateway is shorn quite away, and the dark drapery snatched off from where the Genius of beauty might himself have cast it. R.I.P. At least it bore its glories when last I lingered for a latest gaze—at least to me no tasteless hand has left it naked and despoiled.

Old Iffley Tower, too, I remember on that day; four-square, and mighty to endure, like the "King's Idylls," with its old churchyard cross-stone and gaunt ancient yew tree, amid the deep-thatched cottages, made gorgeous with caducium berries against the walls on either side the porch, and with massy heaps of gold-green moss piling the thatch, and running thinner along the lines of the sunken windows. Then the walk home by the river—the ever-eagerly welcomed sentinel-spires, ever reminding me that this was indeed Oxford; the long, thin, water-spider eights, with the crews' caps and

coloured oars distinctive of their colleges, and all to be learnt—with the equal dip, the steady altogether sweep of the even oars; Christ Church meadows again, and wide Town Mead, through which we passed in order to see it, past St. Aldate's into the High, to the Mitre.

And now the tall straight new tower seemed anxious in its mind, and two bells, after a little fidgetting, alternated clearly and sharply; the Cathedral, awakened by the challenge, replied in a minor key; and deep-voiced Magdalene made mellow answer, rich and grave-toned, from her sentinel tower, while a clamour of well-meaning little bells from other colleges tried to assert themselves, but hardly reached the sublime by contrast with the dispassionate calmness, and melancholy grave sweetness of the tall warders of the city. For a quarter of an hour these spake and replied, and ere they returned to their meditative belfry silence, I was on my way past dark University, past the elms that end the High, to Magdalene Chapel.

PART II.

I HURRIED through the little gate at Magdalene, but the bell went down, and I was too late to penetrate further than to the Anti-Chapel that day. Perhaps the general effect of this little gem of chapels gained by being first thus presented to me.

The dim quiet light,—the rich carven oak, rimmed with crimson cushions, and dark against the white garb of the little choristers,—the tapers that studded the hushed, mellow gloom, and that spread their influence in a misty gold glow throughout it, catching, in the roof, where the dimness loved to linger, the stone ribs that overlaced it;—the deep, long, sonorous "A—men!" of the choristers, that fell, like the fall of a long poised wave, when the sustained voice of the prayer ceased;—and, upon all these, the mighty burst, as of a forest's roar, falling into low liquid flute-notes, as from some hid bird in its shades,—of the superb organ; all these—making one whole, and made by association and realized desirings yet more fascinating—were well-nigh too much for my philosophy. Then came the Anthem,—Luther's Hymn,—and at "the trumpet sounds," the brazen harsh crash of the "Tuba mirabilis" smote almost terror to the ear, until re-assured by the sweetness of the boy-voices, clear as the ring of the descended hammer amid the fierce uproar of the forge.

This did the business, and the sudden tears sprang to my ashamed eyes, and in my throat arose a choking, from sheer excess of beauty heard and seen. But the last "A—men!" left the lily-carven oak stalls, and fled to the roof, and the white-robed Fellows, with scarlet hoods, led the way, followed by the surpliced Demies, till the pure-garbed procession dwindled into choristers; and then the visitors lingered or followed, and we grouped in the Anti-Chapel,—best for the hearing of the out-voluntary;—and the long shafts of the straight columns rose up, and split into long veins on the roof,—and Blythe, mighty reveller in mighty music, let loose the organ-tide among us.

On it came, shaping its volume into the "Hallelujah Chorus," flooding us as we stood in the dim light;—surpliced Fellows,—dark-robed strangers,—ladies, azure or crimson clad;—and the scene, and the master's

master-piece, so sublimely given,—now shattering into assembled "Hallelujahs!"—now sinking in one place into an angel's solo of rest's acme, and passing away with ranked voices, as it seemed, from different angel-clusters, that blended at the end;—all this, I am free to confess, might have created emotion of a dim-eyed kind in a breast less stoical than mine.

But the lights went out, one by one, in the Chapel, beneath the surly janitor's hand; and, while I watched those falling stars, the music sunk to low tide, and left the sands of silence bare; and we streamed out of the narrow Chapel door, into the High, under the elms again.

And never has that sweet service grown tame to my ear,—never its magic failed to control my heart since, though so often heard;—and the Chapel, though but of the perpendicular style, yet seems so exactly proportioned, so solid, so time-hallowed, with its dark grey stone and carven oak, so restful to the heart and eye, that I know no other which for me has the like charm;—indeed, its very loveliness, and the perfect beauty of the *performance* of the service, make me fearful at times lest this outward glory of the calyx, &c., make me forget the sweet folded flower within,—lest this superb illumination of the type should make me less heedful of the *matter* of the volume, which yet, one must think, being itself so beautiful, ought to "go beautifully" arrayed.

I dined with a friend, in one of the long oak-ceiled Halls,—then to wine in a man's rooms, (and of Oxford wines more anon,)—and then I strolled out into the air.

It was the back Quad., a queer, twisty, out-of-the-way place, but the porch of my friend's stair-case commanded a view of an old gabled part of the college, and the moon was up, and nearly full, and threw the peaked shadows towards me.

The deep hallowed gray, that never satiates eyes that love beauty,—was darker and deeper than in the day; the sky, made pale by the moon-light, was speechful with glitter of many stars in the thoughtful blue, and harmonized most perfectly, as ever, with the old dark stone. Here and there, in some charitable rooms, the bright transparent crimson of some curtain—lit to jewel-glow by fire or lamp within, and rich in colour as the heart of a carbuncle—made superb relief for the eye, that, even without it, had rested content with the holy gray, deepening into serene blue, flecked with snow-fall of stars.

And I leant against the wall, and mused, and fancied myself in my own rooms, and where they would be, and of what capacity and appearance, and with what neighbours, as yet strangers,—and determined that, at any rate, crimson curtains should glow into the night from them, and prepare for other eyes, in love with all beauty everywhere, the same banquet that mine had been enjoying. For I hold that all,—be it in house-building,—tree-planting,—doing aught that falls to their lot,—do a wrong, and fail in an obligation, if they omit to contribute their mite of beauty,—be it even but a mite,—to the wandering, passing and repassing, unknown world without.

I yet lingered, leaning, and took in the quiet scene, and spun webs of fancy as to the inmates of the lit rooms,—their occupations,—their guests,—their far-

away homes,—and the aspirations and hopes bound to them, and their probable fulfilment or disappointment; I thought, too, how dove-winged prayers,—messengers from those homes, beat against the window bars,—oft not gaining admittance, or if, yet sometimes unable to live in the heated world-atmosphere within.

I might have mused longer, but nine had struck, and forms of college scouts flitted about; and square-capped heads were seen protruding from the ruby-lit windows, (we have a trick of wearing the cap in our rooms at Oxford,)—and shouts of "John!" or "William!" dispelled my dreaming; and silver ale-tankards gleamed as they passed me.

Out to the "Parks," with my friend, ere "Tom" went down, (Tom, first of bells, whose clangour ceasing shutteth College gates,)—out to the Parks,—grand name to the uninitiated, but, to those who know, a turnip field of a mile circumference;—in part of which, the new museum—an added beauty to the "Beautiful City"—had commenced to grow.

A misty rain fell now, but little cared my friend, and less cared I,—indeed, I love *this* aspect of nature, with all her others,—but the stars, watery-eyed, looked out ever and anon, and the dim moon made cold steel-gleams lie on the projectments of the towers and spires.

A melody, too soft to be sudden, from eight bells, stole from St. Giles' belfry, on hushed wings, across the gardens, and alit on our hearts. The wind played with it, as a cat with a mouse,—now letting it escape quite across to us,—anon, with a pounce, snatching it away,—to escape again, and for so long, that liberty seemed its due, and the being caught back again a cruel wrong.

But the bells rang us home;—and the first Oxford day was done,—and I was a member of the University, having been, in the morning, matriculated, (from "matricula," "a roll"—viz. "*enrolled*,"—as my tutor told me, when I had hazarded "*mater*," in reply to his question, wending back from the "Schools," after the process ended,)—so I slept soundly at the "Mitre," and, next morning, left Oxford,—as I will, for the present, now,—but, in each case, with intent to return ere very long.

V. I. R.

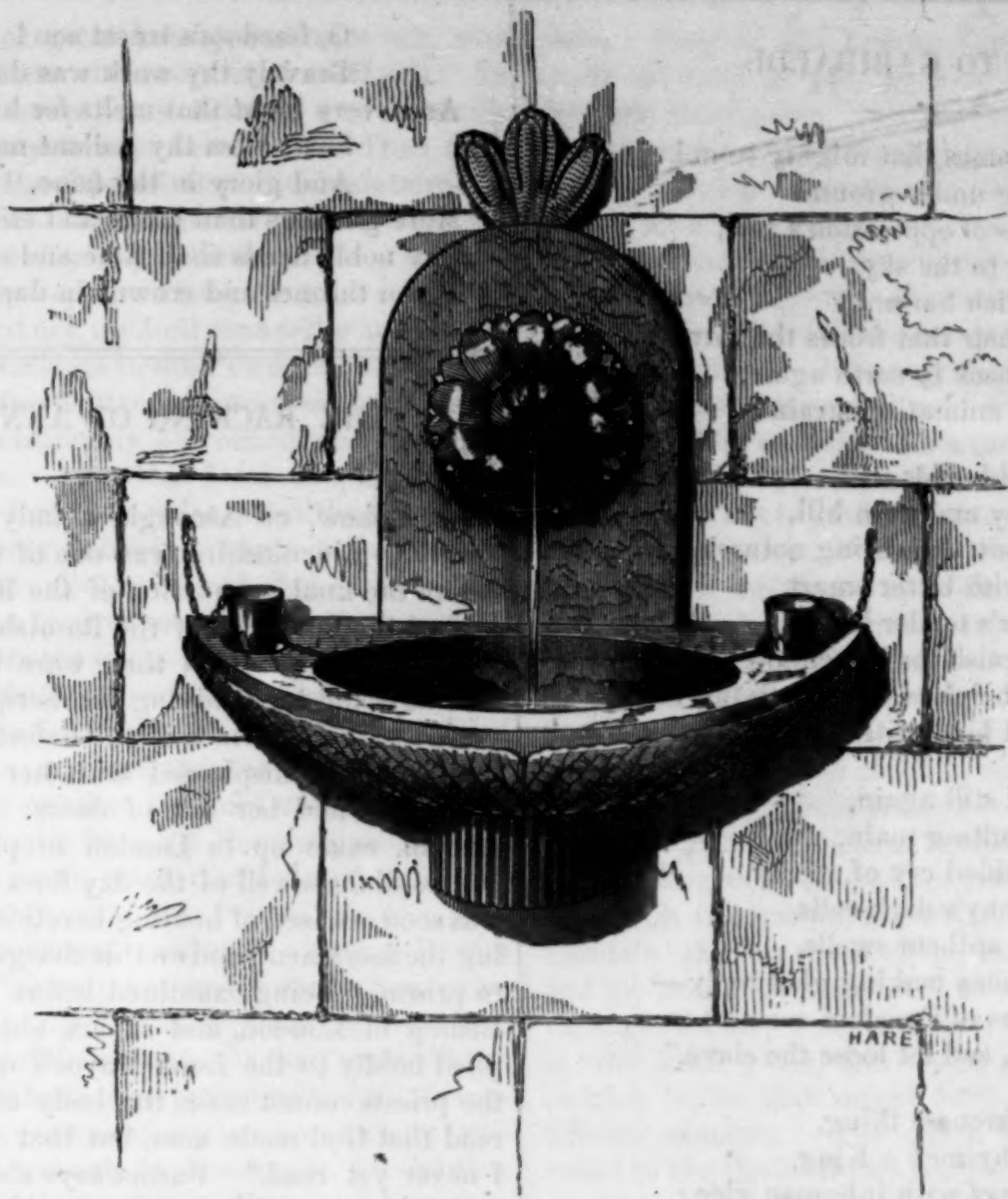
FREE DRINKING FOUNTAINS.

It does seem strange that in London the weary, the thirsty, and the poor have practically been driven to the public-house, and that they should have been left without an alternative. A man toiling all day, bearing, it may be, heavy burdens in the summer sun, miles, it may be, from his home, parched with thirst, practically to quench that thirst has been compelled to resort to the beer-shop or the gin-palace. And what has been the consequence? that the man has been led into bad company—that he has wasted his time and his money—injured his health, and possibly been led into the commission of vice and crime. Every day the evil has been demonstrated in the most striking, in the most alarming, and in the most abundant manner. A benevolent gentleman at Liverpool was the first to see the evil, and to devise a remedy. He erected fountains, elegant and attractive in character, sur-



nished with pure water, and in one day of about thirteen hours and minutes, twenty-four thousand seven hundred and two persons drank at the thirteen fountains in that town. Of that twenty-four thousand seven hundred and two persons many would otherwise have resorted to public-houses or gin-palaces to quench their thirst. In smaller places, where results are easier to ascertain, it has been found that in reality the fountains do keep people from frequenting beer-shops, and there-

fore do keep them sober. A gentleman who largely employs workmen in ironworks in the town of Wednesbury, having recently erected fountains for his work-people, says that his manager has since observed an improvement in their habits and regularity of attendance, attributable to the discarded use of beer in consequence of the facility of obtaining pure water which the fountains afford. The publicans in London understand this, as it appears from the report of the committee of the Free



Drinking Association, held at Willis's Rooms last week, when the drinking cups have been missing they have invariably been found at some neighbouring public-house. The movement, as we have intimated, commenced at Liverpool: it was not long before it reached London. According to Mr. Wakefield, the honorary secretary of the association, there was a greater need for this movement in London than elsewhere, owing to the fact that the greater radiation of heat from a larger surface of buildings, less shade, more smoke and dust, and longer street distances, combine to make London a more thirst-exciting place than any provincial town. Mr. Samuel Gurney, M.P., was the first who, in a letter published in some of the London papers, called attention to the grievous privation which the want of these fountains inflicted on the London poor, and subsequently by his great personal influence and liberal pecuniary contributions and unwearied exertions founded the Association; the Earl of Shaftesbury, the Earl of Carlisle, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and other distinguished noblemen and gentlemen, rallied around him. London parishes and vestries have most of them come forward and contributed, and already nearly a hundred drinking fountains have been erected by this Association. It is inferred from the Liverpool statistics that at least 400 fountains might be advantageously erected in London; these could not be constructed and kept in repair at a less cost than £20,000. To gain this sum the Association appeals to the public. Last year the total receipts of the Association amounted to £2,609; much more is required. A very good sign, indicative of the appre-

ciation on the part of Londoners of the boon offered them, is founded on the fact that the poor themselves are contributing voluntarily, and in an unostentatious manner, to defray the expenses of erection. The plan of attaching money-boxes to the fountains for the donations of friends has been adopted, and the first money-box has been placed at the first erected fountain on Snow Hill. So far as the experience of four weeks justifies an opinion it is very encouraging, and a sum of 8d. a-day has been deposited in small coins varying from farthings to two-shilling pieces. The experiment is to be extended to five other fountains, when, if successful, it is proposed to supply every fountain with a money-box, when the erection will be more than self-supporting. "Of all the efforts I have been called to make," said the Earl of Shaftesbury, "there is none that so strongly commends itself to my feelings and my judgment as the Free Drinking Fountain movement." Most people will say the same, and we look upon these fountains—elegant in character, supplied with pure water—as a grateful acknowledgment by the richer classes of the interest and sympathy they feel for those in less happy circumstances.

We are indebted to the kindness of the Cheesewring Granite Company, Old Broad Street, City, for a loan of the woodcuts we here give of designs of Drinking Fountains to be erected by them on behalf of the Association. Novelty consists chiefly in the floral character of the designs. On the larger one is depicted water lilies—the smaller, in the basin, represents the Victoria Regina. We have been shown other designs by the same Company equally chaste and simple in character.

ODE TO GARIBALDI.

WHENCE comes that mighty sound,
Awakening under-ground
The buried victims of oppression's rod ;
And rising to the sky,
Swells in rich harmony
With the bright choir that fronts the throne of God ;
Till heaven gives back to earth again,
In fuller tones, the animating strain ?

Louder and louder still,
From valley and from hill,
Rings the glad shout, delighting nature's ear ;
For long with bitter smart,
The mother's tender heart
Had bled with anguish for her children dear,
Who, crush'd and helpless in their living tomb,
Struggle for second birth within her labouring womb.

Again, and still again,
O'er the exulting main,
Meeting the half-stifled cry of misery
From tyranny's dark cells,
The sacred anthem swells,
To that wild summons making glad reply—
"We come, the sons of Freedom come to save,
To bind the tyrant, and let loose the slave."

Upon his throne a thing,
Misnamed by men a King,
Heard the lamentings with inhuman glee ;
While round about him stood,
Disguised in stole and hood,
Monsters in human shape more vile than he,
A hellish crew in sacred vesture drest,
The vermin of the State, the Church's pest.

But when sweet Freedom's song
Burst on the godless throng,
Their fiendish joy was turn'd to coward hate ;
And, like untemper'd clay,
Crumbled in swift decay
The shatter'd fragments of their rotten state ;
As when of old the city's bulwarks fell,
At the loud shout of God-led Israel.

Now swiftly o'er the sea
The sons of liberty—
A chosen band on Heaven's own errand sent—
Steer for that lovely strand
That girds the fetter'd land,
In their great cause and leader confident ;
For Garibaldi led them to the fight,
The generous champion of the people's right.

As when the morning light
Scares the foul things of night
Back to their native holes and kindred gloom ;
So from the patriot's eye
The tyrant's minions fly,
Like guilty spirits at the crack of doom !
While banish'd hope returns with joyous mien,
And smiling Nature lightens all the scene.

O, freedom's truest son !
Bravely thy work was done !
And every heart that melts for human woe
Shall bless thy gallant name,
And glory in thy fame,
More glorious than kings and emperors know.
Thy noble deeds shall time and change defy
When thrones and crowns in dark oblivion lie !

THE RACKING OF ANNE ASKEW.

ANNE Askew, or Ascough, a lady of an honourable family in Lincolnshire, was one of those sufferers who, before the final completion of the Reformation, abjured in part the doctrines of the Romish Church. She was more highly educated than were ladies in general in that day, and by studying the Scriptures became converted to the doctrines of the Reformers. Her husband was so much displeased with her change of opinions that he turned her out of doors. She, as an injured woman, came up to London to plead before the Sir Cresswell Cresswell of the day for a separation, but she was soon accused of holding heretical opinions concerning the sacrament, and on this charge she was committed to prison. Being examined before the Chancellor, the Bishop of London, and others, she is said to have replied boldly to the Lord Mayor's question, "Whether the priests cannot make the body of Christ?" "I have read that God made man, but that man can make God I never yet read." Burnet says she set her hand to a recantation, but this was not considered satisfactory, for she was soon examined again and committed to Newgate, where she was closely examined as to what ladies at court had shown her favour and encouragement. Not being able to extract any information on this point she was placed on the rack, and cruelly tortured. But her patience and fortitude could not be shaken, nor does it appear she had any disclosures to make. She was burnt with four others, at the stake in Smithfield, on the 16th July, 1546. Such is the commonly received account, but the application of torture in the case of Anne Askew was so irregular and so illegal, that some eminent writers have pronounced it to be impossible. Jardine says, "The popular story that she was tortured previously to her death, and that the Chancellor with his own hands stretched her on the rack, seems unworthy of credit." Dr. Lingard also argues on the improbability of the story on the following grounds—"1. Torture was contrary to law, and therefore never was inflicted without a written order, subscribed by the Lords of the Council. 2. The person who attended on such occasions to receive the confessions of the sufferer was always some inferior officer appointed by the Council, and not the Lord Chancellor or other members of that body. 3. There is no instance of a female being stretched on the rack, or subjected to any of those inflictions which come under the denomination of torture." Mr. John Gough Nichols has published a small pamphlet on the subject, extracted from the notes to "The Narratives of the Reformation," edited for the Camden Society, which completely disposes of the scepticism of Dr. Lingard and Mr. Jardine, and establishes beyond a doubt that Anne

Askew, a woman of great beauty and rare wit, was shamefully tortured ere she came to a cruel end. In the first place we have Anne Askew's own account, published by Bale a year after her death—"Then they said there were of the Council that did maintain me. And I said, No. *Then they did put me on the rack, because I confessed no ladies or gentlewomen to be of my opinion*; and there they kept me a long time: and because I lay still, and did not cry, my lord chancellor and master Rich took pains to rack me in their own hands, till I was nigh dead. Then the lieutenant caused me to be loosed from the rack. Incontinently I swooned, and then they recovered me again. After that I sat two long hours reasoning with my lord chancellor, upon the bare floor, whereas he with many flattering words persuaded me to leave my opinion. But my Lord God (I thank his everlasting goodness!) gave me grace to persevere, and will do (I hope) unto the end. Then was I brought to a house, and laid in a bed, with as weary and painful bones as ever had patient Job; I thank my Lord God thereof. Then my lord chancellor sent me word, if I would leave my opinion, I should want nothing: if I would not, I should forth to Newgate, and so be burnt. I sent him again word, that I would rather die than break my faith."

Next we have collateral evidence. Bishop Burnet cites the journal of Anthony Anthony, a man whose name continually occurs in the council register and elsewhere as that of an officer of the ordnance in the Tower of London, and who would have good opportunities of information. Besides that, a contemporary letter written by Ottiwell Johnson, a merchant in London, to his brother John Johnson in Calais, testifies to the report current in London immediately after Anne Askew's visit to the Tower. This gentleman, after describing Dr. Crome's sermon, which was delivered on Trinity Sunday the 27th of June, (and which was the occasion of Sir George Blagge's imprisonment and peril, described by Foxe,) proceeds to state that "On Monday following, *quondam* bishopp Saxon (Shaxton), maistres Askewe, Christopher White, one of maister Fayres sons, and a tailiour that come from Colchester or therabout, wer arraigned at the Guyldhall and received theyar judgement of the lord chauncelor and the counseil to be burned, and so wer committed to Newgate again. But sins that time th'aforsaid Saxon and White have renounced thayr opinions, and the talle goeth that they shall chaunce to escape the fyer for this viage: but the gentilwoman and th'other men remayne in stedfast mynd, and *yet she hath ben raked sins her condemnation*, (as men say,) which is a straunge thing, in my understanding. The Lord be merciful to us all!" Letter dated "At London the ij^{de}. in July, 1546," printed in Ellis's Original Letters, second series, ii. 177. Lastly, we have the description of Anne Askew's enfeebled condition at her execution, in consequence of her frame having been racked. Foxe relates that "she was brought in Smithfield in a chair, because she could not go on her feet, by means of her great torments from the extremity she suffered on the rack." John Louthe, (afterwards archdeacon of Nottingham,) who was present, states that she sat in a chair, supported by two sergeants. The racking had been done in secret; but its effects were made known in the great public market-

place. Parsons, the Roman Catholic writer, who detracts as much as possible from Foxe, never thinks of denying that Askew was put to the rack. Parsons directly asserts that King Henry himself caused her to be apprehended and put to the rack. He connects Anne Askew with Queen Catherine Parr much more decidedly than Foxe had done, and positively declares "that the said Anne Askew was putt to the racke for the discovery of the truth." We think the testimony we have thus adduced is decisive. It is only recently that the common belief has been attempted to be set aside. Mr. Nichols has completely established his case. We conclude in his own language, "The object of torture, as practised in this country, was not to punish, but to elicit information from unwilling witnesses. We may therefore admit that, when Anne Askew was placed upon the rack, it was not to vent a malicious spite, or to gratify any sentiments of revenge or gratuitous cruelty, but we find that, as she herself has related, it was to force her to betray her friends. In burning the king's servant John Lascelles, in endeavouring to subject the courtier Blagge to the like doom, and in exacting from Anne Askew the penalty of her sincerity and enthusiasm, notwithstanding the favour and countenance she had received from many ladies of high rank and station, the object evidently was to intimidate 'the principall of the land;' and Wriothesley and the Romanist party were so anxious to regain advantage that they would gladly at this period have struck at 'the head game,' and found some pretence for attacking ladies that might have afforded a still more terrible example. The queen herself, who had been raised to the throne from a comparatively low condition, was not above their mark—unless we are also to disbelieve some other very remarkable passages both of Foxe's history and of Parsons's commentary upon it; and from recent successful experience the statesmen of that day assailed as confidently an obnoxious queen as they would a rival minister. Under the provocation of such motives Wriothesley and Rich may have ventured to exceed the bounds of constitutional law in examining Anne Askew upon the rack, and they were such influential members of the Council that they can scarcely be supposed to have wanted its authority. There is therefore no necessity to suppose that the narrative left by the victim of this act of inquisitorial cruelty was either fabricated or interpolated."

"LITTLE MRS. HAYNES."

BY MARGARET VERNE.

It was an eventful era in my young life, when my father announced his intention of renting the light, airy, southern chamber of our old brown house, to a young portrait-painter who was about becoming a resident in our village during a few weeks of the summer. Never before had an event so stirring and exciting in its tendency broken over the monotony of my existence. Never before had my childish imagination been furnished with so wide a field of action, or my little heart throbbed and palpitated with such a strange mixture of wonder and delight. A portrait-painter under our own brown roof, within the walls of my own home!—what a rare

chance for my inquisitive eyes to draw in a new fund of knowledge! what an object of envy I should be to my little mates, and how daintily would I mete out to them what I learned from day to day of the wondrous man of the wondrous employment!

I had heard of portrait-painters before, it is true, but only as I had heard and read of fairies in my little story-books, or listened to my father as he talked of kings and courtiers in the great world afar off. Upon our parlour walls from my earliest remembrance had hung portraits of my grandfathers and grandmothers, but I had no idea how their faces came stamped upon the dark canvass, or when or by whom their shadows had been fixed within the heavy gilt frames. Like the trees that waved by the door, and the lilacs that blossomed every year by the old gate, they had, to me, always been so.

But now my eyes were to rest upon the face of one whose existence had been like a myth, a fable. What a wonderful personage he would be! What a dark visage he would boast, and what a monstrous, giant-like form! How unlike every person that I had ever seen or known, would be this portrait-painter!

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as I looked at it. I would wear it no longer. *He* should never know that I had worn it at all. Just then my brother came again to the door of my room, crying out a new message.

"Mother says little Mrs. Haynes is wanted down-stairs."

"I have a terrible headache, Charlie. Please tell mother so;" and I sank down upon a chair close by the window, and leaned my head upon a chair-handle.

"Dear, dear! if they would but forget me!" I murmured to myself, as the hum of their conversation came clearly to my ears. An hour passed away, and I heard a sound of voices in the hall, then steps in the walk below. I did not glance eagerly from the window, or peer carefully from the half-closed shutters, but clasped my hands tightly over my eyes till the sound of footsteps died away in the distance, then I crept stealthily down-stairs and stepped softly into the silent parlour, where so lately *he* had been. I was half across the room before I noticed that I was not alone, and then, before I could make a hasty retreat, a glad, merry voice, rich with its golden music, exclaimed: "My own dear little Mrs. Haynes, as I live! How happy I am to see you!" and a hand clasped mine tightly, while a pair of bearded lips were bent down to mine. I drew my head back haughtily. I was a little child no longer. I would not accept, even from him, the caresses that he had bestowed upon me five years before.

"Ah, Mr. Haynes," I said, bowing in a dignified way, "I am pleased to see you."

My manner chilled at once his warm, genial nature. Stepping backward from me and releasing my hand, he said with a curl of his finely cut lips, "Your pardon, Miss Lester, I had quite forgotten that you had grown to be a fine lady!"

I bowed him back a reply, flashing a quick, impetuous glance upon him, as I did so. But there was no pleasantry attempted on his part, and when my mother entered the room, a few moments after, and referred, laughingly, to our old engagement, he answered her in a few evasive words, as though the subject was not an agreeable one to him.

Affairs had taken an unhappy turn, but it was too late to remedy them, and day after day passed away, leaving Mr. Haynes as cold and distant as he had been from the moment I first repulsed him. I would have given worlds to have recalled my unlucky words, yet, since they were spoken, I would not unbend a moment from my calm, cool dignity, though I was as miserable and wretched as I could well be, and knew that Mr. Haynes shared my wretchedness.

All the time that I could spend in my chamber, without being absolutely rude, was passed there, till my strange, unusual appearance was noticed by my father and mother, and my mood commented freely upon before our guest.

"You appear so strangely, Phebe," said my mother one morning, "I really do not know how to understand you. I'm afraid that Mr. Haynes will think you are not pleased to see him. Every chance that occurs you resolutely avoid him, as though he was the veriest monster, instead of a dear friend. What is the matter?"

"Nothing. The strangeness of my appearance is but a reflection. I cannot help it. Mr. Haynes hates

and despises me now," I said, burying my tearful eyes in my hands.

"Phebe!"

My mother's voice was stern and reproachful, but I did not heed it.

"He *does* hate me, mother! hates me with—"

"Your pardon, little Phebe—Miss Lester, but he does not!" broke in the clear, rich voice of Mr. Haynes. "Of all persons in the world—" He paused, and in a moment more I heard my mother step lightly from the room.

"I am not cold, haughty, and proud," I said excitedly, looking up into his face, "and I do like you just as well—as well—"

"What, little Phebe?" he asked, eagerly, a quick expression of joy lighting up his blue eyes.

"As well as ever I did!" I faltered.

"And how well is that? So well that during all these weary years you have not cherished a dream of the future that did not encircle me? So well that every strong, passionate hope of your womanly nature has reached out constantly to me? As well as I have liked, ay, *loved* you—till every pulse of your heart beats for me? As well as this, Phebe?"

I covered my face that he might not read the whole expression of my love in my tell-tale eyes, and be shocked that it had grown to be so near a wild, passionate idolatry.

"Will you become Mrs. Haynes in truth, in earnest, Phebe?" he asked, drawing me to my old seat upon his knee.

"Yes!"

"And will at last wear the ring?"

I held up my finger before his eyes.

"My own darling little wife! at last my little Mrs. Haynes, in good faith!" he exclaimed, covering my lips with kisses.

That night there were sly looks and glances cast towards me as every turn, and at the supper-table my father quite forgot himself, and called me "little Mrs. Haynes" again.

Reader, I have been a happy wife for some three blessed, sunshiny years, and, as you may have already conjectured, "*my name is Haynes!*"

THE BRIGHT SIDE OF LONDON.

A WORK has been written about the night side of London,—there is a bright side of London, of which perhaps we do not hear so much, but which deserves quite as much notice. London is enormously rich—there is no doubt about that, and as charitable as it is rich. Occasionally its charity is not a little abused—occasionally it gets very maudlin over a very inferior sort of people; and especially is society very much humbugged by converts from Roman Catholicism—converted Jews—and political exiles. Still after all—with all these drawbacks, London is a very charitable place, much more so, I take it, than any other place in the world. Agriculturists don't give much. I shall never forget seeing a fat farmer worth five hundred a year enter a stationer's shop in the respectable town of Ipswich, Suffolk, and

saying how he had been kept awake all night thinking of the sufferings endured by our brave soldiers in the Crimea—and how he was come to put down his name for 2s. 6d. towards their relief. Now in London they don't do things in this way.

Associations for the voluntary relief of distress, the reclamation of the criminal, and diffusion of Christian truth, are a noble characteristic of the English people. There is no city in the world possessing an equal number of charitable institutions to those of the British capital. Taking the whole of London, and not exempting, from their distance, such as may be correctly classed as metropolitan institutions, as Greenwich Hospital, &c., we find there are no less than 526 charitable institutions, exclusive of mere local endowments and trusts, parochial and local schools, &c.

The charities comprise—

- 12 General medical hospitals.
- 50 Medical charities for special purposes.
- 35 General dispensaries.
- 12 Societies and institutions for the preservation of life and public morals.
- 18 Societies for reclaiming the fallen, and staying the progress of crime.
- 14 Societies for the relief of general destitution and distress.
- 35 Societies in connection with the Committee of the Reformatory and Refuge Unions.
- 12 Societies for relief of specific description.
- 14 Societies for aiding the resources of the industrious (exclusive of loan funds and savings' banks).
- 11 Societies for the deaf and dumb, and the blind.
- 103 Colleges, hospitals, and institutions of alms-houses for the aged.
- 16 Charitable pension societies.
- 74 Charitable and provident societies, chiefly for specified classes.
- 31 Asylums for orphan and other necessitous children.
- 10 Educational foundations.
- 4 Charitable modern ditto.
- 40 School societies, religious books, Church aiding and Christian visiting societies.
- 35 Bible and missionary societies.

526 (This includes parent societies only, and is quite exclusive of the numerous "auxiliaries," &c.)

The facility with which money can be raised in London for charitable purposes is very astonishing. A short time back it was announced that the London Hospital had lost about £1509 a year by the falling in of annuities. It was, therefore, necessary, if the Hospital was to continue its charities to the same extent as heretofore, that additional funds should be raised. In an incredibly short space of time £24,000 were collected. The *Times* makes an appeal about Christmas time for the refuges of the destitute in the metropolis, and generally it raises somewhere about £10,000—a nice addition to the regular income of the societies. The Bishop of London, since he has been connected with his diocese, has consecrated 29 new churches, accommodating 90,000 persons, erected by voluntary subscriptions. We may depend upon it the various sects of dissenters are equally active in their way. During last year the Field Lane Refuge supplied 30,302 lodgings to 6785 men and boys, who received 101,193 either six or eight ounce loaves of bread. At the same time

840 women were admitted during the year, to whom were supplied 10,028 lodgings, averaging 11 nights' shelter to each person, by whom 14,755 loaves were consumed. On the whole it appears that 10,000 persons annually participate in the advantages of this institution, and 1222 of the most forlorn and wretched creatures in London were taken from the streets and placed in a position where they might earn their own bread, and all this at the cost of 3s. 6d. per annum. In 1851 the original Shoeblack Society sent five boys into the street to get an honest living by cleaning boots rather than by picking and stealing, and now their number is about 350. In estimating London charities we must not be unmindful of those required by law. According to a return published a couple of years since, I find the rateable value of the property assessed to the poor rates in the districts of the metropolis amounted to £11,167,673, and the average amount expended for the relief of the poor was 1s. 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ d. in the pound. The total number of casual destitute paupers admitted into the workhouses of the metropolitan districts during the year amounted to 53,221 males, 62,622 females, and 25,716 children. The quantity of food supplied to these paupers varies much in the several districts, as also the nature of the work required. In some cases no work at all is exacted from the casual poor, but where it is, the demand appears to be chiefly for picking oakum and breaking stones. In some cases the dietary includes bread and cheese, with gruel, and sometimes even the luxury of butter is added. In other cases bread and water (very meagre fare, and insufficient to support life for any length of time), are all that is allowed. Women suckling infants are supplied tea, broth, or gruel in lieu of water; we can scarce wonder the poor prefer going to jail. I have seen in jails and convict establishments, dinners better served than are earned even by many of the industrious poor. I find during the last year the 339 agents of the London City Mission had paid 1,528,162 visits during the year; 117,443 of these visits being to the sick and dying. By their means a large number of Bibles and Tracts had been distributed, 11,200 children had been sent to school, and 580 fallen females restored to virtue. At the annual meeting of the Ragged School Union it was stated that in 170 Ragged School institutions, there were 199 Sunday Schools, with 24,860 scholars; 146 day schools, with 15,380 scholars, and 215 evening schools, with 9,050 scholars: of teachers 400 were paid, and 9690 were voluntary. There were fifteen refuges in which 600 inmates were fed, lodged, clothed, and educated. The midnight meeting movement, of which we have heard so much, and respecting which opinions so much differ, according to its report, has been very successful; through the instrumentality of the committee seven meetings had been called; 1700 women had been addressed; 7500 scriptural cards and books had been circulated; and 107 had been reclaimed and placed in homes, through the agency of which they would, it was hoped, be restored to society. In addition to these, five had been restored to their friends, one to her husband, two placed in situations, and one had been married. In the general charities of England London has its share. It not merely takes the initiative, but it subscribes by far the larger part. When the

Crimean war broke out a fund was raised for the wives and families of the soldiers engaged in it, amounting to £121,139; £260,000 were subscribed for the relief of the victims of the Indian mutiny. Well, it was in London that the most liberal donations were made. Again, look at the Religious Societies; last year the income of the Church Missionary Society was £163,629 1s. 4d.; of the Bible Society £162,020 13s. 5d. Of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, £141,000 5s. 11d. Of the London Missionary Society, £93,000. Thus gigantic and all-persuading are the charities of London. The alms-houses erected by private individuals or public subscriptions are too numerous to be described. But we must say a few words about the Hospitals; of the more than 500 Charitable Institutions of the metropolis, one quarter consists of general medical hospitals, medical charities for special purposes, dispensaries, &c. In 1859, in Bartholomew's, I find there were patients admitted, cured, and discharged, 5865 in, 86,480 out; in St. Thomas's 4114 in, 44,744 out; the Charing Cross Hospital has, I believe, on an average 1000 in-patients, 17,000 out. Guy's, with its annual income of £30,000, has an entire average of in and out-patients of 50,000. But we stop,—the list is not exhausted, but we fear the patience of the reader is.

FLORA.

"THEY'VE gone to meet me." Well, we must have crossed

Each other on the road, so I have lost
Instead of gaining time, and quite in vain
I roused myself to catch the earlier train.
I must have patience; he will soon be here—
My dear old father—more than ever dear
After these weary years; and she—but no,
Such thoughts will make the flight of time more slow.

This dear old garden! I am glad to be
Once more within it. I remember she
Was queen of this fair realm, with watchful care
Tending each flower; herself by far more fair
Than all her subject lilies; sweeter too
Than any rosebud wet with evening dew.

I see I cannot drive these thoughts away,
But now I feel less vexed by the delay.
This charming, tranquil scene has soothing power—
The rich perfume of many a fragrant flower,
Wafted upon the sweet, fresh English air;
The linnets singing in its leafy lair,
The babbling moat, the busy hum of bees
Hovering around those limes (the dear old trees!)
This lovely spot so full of calm and peace,
Have stilled my longings, bid my fever cease.

It must have been a dream. I thought I lay
In the Hall garden, far—so far away;
But now I am awake, and up I spring,
Roused by a sergeant, who has come to bring

Tidings which stir my blood. "To horse! to horse!"
I shout; the bugle sounds, our scanty force
Is quickly in the saddle. Off we ride,
As hunters dash from English covert side.
But ours is fiercer game. Ah! there they go
Our swarthy-visaged, snowy-turbaned foe!
Hark! 't is a cry for help! 'T is she! 't is she!
The fair young bride of my best friend; and he
Lies dead,—but we'll avenge his death or die.
"Revenge and rescue! Charge!" I hoarsely cry,
And, glancing back, I see each trooper's brow
Dark with a frown. There is no flinching now;
Though ten to one outnumbered by the foe,
'T is a wild race to strike the earliest blow.
Ah! we have reached them! Thro' their ranks we dash
With speed unchecked; pistols and carbines flash,
And keen-edged sabres, bright no longer, wave,
As on we press their prisoner to save.
Too late! too late! A random, fatal blow
Has reached her breast—alas! 't is better so.

Though we are few, the rebels take to flight,
And we pursue, feeling a grim delight
At dealing death among the craven rout;
But, wild with rage and shame, one turns about,
And o'er his head his sabre keen uprears,
Upon my arm it falls—a gleam of light,
Oh God! great God! through flesh and bone it shears,
I reel, I drop, and all is dark as night.

Once more I gain my senses. Where am I?
Upon a noble vessel's deck I lie,
Feeble and maimed I seek old England's shore,
For I can take my sword in hand no more.
Down at my empty sleeve I cast my eye,
And then with little real success I try
To find some consolation for the loss
In thinking of that priceless, simple cross—
"Reward of Valour." *She* is sure to prize
The toy; but what a sight to meet her eyes.

Is my brain fevered still? Methinks the scene
Suddenly changes; for the tender green
Of all around, the cooler sky above,
And gentle breeze, soft as the voice of love,
Tell of another clime—of England—home,
More dear to me since I began to roam.
A garden, quaint and old, around extends,
Filled with sweet flowers, my old, familiar friends,
Not gorgeous, as their Eastern compeers are,
But to my home-sick spirit dearer far.

I still am gazing, when a joyful cry
Falls on my ear, and makes the vision fly.
I start, I wake, but to a scene as fair,
The very same indeed—oh joy! for there
My cousin Flora stands with all her charms.
"Flora! Dear Flora!" breathlessly I call;
"My love! my life!"—Ah! she is in my arms—
My arm, I mean, but this repays for all.

ANON.

THE PATENT LAW





THE GOOD HAROUN ALRASCHID.

THE GOOD HAROUN ALRASCHID.

WE do not in these latter days think much of the tinsel and barbaric finery of the East. In our younger days, as we lingered over the enchanting pages of the Arabian Nights, all radiant with glimpses of fairy-land, we felt there was in them a truth and beauty we now fail to see. To our poets, however, it is still given to realise the golden prime of Good Haroun Alraschid. In painting the Pavilion of the Caliph, with its spangled floors and flights of marble stairs, and golden balustrade, our Poet-Laureate has described the picture we have given on the other page. We quote the last verse—

"Six columns, three on either side,
Pure silver, underpropt a rich
Throne of the massive ore, from which
Down drooped in many a floating fold,
Engarlanded and diaper'd
With inwrought flukes, a cloth of gold—
Thereon, his deep eye laughter-stirred
With merriment of kingly pride,
Sole star of all that place and time,
I saw him in his golden prime,
THE GOOD HAROUN ALRASCHID!"

THE SHADOW IN THE HOUSE.

BY JOHN SAUNDERS.

AUTHOR OF "LOVE'S MARTYRDOM," &c.

[Continued from p. 97.]

CHAPTER XIII.

SAD DOINGS OF JOHN SHORT.

GOING one morning into the kitchen when no one expected her, Mrs. Dell came suddenly upon Meggy and the Cook in a somewhat unusual attitude toward each other. Something was evidently wrong, yet it was not easy to guess what. Both were silent, and neither was inclined to be the first to speak. That was not surprising as regards Meggy; it was very strange, however, as respected Cook. Mrs. Dell glanced from face to face. For once Meggy looked, she thought, as though the least possible shade of obstinacy—not to say defiance, had crept into her countenance, which, however, was carefully turned away. Cook, on the other hand, red, puzzled, and indignant, seemed to be feeling the growing heat and smoke of an incipient quarrel, which would neither go on nor go off. Mrs. Dell dashed in, hoping to create a diversion—

"Meggy, you've done your work, why do n't you go out a bit? Do n't you care about going out? Did n't you like your last walk?"

This was but a simple question, certainly; but simple questions have done a good deal of mischief in their time, and the present was a case in point—only it was not Meggy who was to be violently affected by it, but Cook. Now Cook had not, on the whole, a good temper; and if Mrs. Dell had said to her "the patties were indifferent the other night, had n't you better get Mrs. Staunton's cook to show you how she manages hers?" or, "Cook, Mr. Dell says we must cut down expenses—would you mind a reduction of your wages?" or, yet again, "Cook, they tell me you were good-looking in

your young days, was that so?"—had Mrs. Dell asked her any such questions, (and she could have found it very possible, in thought at least, to have done so, for the malicious enjoyment of the fun,) she would have expected an explosion, and been prepared to appreciate it accordingly. But now, when she had put only this simple question to Meggy, she was startled at the sudden vehemence of Cook's gesture and voice; and though, when Cook saw the look of grave dignity she had called forth, she paused, and checked herself, and tidied herself a bit mentally, and smoothed herself down before she ventured to speak, yet she could scarcely conceal her rage even then at the question poor Mrs. Dell had unwittingly asked.

"Last walk indeed! Lor, ma'am, do n't you know she went and lost herself, out and out, and frightened me out of my senses, and come home in a pretty pickle? Pray do n't talk o' sending of her agin; the very mention of it brings on them rompins in her head, and no wonder. It was a fright for her, ma'am, she won't forget in a hurry. I know I would n't answer for her head, ma'am, if she got such another, and that's a bit o' my mind."

"Lost herself?" repeated Mrs. Dell, vainly trying to discover any traces in Meggy's face of the awful terrors of the occasion referred to. "How was she found, then?"

"O, I asked John Short to look about him when he went home that Monday night, and knowin' what a fright I were in he were good enough to pick her up and bring her home. There, look at her, ma'am! I told you she could n't bear talk of it. Catch me a lettin' her go trapesin out agin if I knows it!"

"O, she will manage better next time," observed Mrs. Dell; "but what's the matter with her now?" for Meggy's face was in eclipse once more behind her apron, and her frame was seized either with one of those convulsive gasps which denoted going off, or with something so like in their partially veiled effects that it was hard to perceive the difference.

"What's the matter with her, ma'am?" repeated Cook, growing redder and hotter, and more indignant every instant, and bearing with one hand heavily down upon poor Meggy's shoulder, while the other was spread out on the girl's back preparatory to the usual operation of "bringin to"—"what's the matter, ma'am? O, it's that fine Monday 'scurion. I expect she'll bear the shakes on it too, ma'am, till the end of her blessed days, that I do. You can't speak on it, but off she goes, so."

"Dear me," said Mrs. Dell, "what can be the reason?"

"O, it do n't take many fools to tell that," answered Cook, as she ceased belabouring Meggy's back, and tried to set her up in the chair, and to pull the apron from her face, which somehow Meggy held uncommonly tight. "Sit up, do, and leave a suffocatin o' yourself, will you? Why, it's just this, ma'am"—

"But sit down, Cook," interposed Mrs. Dell, "you should rest when you can," and Cook gladly did so, for she was heavy, and found much standing arduous; but she kept the while a fiery eye upon Meggy as she continued, "John Short's a bin a talking nonsense to her, ma'am. You'd think now as you might trust a man so sparin' o' breath, but, Lor bless you!" and there Cook

shrugged her shoulders: language did n't suffice to express the disgust she felt.

"What did he say, Meggy?" inquired Mrs. Dell, looking with mingled pity and mirth upon the exhaustion evinced by the girl in the state of "comin' to."

"Now, then, can't you answer?" cried Cook, folding her arms, and preparing to get the truth at last, under cover of Mrs. Dell, that she had vainly striven to extract from Meggy by her own independent action. Meggy made no answer, but her manner showed she was perfectly conscious of her position. Presently she began to roll up her white apron in her trembling red hands, much to Cook's annoyance, whose fingers itched to be at her, but who refrained from interrupting the confession she had determined to extort. So she watched her grimly silent, with a kind of stony patience, until Meggy found a new relief in squeezing her starched apron up in her hands as if wringing imaginary water from it, when Cook burst in with—

"Let that alone, do, and answer your missus, you miserable ditherin' shakin' thing, you! Do you hear? What did John Short tell you that set your head a goin' faster nor ever?"

"Mum—mum—must I?" half-sobbed, half-lisped Meggy, having recourse to the screen of her hands, now that the apron was denied to her.

"O, certainly you must," said her mistress laughing. "Come, what was it?"

"O ma'am, he said that—that—that I was n't so bad-looking after all as Cook made out, but it was n't my fault, ma'am, it was n't indeed! That's all, ma'am; and I could n't help it, and I—" and there Meggy, regardless of Cook's look of utter contempt, snatched up the forbidden apron, and ran off, whether crying or laughing, Mrs. Dell could not make out, into the dairy.

"Well," said Cook, leaning back in her chair, and contemplating the dairy door in the distance with a kind of forced benevolence, "so that's it, is it? Well, I thought it were somethin' o' the kind. Can't deceive me. I wanted to bring her out. Why, ma'am, afore that day the gal ud no more a thought o' lookin' in a glass than Rebecca yonder ud think a going a week without; and now, ma'am, I never goes upstairs but what I finds her a grinnin' at her sweet visage, that 'an't so bad as Cook makes out!" The young hussey! So that's it, is it? Well, I'll see how she goes out agin in a hurry, or how I sends John Short to look after her. But I'll have a talk with John, ma'am! He won't come here, perhaps, for a week or two to come. Oh, I know him! But I paid him a visit at Leatham a while ago, and I'll pay him another soon. The gal sha'n't go to ruin under my very nose; trust me, ma'am, for that."

"Well, but Cook," remonstrated Mrs. Dell, "do n't go too fast. If he has only said that much to Meggy it would be hard to—"

"I knows John Short, ma'am—you do n't. I beg your pardon, ma'am, but when I sees that poor innocent—and he a sly, deceitful fellow, as never lets you know his right mind, but lets your best days go while he's a playin' fast and loose with you—" here Cook was so struck with the expression of her mistress's face, at once penetrating and arch, that she stopped in some confusion

and consciousness, which was not lessened when Mrs. Dell remarked,

"O, I can take your word for it, Cook, John Short is a dangerous man;" and before Cook could reply her mistress was gone, and before she reached the end of the corridor Cook could hear her with difficulty stifling her laughter, and at last pretending to stumble over one of the pups, give way to a clear, bright, ringing, and most contagious mirth, that penetrated to every part of the mansion. Cook listened, and set her face grimly. It did n't matter, she thought. Nothing mattered just then. Presently though she said—

"This day fortnight look for me at Leatham, John Short, if you do n't come here before!" That was the only comment Cook made, and there was a stolid determination about the accompanying look that boded ill for poor John's peace on the threatened day.

CHAPTER XIV.

MRS. CAIRN AT HOME ONCE MORE.

MRS. CAIRN *was* better the day after her interview with her son, as Jean had anticipated she would be. The doctor grew quite cheerful and sanguine over the case; Archy might go away in full satisfaction that the danger was over. But, nevertheless, Archy did not go, for he saw with inexpressible gladness that his mother did not want him to go—not yet. She said little, and did not trust herself even to look at him very often, or to dwell long when she did look; but there was an unmistakable tenderness exhibited towards him that told how the heart of the proud, stern, strong woman had been controlled and kept down while she remained in the conviction of his utter unworthiness; and how, under the new hope, it was rebelling against all such control, and reasserting the ties of blood and maternity. Ah! yes, that returning faith in him was everything to her—and to him! And how shall I describe Archy's behaviour during the days of convalescence? How he hung upon her glances, anticipated her every wish, supported her with arm so gently yet firmly entwined round the waist if she wished but to move a step or two; drew the shawl about her if she gave the slightest quiver that might imply cold? And when one morning he persuaded her to go out in a steam-boat upon the Medway, never surely did lover watch with more earnest gaze the slightest change of the dear countenance than did Archy, as he sat upon a coil of ropes at her feet.

And Jean!—poor Jean, I wonder what she felt to see him there who had once been esteemed her lover, and was supposed to have intended to become her husband? She knew, she believed, quite well that she was moving for the time in a charmed atmosphere, where love was predominant, but not the love that had enthralled her imagination; that Archy's soft undertones, and his little genial familiarities, and his constant solicitude for her comfort and welfare, were only natural manifestations of his new state of being; overflowings from the great abundance of his affection now that the hidden fountains were set free. And yet at times she was alike frightened and pained to discover that she was again listening to him as she had once before listened; that insidious suggestions were creeping in to

her ear—mingling among her thoughts—stirring the deepest recesses of her heart, and whispering, "Jean, it was *you* he was looking at then, with that long inquiring gaze;" "Jean, it was *you* who was just then occupying his secret thoughts, for did he not again and again dwell on and recur to the same topic, while he questioned you about occurrences in his absence!" "Ah! Jean, it was not you alone who lost control over the tell-tale cheek; for the kindling blood on *his* face responded to that of yours when certain dangerous references to old times crossed and startled the conversation." And then Jean's soul, somehow, could not answer these whispers with her usual clearness of vision; but began to seek for explanations and artificial defences against she knew not what. "Yes," she said to herself, "his mother has been talking to him, and he thinks, perhaps, he ought to be very kind to me, and considerate, and grateful—yes, even grateful, perhaps—for what I have done. Nay, possibly he thinks he ought to fulfil the old engagement, and—" and there the vision passed, with all its illusions, and Jean stood once more alone beneath the cruel light of despair—hopeless, but determined—recognising all her hopeless self; and then the harshness returned to her voice, and the look of painful constraint to her face; and no one knew wherefore. Archy wondered and was troubled, but remained silent, quite silent.

And at last they returned home. And Mrs. Cairn sunk with a deep sigh of relief into the old arm-chair, and seemed to say without words, as she looked yearningly round upon the little place where she had lived so long, and where her dear and honoured husband had died, "Never more to leave thee again! Never—never more!" And Jean slipped quietly in to Bletchworth the same evening, and told the story of their adventures to Grace, who listened as one rapt; and who in return gave Jean the expected promise that everything she could do to promote the interests of Mrs. Cairn and her son she would do; and inquired when Mr. Archibald would come, and as Jean answered "to-morrow morning," she walked away, and stood looking across under the cedars towards "Grey Ghost Walk" so long, that Jean thought she would leave her to her thoughts, and pay her respects to Mrs. Dell, but her movement was arrested—

"Jean!"

"Yes, Miss?"

"It seems to me that the future fate of your lover—"

"Oh, Miss Addersley! do not, I entreat you, ever use that word again; he is no lover of mine." But Jean could say no more;—the face which had flushed into sudden scarlet had now almost as suddenly changed to the pallor of death.

"I am really, then, to understand, that you do not care anything about him; or, what to a woman of spirit means nearly the same thing, that he cares nothing about you."

"We are friends, Miss Addersley, and can never be anything more," said Jean, with a kind of reproachful dignity of tone; for though she did not exactly like to resent this kind of inquisition—to complain of this torturing rack to which she was being subjected, yet she felt that she might presently be compelled to do so.

"Ah, well, Jean, you may trust me; I understand

now, and will keep your secret. Well, to recur to what I wanted to say. Mr. Archibald's future fate, it seems to me, depends very much upon the reception Mr. Dell gives him."

"Oh, it does indeed."

"Well, now, can't we ladies—myself and Mrs. Dell—aid him a little?"

"How, if you please?"

"Why, men are apt to be hard and logical, and to resist everything that can stir their sympathies till they have first satisfied their colder judgments; and yet—granted for a moment that Mr. Archibald's story prove to be truthfulness itself, he may falter and lose courage in so painful a position; and the more so, I think, because he will expect in Mr. Dell half a judge, half a friend, and will get confused at times as to which aspect is before him."

"Ah, yes, Miss Addersley; that is just what I should expect."

"Well, now, suppose I was present, and Mrs. Dell also. He has my sympathies already; and his very sensitiveness and falterings—if they should show themselves—would touch Mrs. Dell's womanly heart; and I need not tell you that to win the wife here is to go a long way towards winning the husband."

"Yes, but—"

"But what?"

"Mr. Archibald is—I am sure of it—confident of his own case, and would wish to appeal to Mr. Dell's judgment, and not to his feelings."

"Jean, forgive my question, but do you know that the punishment he has been subjected to is one never inflicted, so far as I have heard, on any but men who are esteemed—really I don't like to use the word to you—infamous?"

Jean pressed her hand upon her brow as she answered, "O yes, I guessed as much from what I saw."

"Then do you not perceive what an uphill fight he has to maintain? His own mother, you tell me, was turned against him and convinced by the mere spectacle, without a word."

Jean's lips moved, but she could not speak. She saw clearer than she had ever before seen, how fearful were the obstacles in Archy's path; and she turned to Grace, piteously appealing by her looks for help.

"Well, do you not now better understand what I meant?"

"Oh yes, thank you."

"Well, now, can't you manage so to prepare Mr. Archibald that he will be willing and desirous to speak in our presence, if circumstances appear to be favourable to his doing so?"

"May I say that you decidedly think he should do so, even for his mother's sake?"

"Yes—if you don't directly connect me any further in the matter. That would not be pleasant. I speak, in fact, Jean, chiefly on account of my interest in you. I have never treated you as a servant, you know."

"I am very grateful, believe me."

"Quick then. I will spare you this one more evening to add to the many of your long absence. Do what you can or that you think best, and depend upon my good offices. Only, Jean, continue what you have hitherto always been—frank with me. There, that'll

do. Do you want any money? No, well draw some should you need any. Good night, good night, Jean."

And how was Archy feeling as the period of his trial drew nigh, upon which hung everything that could make the world and life worth possessing? If he did rely, as Jean said he did, upon appealing simply to Mr. Dell's judgment, it is very certain that the host of tumultuous thoughts that kept on pressing in upon him, addressed themselves not to *his* judgment, but to his feelings, which were little able to answer them. A great shadow seemed to have arisen out of the earth; and though forgotten for a time during his anxiety for his mother, and in consequence of the many emotions that thence arose, he saw with increasing alarm the portentous darkness grow and grow, and shut out one object after another—flowers, trees, skies, stars; and still it seemed to darken, and to thicken, and to threaten, till he felt as one stifled, and ready to cry out in his terror and despair, "O God, help me, that I escape!"

His mother was safe once more and at home—but for how long? If Mr. Dell should hesitate in the least there would need no more to convince Mrs. Cairn that her worst apprehensions had been true; and Archy knew her too well to dream of there being the remotest possibility of a second time modifying an unfavourable judgment. Never was sentence passed by a judge in high and solemn assembly, more fatal than would be that word from Mr. Dell, which should first convey to Mrs. Cairn's mind the idea "he disbelieves my son's story."

It was while his soul was thus secretly tossing about upon such stormy and alarming speculations, that Jean unexpectedly returned from the Hall, and said to him,

"Well, you will find one friend to-morrow."

"And that is—?"

"Miss Addersley," and then Jean told him the substance of what had passed, and with so much more instinctive tact and delicacy towards him than Grace had succeeded in infusing into the conversation with herself, that Archy saw nothing but the kindly, graceful act of the lady, who thus stretched out a friendly and sympathising hand towards him; and he felt so glad, so grateful, so relieved in every way, that he could have worshipped her as an unseen, but religiously-believed-in goddess, suddenly descended from the skies, for his special comfort and protection.

Archy's character was complex and yet not difficult to understand. His instincts were good, but his judgment wavering, if not exactly weak. He desired well, but could not bring his will to the level of his desire. His principles were admirable, but seldom got time for any useful evolution, so constantly and so rapidly did his impulses carry him off out of their range and control. His was a loving, refined, and sensuous nature, akin to the artists' and the poets' in temperament, but utterly lacking their creative power, or the native strength that must underlie as a base their work. He lacked weight and balance; and so remained, as yet (for, be it remembered, he was very young), a mere creature of circumstance, laughing in all sunshine, depressed in all periods of shade.

As he listened to Jean, one of his rapid changes of feeling came over him.

He began, in thought, to ask himself wonderingly, as to the personality of this new divinity, and was framing a question or two to put to Jean, but that was only a momentary impulse. "Ask Jean?" thought he, "no, no," he dismissed the idea, with a natural and manly delicacy, and turned with a radiant face, saying,

"O Jean, you have comforted me more than I can tell you. It may be weakness, but I was dreading this interview to-morrow. The relief from torturing thoughts that your and mother's kindness has given me of late must end I know. It has been indeed a blessed relief, Jean, but the necessary change now seems only the more awful. Mr. Dell was my playmate when we were boys, my friend in early manhood, and now to meet him and tell him, and to have to ask myself what is passing secretly in his breast as he listens—!" Then Archy stopped; and Jean saw the cold drops of perspiration oozing forth on his brow and his colourless face, and she would have spoken if she could, but she could not, and presently he went on. "Well, well, 't will soon be over. If he is not changed, I shall certainly satisfy him. I will think no more till the morning and the hour arrive. Jean, I am glad you stay here to-night. Somehow I seem happier when you are by. Good-night!"

Jean murmured something that was inaudible, and moved hastily away.

And so they parted for the night.

CHAPTER XV.

ARCHY LISTENS TO THAT WHICH HE SHOULD NOT.

ARCHY, at waking next morning during high sunshine, leaped cheerily from bed, dressed, breakfasted before the others were up,—placed everything ready for their breakfast without the least noise, or the least omission, and stepped forth. It was early, too early yet to present himself at the Hall. How sweet the dear old place looked, how freshly smelt the air! He would walk an hour or two away—visit his old haunts—ascend to Norman Mount near and overlooking the Hall, and commanding a fine expanse of country. He stopped to pick flowers from the hedge as he went along; he paused inquiringly for some minutes, looking up into an old oak to see what had become of the two squirrels that a moment before had been playing round and round the trunk as though unconscious of, and untroubled by the ordinary laws of gravity.

Once even, he burst out into a fit of song, but he repressed it with a sense of vexation and impropriety; and then a moment after, he thought with pardonable satisfaction, "Well, that is not exactly the conduct of a guilty man, I suppose." But then he grew more serious. The mount was a high one, almost a hill, and was half wild, half cultivated; with seats placed here and there at different elevations, each spot chosen by an exquisitely appreciative eye. Archy knew the mount belonged to Mr. Dell, and guessed it was he who had made these welcome additions to it. He would not pause till he reached the top; and while he was looking about with a charmed gaze at the serene pastoral loveliness of the country, almost every object in which had a tale or a recollection for him, he was suddenly conscious of a voice near him. Very sweet it was, though too low for

him to distinguish more than its tones. Cautiously he approached the bush-clad verge, where it went sheer down, for perhaps thirty or forty feet. Dividing the foliage gently, he saw on the natural terrace just below, a female figure, habited in one of those charming, yet simple costumes, often worn of late years by ladies, as a kind of half undress for mornings,—a frock of simple brown holland, trimmed with white, jacket the same, and a straw hat, which, for the moment, was laid aside, leaving the beautiful hair, as though not yet under due restraint for the day, to fall loosely about in its natural ringlets. But the face! Archy thought he had never in his life seen one so spiritually beautiful. Who could it be? Miss Addersley? The incident and ideas of the previous evening had sent Archy's imagination so powerfully in that direction, he could not readily divest himself of their influence now. Or was it Mrs. Dell? But that was not likely. Young married women do not steal thus into solitude, and more particularly in early September mornings. No, doubtless it was Miss Addersley. He could not, of course, speak to her, stranger as he yet was. And he must not watch her, or listen. But he did both, as the youthful, graceful figure rose and wandered to and fro, strangely contemplative; now gazing on the ground, now off into the furthest distances of the delicately tinted sky, but always as in a continuity of thought, which never seemed to be absolutely broken by any passing incidents, no matter how much they interested her. Thus she saw a great black crow rise, and sail heavily along, a few yards from the ground, his shadow also passing along on the grass below, so that it was hardly possible to avoid the illusion there were two birds moving in mystic harmony together. She saw—watched the double apparition to the farthest possible point of sight, gave a little sigh as it disappeared, but resumed her walk and her meditation, as though neither had been broken.

At last Archy thought he could hear her low murmuring tones shape themselves into rhythm; and, O, the delicious sense of music they brought him—meaningless as they were to him. Meaningless, did I say? They whispered to Archy's captivated imagination all that he had ever contrived to bind up into one word—heaven!

But after a while the tones became, unconsciously to the speaker, more loud and distinct; and he was able to discover that she was repeating verses to herself; not as a mere lover of verses repeats them, but as their creator, over and over again, as though testing every link of the structure, listening to every word to see if it gave forth the true ring of the Pactolian metal. Thus, what Archy could not make out in one recitation, he gradually learned from others that followed. It would be cruel to blame him for listening; he did not know he was listening; his whole soul was engrossed by the sweet and novel phenomenon before him. And so he listened and listened until he had drunk in, like some magic draught, the words of what appeared to be intended as

A DIRGE.

Earth, receive the flowers ye gave;
Kiss them, winds, until they die;
Write ye, spirits, o'er their grave,
Here a Poet's dear ones lie!

Daisy, type of many hearts,
Trodden most by those who love thee;
Striving, as the foot departs,
Still to smile on all above thee.

Harebells ringing, yet no wind,
As some sprite, in puzzled doubt,
Touching, playfully, to find,
Shakes the timorous music out.

Foxgloves, rich in summer dyes,
Honeyed storehouse of the bee,
Now his prison, now his prize,
Let the bulky spoiler free.

Wild-briar bloom, snatch'd not by foes,
Sheathe thy infant-wounding thorn!
Bud to bud, and rose to rose,
Beauty dying, beauty born.

Hawthorn white, whose fragrant breath
Echoes to the passer-by,
All that Spring-time ever saith,
All that Summer can reply.

Earth, receive the flowers ye gave;
Kiss them, winds, until they die;
Write ye, spirits, o'er their grave,
Here a Poet's dear ones lie! *

Was the fair writer pleased with her verses? Archy could scarcely say. But he could see she was wrapt in them, believed in them, received them as so many angel visitants to her own spirit, come to commune with it, and bless it before they went away to wander among mankind.

He could also see that there was now a sense of work accomplished, and a new sense of quite other work to be thought about, taking its place; for there was an entire change in the gestures and movements of that frame, which more and more bewitched Archy's eyes, as his stolen glances rested upon it thus unsuspected. The wandering curls were brought together and restrained in some fashion that Archy understood not, nor cared to inquire into—the result was enough,—and then the straw hat was put on, and little stray waifs were collected together, a handkerchief, and a note book (unused this morning—the memory for once had done all), and some wild flowers, and then there was just one loving, lingering look all round—the blue eyes passing over Archy's resting-place and covert in their circuit, but showing no consciousness that they there saw other eyes meeting them in silent adoration, and for the very sufficient reason that they did not see them; and then there was a kind of hasty touching and smoothing of the dress, and a brushing off as it were of influences no longer to be indulged; and a taking on of a quiet, demure, business-like gait, inexpressibly naïve and touching to the sole observer, who knew as well as if the vision had spoken the words which were in the mind, "Now then for the business of the day!" and she was gone, disappearing round the corner of the little platform of earth, but not out of hearing, for Archy was listening again presently, as the voice broke forth, and this time into actual song, fresh and exhilarating as the carol of the birds—but, O, how different in their effect

* These verses have appeared in the *Athenæum*, among the poetical contributions which that paper occasionally publishes.

to Archy, who lay down upon the grass, moveless, that he might hear to the very last possible instant the sounds that so ravished him.

But he must waken from this strange day-dream? He must go to Mr. Dell. Was that indeed Miss Addersley? If not, who could it be? And then came the question, "Shall I have to tell such a story before her?" If a clap of thunder had suddenly burst over his head it would scarcely have wakened him more thoroughly than did that thought. If all the storms of heaven had been concentrated into one storm, and that had now opened its vials upon him, he could not have cowered in greater horror than he now felt, as he hurried along to seek shelter or destruction, by learning the worst or the best at once.

CHAPTER XVI.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

WHEN Winny returned from her favourite retreat to the Hall, cosily hugging as it were in her breast her little secret (and I fancy if she had known it was not a secret, poor Archy would have paid a penalty for his curiosity), she found Mr. Dell waiting and watching for her with a penetrating smile upon his face, that she understood, but did not choose to notice. So she was passing him in the porch, with her own side-raised glance and sweet smile, that said so much to him who knew their precious meaning, but he arrested her steps and said,

"I can't paint this morning. You make me get up too early. I can hardly realise the fact that I am up, and have had my breakfast, and that I ought to have done a full hour's work. I do n't progress, do I? Can you give a better account of yourself, eh? If so, I suppose I must submit to all this gross tyranny. But come, the fruits! the fruits! I hunger and thirst for them this morning. My soul's parched and dry. Come, Winny, no hypocrisy;—you are growing hardened now in scribbling, and can't be allowed these little preliminary indulgences any longer. What have you written?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?"

"Look at my note book? No, no, you sha n't look, I forgot. But I give you my word of honour I have written nothing."

"What, actually idled away the time?"

"Oh worse, far worse than that."

"How?"

"Making bad verses, that I had not the hardihood to commit to paper."

"Oh indeed, we'll see to that. Come, begin."

And Winny prepared to consent—nay, it was sweet to find him thus eagerly seeking her consent. For she had grown to want her husband's acceptance and enjoyment of all her poetic labours, not because of the pleasure it gave her, sweet as that was—but because she did not feel she could have done anything worth the doing, as regarded other minds, if he did not approve. Other minds? Yes—Winny, like all true poets, loved poetry, first, for its own sake, and for all that it did in and for her own spirit; but secondly, for the power it gave over others; a power too exquisitely perfect in its nature, and too holy and far-reaching in its scope, to be lightly held or lightly used by any actual possessor.

Winny dared not ask herself *why* she should have had such a power confided to her, and she trembled at the thought of a poet's responsibility; but she resigned herself trustingly to the impulses that bore her on, and asked only that he, her husband, should whisper from time to time "All's well!" And so, Winny, taking his arm, and making him walk with her by her side, for she could not recite while he kept looking in her face, repeated to him, somewhat tremulously, the verses that Archy had overheard. When she had finished he said very quietly,

"Again, Winny;" and she repeated them again.

"Go on, darling. I can say no more. I do n't feel as though much longer I shall be a safe judge. My heart threatens henceforward to play tricks with my head. You must seek a worthier, perhaps a more public, tribunal."

"No, no, not yet."

"No, not yet, I agree with that. The true poet feels, I fancy, that he is committing a kind of sacrilege when he first makes common, and trusts to the rough handling of the world, that which to him has been so sacred; when he hears the trampling of unrespecting feet on the pavement of his holy of holies. Nor can that feeling pass away until he understands that it was not for the solace of his own soul, or even for its individual elevation, that he received the vision and the faculty divine, but for others. To purify *their* vision, to raise *their* aspirations, to open in *their* hearts a sense of the infinite spiritual beauty and wealth that everywhere environs them—ah, when the poet begins to feel this, all egotistical impulses die; he is no longer himself but humanity. And shall he refuse to speak humanity's joys and sorrows—to lift it into communion with God—to put on the robes—and to take up his stand beside the altar where he is to be henceforth the ministering spirit? Somewhat too much of this, Winny, eh? Well, you see what I expect—mind I say *expect*, I don't say *achieved*. You are at last beginning—beginning only still; but then, if you know how much that means—"

"Oh, yes, I know," sighed Winny softly. "It means too much for me. I can't understand how it was I first thought of anything so improbable, so wildly presumptuous."

"But, Winny," interrupted Mr. Dell, "what suggested to you such a floral combination—and mostly spring-flowers again—after this gorgeous, glorious summer?"

"O, I came upon a pretty passage in Burns' biography, where he speaks of these very flowers as his especial favourites, and you know they are also mine, every one of them. But he treats them all as spring-flowers. How can that be? I never saw the foxglove or the harebell till summer. And I do n't remember seeing a harebell early in the summer."

"Oho, my little ignoramus, you have made a grand mistake!"

"What? nay, do n't frighten me—"

"Burns' meant the wild hyacinth, you mean the blue-bell, the plant with only one or two thin, delicate, fragile, bell-like flowers on a stalk, and that a mere film or thread, though strong enough, under the hand of the divine artificer, to support those charming bells, and to enable them to ring out their music to every

breeze. A child of the sunny heath, not the woody shade. That's your flower, is it not?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I saw that in a moment by your first line:

'Harebells ringing, yet no wind:
As some sprite, in puzzled doubt,
Touching, playfully, to find,
Shakes the timorous music out.'

The whole spirit of the verse shows it is the blue-bell you mean, not the harebell."

"Ah, but harebell it was to me, and must remain. I can't lose the word. It must be right. Do n't you hear its sound?"

"Well, but, Winny, consider—"

"I won't, I won't indeed, and that I may n't be induced to change my mind, good-bye till dinner;" and Winny flew along the hall and corridors, and disappeared.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE STORY OF ARCHIBALD CAIRN.

A FEW minutes after the parting of Mr. and Mrs. Dell at the porch, Archy came thither and rang the bell, which was almost immediately answered by Jean. Archy had become accustomed to this unfailing kindness and forethought in Jean, but he was never more grateful for it than now. They pressed each other's hands in silence, and then she led him across the hall, and through the corridor, and so into Mr. Dell's studio, which had a separate door opening from the corridor. As they entered the half-darkened place, and Archy glanced around, he was about to speak, but Jean, with raised finger, pointed towards the other end of the old room beyond the screen, as though to indicate some one was there, and might overhear if they conversed.

"Mr. Dell bid me say he will come to you presently," and with these words Jean noiselessly withdrew. Archy now tried once more to frame to himself the opening words of what he ought to say to Mr. Dell—tried to prepare himself to repress any emotion when he might again see the fair lady of the mount, whom he expected to find in Miss Addersley—tried to solace himself with the comfort, "Be firm, be patient, control your emotions, and all will soon be over, and well over!" But one operation would mix itself up with another, and so the whole became a mere tangled web of fact and fancy, hope and fear, doubt and resolution, and he saw he must trust to the influences of the moment to rouse and to extricate him, or make up his mind to be hopelessly lost for ever.

Why was Mr. Dell so long? How formal and cold everything seemed! Had he heard something, and was this only a first intimation of the change that Archy must expect in his behaviour? He rose, moved, and sat down again on a different chair. Then he got up, and went to the wall, and looked upon the pictures, and, as he thought, considered them attentively, though he could not in the least recollect afterward what were the subjects he had looked upon. He went round to see what work Mr. Dell had upon the easel, and there his wanderings of mind and body were instantaneously arrested, for there stood, though in a kind of other but vivid life, the full-length figure of the lady who filled all

his imagination, her face sparkling with a kind of spiritual mirthfulness quite different from the abstract, contemplative, and yet penetrating expression that Archy had alone seen in his morning's watch from the leafy covert. I know not by what secret instinct it was that Archy knew that the painter of that picture had painted it with his whole heart and soul, but he was sure of it in an instant, and a strange feeling arose—at once absurd and unpleasant—about Mr. Dell and Miss Addersley; for he unconsciously persisted in identifying the latter with that sweet form—half-child, half-angel, yet all woman, he had gazed on. How long he might have continued thus perilously drinking in draught after draught from that—to him—unfailing fountain of loveliness it would be hard to say, for an irresistible fascination possessed him, and seemed to whisper, as the eyes of the picture met his own, that it was to him that that naïve, arch, exquisite creature was addressing herself; that here and there she might do so blamelessly, and he receive and enjoy and be blessed in such communion: but he was soon checked and rudely shaken.

"Ah, Archy, old fellow!" cried the loud, good-humoured voice that he knew so well, and which sounded more cheerily than ever just now—"Ah, Archy, is that really you? Well, I am delighted to see you. But what's the matter—have you been ill?"

"Yes," cried Archy, mastering a kind of internal spasm.

"Oh, well, never mind; we'll soon get you round again, since you didn't die outright. Stop short of that, and there's hope, you know. Come, let me introduce you to my wife. Oh, I see you have done that already. I thought, Archy, I had turned that picture to the wall. You are the first person who has seen it. Be silent—you understand—a little surprise for my wife's next birth-day. But how wretchedly ill you look." And here Mr. Dell took Archy, with a sort of brotherly interest and curiosity, nearer to the window—where the light fell upon his easel, and gazed so earnestly in Archy's face, that the poor fellow thought the investigation would never end, and he felt how terrible was the play of conflicting emotions that he could not conceal, how dread must be the confession he was making.

"Archy, is there anything wrong? Have you anything to tell me?" asked Mr. Dell, after his protracted examination.

"Yes, yes—by and by—give me a little time."

"Shall I fetch you anything—a glass of wine? The ladies are at the other end of the room—would you like to stay here a bit with me alone, or shall we go to them and wait for another opportunity, when you are quite recovered?"

"I will go with you. Do n't mind this—this weakness; 'twill pass over."

"Come along then. Stay, I will just say you are here, and return for you." He went beyond the screen, leaving Archy, who moved a little so that he could see the portrait, and then with quivering lips murmured—"His wife! Fool—fool that I was not to understand that sooner. Take your last look, and wake once more to learn the price of your idiot-dreams. How beautiful she is! Does he know what God has given to him? Oh, he must—he must!"

He heard voices now beyond the screen, and among

RICHARD I. AND BLONDEL.

OUR readers remember the legend of a minstrel named Blondel, who was so deeply attached to Richard as to undertake a pilgrimage through Germany for his deliverance. Whenever he came to a castle he placed himself under the walls and sang a song which had been a

favoured with the monarch. One day, the story goes, when the king was whiling away the dreary hours of solitude he heard the sound of the harp beneath his window, and he joined in the well-known strain. Blondel recognised the monarch's voice, and thus the place of the king's imprisonment became known. In some quarters the story has been discredited, but it is so beautiful who would wish it to be deemed false?

them he distinguished *that* voice, though it, like the picture, was changed in expression from what he had previously known; it was now ringing with happy laughter—the very tones that must belong to that deliciously naïve mirthful place. But suddenly there was a change, and a murmuring under-current of remarks in a lower key. “Yes, doubtless Mr. Dell is saying something about me. Well, the time is come; I am glad of it, for I grow very weary.”

Mr. Dell here again appeared and said,

“Now then, Archy.” He advanced, and beheld through the long antique room, well known in old days to him, a confusing vision of extremely light windows, revealing a lawn and garden with richly-coloured flowers, the whole veiled by delicate lace curtains, and of two figures just within the windows, one tall, the other shorter, and of both these figures advancing and greeting him in tones of unaffected courtesy and kindness, and of his uttering, or trying to utter, something, he knew not what, and of his being pushed, in the genial old way, by Mr. Dell into the low cozy arm-chair, and then of a dead silence, as though the very pulses of the world had stopped, and all creation waited in blank mute expectancy the coming of a new revelation.

But among true friends sympathy soon wins its way and removes a thousand apparent obstacles. By their continuous chat among themselves, diverging only now and then to him just sufficiently to make him feel he was neither forgotten nor intruded on; by a thousand little nameless tones, looks, words, acts, Archy was drawn out of his overwrought fanciful terrors. Mr. Dell more than once set the ladies laughing, and so obviously in spite of themselves (as it was rather at their expense, Archy understood), that Archy himself began first to sigh and then to smile, and to feel more calm and better able to confront the inevitable business before him. Grace tried hard to make him eat a little pigeon pie, for an early lunch was upon the table, but that he could not manage, and he gave up the attempt after one ineffectual essay. Mrs. Dell was more successful with a glass of champagne; he drank it somewhat eagerly. His eyes brightened, his colour and courage returned. There are times, I must own, when a glass of wine will produce magical effects.

Mr. Dell, whom nothing escaped, saw, and spoke—

“Well, Archy, shall we have a stroll, or will you stay where you are? Come, I hate beating about the bush. Grace tells me she knows more than I do, I suppose from Jean, and that she and my wife claim to share my interest in your welfare, and are, in fact, dying to know all about it, and they warn me that I am not to be sworn to secrecy, and so on. What say you? It is my wife and my cousin, you know; but choose freely.”

“I can have no choice in such a matter,” replied Archy, in a tone of such painful constraint as to reveal

but too plainly what was passing within, “although the story is a most sad and humiliating one to me, I can have no right to invest it with any additional difficulties for those who are kind enough to express a desire to hear it.”

“Come, then, sit down again, and make yourself at home. Stay, I will move your chair nearer the window—the play of this crisp invigorating breeze, and the sight of this clear crystal atmosphere, just between the rain that has past and the rain that I fear is coming, will do you good. See, there is the champagne—don't be afraid of it; I know you are like me, a temperate man, unless you are greatly changed.”

“No, I am the same—in that,” said Archy, with a forced smile, and thankful to Mr. Dell for his thoughtful kindness; for in moving the chair he had so placed Archy that he would have no one's eyes upon him. And the very *feel*—if I may use the word—of the quiet yet active friendliness at work about him shamed him out of his least reasonable fears, and animated him in all his more justifiable hopes. Presently he began, but stopped to say first—

“Jean knows only the worst of the story; perhaps, if you see no objection—”

“Oh, certainly, I am glad you thought of it.” And Mr. Dell went away, and immediately returned with Jean, who would only sit just within the door.

“It is but right that I should warn you,” began Archy, “that my mother, for many and weighty reasons that Jean is acquainted with, suspends her own judgment in a matter deeply affecting my honour and future prospects in life, in order that she may first hear yours, and be guided to a great extent by it.”

“She honours me greatly,” observed Mr. Dell; “more, I fear, than I deserve—but go on.”

“I must also warn you that, while her very life probably hangs on your decision, she is herself too keensighted, too firm, and too courageous, to be content with anything like the partial verdict of a friend.”

“I own, Archy, you startle me; but still you give me faith. You, who perceive so justly the duty of guarding me beforehand against prepossessions, and while showing me how much depends upon my opinion, cannot have anything very serious to reproach yourself with.” Mr. Dell said this cheerily; but Grace saw that he looked grave immediately afterward, and fixed his eyes on the ground with a somewhat marked watchfulness and concentration of thought.

“Spare me the recital of the folly that broke up my studies at the University, just when I had passed through them with honour, and was preparing to shape forth some active career in the world. It was a folly only, and all its effects have passed away; though it so seriously unmanned me for the moment, that I think I should have wickedly struck at my own life, but that a new



BLONDEL AND RICHARD I

current was given to my thoughts by an acquaintance who knew my position and sufferings, and who advised me to join the army in the Crimea. 'Shut out,' said he, 'by new occupations, and by the stir of that grandly tumultuous life, the recollections that are preying upon you.'

"But," I replied, 'I have no money, no friend that can obtain me a commission. Or if my mother's influence with former friends of my father could help me, it would take a long time, and be quite useless for present purposes.'

"Go as a private then," he urged. 'I would. Look here;'—and he unfolded a newspaper, and showed me a list of serjeants and others who had just been raised from the ranks to be commissioned officers. 'See, a new era is opening. It is certain that men like you would be welcomed. Do your duty, and you must rise, and rapidly.' I listened, was convinced, enlisted that day, was sent to Chatham to join the *depôt* of the regiment, and began at once to drill, and to learn as well and as quickly as I could a soldier's business and duty.

"At first all went happily with me. The change did what I expected from it—removed the perilous stuff off my heart that was then weighing it down; I recovered health and spirits; and was told, more than once, I should make a smart soldier, and be promoted. I cannot say I liked my comrades, or that they liked me; that was impossible; there was too great a gulf between us in tastes, habits, views, in our past lives, and in our future prospects. But still we got on sufficiently well. I didn't offend them by any seeming assumption of superiority, and they, in their rough way, acknowledged, with a kind of tacit respect, I was a book-man, a scholar, and must be excused when I withdrew from the fun or tumult of the hour, or declined to join them in a visit to the canteen. I was then studying books on military science, and, as I thought, began to see my way clearly and hopefully.

"There was a non-commissioned officer, a pay-serjeant, who sometimes exchanged a word with me, and who, I fancied, often looked in my face with an odd expression, that I could not understand. He had been raised to that post, I heard, rather through his cunning in winning favour with the captain than on the ground of his skill in accounts; though, no doubt, he managed pretty well. From looks and comments he passed to questions; and I at once perceived, in spite of the thin veil he tried to throw over his thoughts, by gossiping on a great variety and a great medley of subjects, that his curiosity was all directed to certain points, such as my knowledge of figures, of which he had heard somewhat from the other soldiers, who were impressed by the aspect of my books on mathematics,—and my moral notions of men and things, his own views being obviously cynical and unflattering as to the honesty of the world. He also wanted to know where I came from, and what I was aiming to do. I forgot to tell you that I had changed my name."

"Why?" asked Mr. Dell suddenly, and, as Archy fancied, severely.

"Because I had a sort of feeling all the while that I was not doing a very wise thing, and that I might have to leave the army in disappointment; and therefore, for the present at least, I ought to spare my mother the

pain of knowing anything about an experiment that was so problematical in its nature, and only make it known to her when it had so far succeeded that I had advanced, and might expect to go on. I knew that my mother's feelings would be not so much against the army, in which my father had won high respect, but against my unprepared entrance into it, and the general unfitness, as she would deem it, of my habits, character, and mind for such a pursuit.

"It is very painful," continued Archy, after a pause, "to have to add that I was also but too well aware of what would be the bitterness of my mother's disappointment, at the loss of so many years, so much study, and so much money that she could ill spare, in fitting me for a professional life. Oh, believe me, I have never forgotten or forgiven myself for so disregarding or forgetting those considerations. It was—I know it—cruel and selfish to the last degree; and I will not dwell on my excuses."

Mr. Dell wished to say something cheering, but could not manage it. He knew how poor Mrs. Cairn had straitened herself to win a fortune for her son; and she felt it *was* selfish and cruel in Archy to have thrown all away by one rash act. But then he reflected further—Some love affair, I suppose. Men will do mad things in love; and so young too! Come, I will not judge my old play-fellow unkindly. And then he said aloud,

"Come, Archy, proceed. Imagine all this only a surgical operation intended for your great relief afterwards. Ah, that's right, Grace, give him another glass of wine. If he takes advantage of our incitements, and misbehaves in future, we'll make him take the pledge. So, another glass now, if only in the triumphant consciousness of the securities we are going to take against future license."

And Grace, with a smile that recalled vividly to Archy what Jean had told him, and which now seemed to say,—"*Do n't fear, I am not shaken!*" came to him, and poured out another glass of champagne; and Archy, as he drank it, returned one side glance to Winny, and saw she was looking on him with an air of inexpressible tenderness; her eyes humid with half-repressed tears; and she too seemed to say, "*Fear not: you are among friends.*" Archy drank, and proceeded with his story. As to poor Jean, Archy thought not of her then.

"One day I was suddenly sent for by the pay-serjeant. I found him very ill, with a half fever, and greatly troubled with his accounts, which were required by the captain, who had told him to get help if he liked, but in any case to let him have them promptly. He told me he had been vainly trying to balance them; that every time he cast up a page it came to a different sum; and he begged me to go through them for him. I did so; found many mistakes, and some that looked like, to me, double entries of the same thing. But he said they were different. Various other little things I found that made me very uncomfortable, though at first I suspected they were merely the result of his imperfect knowledge and skill. But when I brought the whole to a balance, and showed that he had several pounds more in hand than he had supposed, he looked at me, as though I was in some way responsible for so unpleasant a result—muttered something I could not hear—and began himself to go over the whole again.

"At last he fetched a bottle from a cupboard, and said, with a ghastly sort of a smile, 'Like whisky? I can't touch anything, you know, while the doctor's got hold of me; but come, you help yourself.' I didn't like to refuse; for my thoughts just then were of a nature that seemed to make my refusal suspicious to myself. So I took a little, but determined secretly it should be very little.

"Then he grew very gracious; and spoke of my prospects. Would I like to be a corporal? I said, 'Yes, very much.'

"Then you shall be. I can manage that easily.' And then he reverted to the accounts. 'It's clear I'm about seven pounds short; but it's equally clear I've spent the money, for, of course, I never mingle the regimental funds with my own. Let's see; how is it to be managed?' I saw the time was come to speak; and so I said very plainly,

"There's no management possible in the matter, serjeant, but this—you have expended the money, you say, and so you must try to reimburse. How? Let's go through the days and the items, one by one; I shall be very glad if— But I saw now very plainly what was passing below that swelled, dark, inflamed face; and he saw that I saw. But I did not flinch—nor did he. Presently he said, with a laugh—such a brutal one I never before heard, I think, in all my life,

"Comrade, you must help me out of this, or—'

"Or what?'

"Blast you,—I'll make the place too hot to hold you. By God I will. Come, no more nonsense; I've found you out.'

"Found me out! What do you mean by that?'

"You are Martin Todd, are you? Oh, of course you are. And you had nothing to conceal under that alias, eh?' Though I was startled, and seriously annoyed by the whole affair, which grew every moment more unpleasant and dangerous, I was sufficiently on my guard to try if he knew my real name, so I said,—

"Well, serjeant, I think you are a little mistaken; but come, tell me what I am called, if Martin Todd is not my highest appellation, and then I will repay your frankness.'

"Oh, you're coming round, are you? Of course I know your real name—'

"And that is —?' Again I saw his gathering rage, as he perceived that I was incredulous; and so I rose, and wished him good morning, and was going away, but he stopped me. And I confess I could not resist an inward shinking as I marked the diabolical malignity of his glance.

"Once again I give you your choice, pleasant and profitable quarters—you understand?—and promotion—or—'

"If I do understand you, which for your own sake, serjeant, I hope I do not, I can only say I am astonished alike at your impudence and your rascality: and I warn you I shall go from hence to the captain, and—'

"Now don'tee, do n'tee, there's a good boy,' said he, with an insufferable smile. 'And before you go, see how I've been playing with you. I told you I was seven pounds short, did n't I? I lied for the fun of the thing, see:—And then he counted out on the table, with an elaborateness and ostentation of accuracy which

I perfectly understood, the exact sum that I had found by the books, after all my corrections, he ought to have in hand.

"There, you see all's right. We won't trouble each other with any more meetings. We do n't fit it, somehow; I can't drink to-day, and you, perhaps, won't be inclined to drink when we next meet. The world's big enough for us both, if only we keep apart. March, my boy, in time, that's all. You're a sharp fellow, I see, and can understand other things besides accounts, eh? I shall say and do nothing till after to-night about your proposition to me. You're a young fellow, and may escape for once. Good-bye, take another glass? You won't? That's the way to the captain's quarters, good-bye.' He then opened the door for me, and fairly bowed me out. Words were useless, and as to acts, I knew if I touched him I should be myself a dead man.

"Of course I knew what he meant. He had guarded himself beforehand. He had found I was not willing to be his instrument. I was now to get out of his way, in a word, to desert. And supposing I did do that, he would probably, in some way or other, explain my sudden absence, after a visit to him, by some damning charge against me. But I was so indignant at the whole business, that I determined to laugh his threats to scorn, and remain doing my duty as a soldier—too well for him or any one to injure me."

"Quite right, Archy, I honour your determination," exclaimed Mr. Dell, with animation.

"But when I considered about going to the captain, which I felt strongly impelled to do, I was met at once by the reflection, Why, I have not a single fact to bring forward in proof of an almost incredible statement! On the contrary, there are the accounts accurately balanced, and he has cunningly kept in hand, ready for just such a contingency, the amount of his intended frauds, so that on the surface of things nothing could be more satisfactory. He would smile as he showed his books and papers, and produce his actual cash; and the captain would smile in return as he examined them, after hearing my statement. And I—yet what position should I stand in? why just the position the scoundrel had prepared to assign to me. Probably (reversing our actual positions) he would charge me with some fraudulent suggestion, founded on the errors he had made me look for and discover; and I had already had proof how well he would act out his virtuous indignation, and I could guess with what triumphant success.

"I did not know what to do. I was paralysed between the desire to act rightly and the desire not to compromise myself and my fortune unnecessarily or imprudently. I determined to wait until the next morning, at any rate. By that time my fate was determined. Suddenly, I scarcely know how, a quarrel was fastened on me by one of the most ignorant of the soldiers, who shared my barrack room; I was knocked down, had a black eye, and was much bruised and shaken. At parade my appearance was noticed by the captain, and he spoke to me, for the first time, in so insulting a tone of reproof, that I forgot I was Martin Todd and a private soldier, and I answered quickly and disrespectfully. Two minutes later I was a prisoner, and being marched off to a prison cell. On my way, the serjeant met me, and stood fixedly staring till I had gone past, and then

I heard his low brutal laugh. Half maddened, I took the first opportunity to send an urgent message to the captain, begging him to come to me. He did come, and the sergeant was with him. I begged him to see me alone; with a quietly contemptuous wave of the hand he bade the sergeant leave us,—and then, though conscious I was engaged in a hopeless task, I told him word for word all that had passed between the sergeant and myself. When I had done, he said simply,

"Todd, I thought we were going to have in you a soldier who would be a credit to the regiment. That very sergeant did speak to me about you, but it was to advance your interests. Be silent, sir; I know what you would say; but it is you who must hear what I have to say. I see in you, then, in one word, a treacherous scoundrel, and I say to you, beware!" Before I could again address him he had left the cell.

"And then I was imprisoned for many weeks for my insolence, and when I came out the first man to meet me was the sergeant. Again he looked at me, and again sent after me the low brutal laugh that seemed at once to inflame and yet to curdle my blood. I dare not attempt to narrate the petty oppressions to which I was thenceforward subjected. By degrees every man's hand and heart seemed to rise against me. Things were whispered about that I had said, or done—now against this man, now against that—of which I knew no more than their dreadful consequences. Life became unendurable. Again and again was I imprisoned, but I guarded myself so carefully, that the punishment never went, never could go, beyond imprisonment, until one day, when as I was sitting alone in the barrack room, a comrade came up rather hurriedly, passed me to go toward his own bed-head, pulled some clothes from under the pillow, and then suddenly exclaimed,

"I have been robbed. A few minutes ago I left a sovereign and some silver here, and now the sovereign's gone."

"Oh, look more carefully, and you'll find it;" I replied. "I've seen no one go near your things, and I've not been out of the room since parade." Other soldiers came up and joined him as he angrily denounced the crime that had been perpetrated. The windows were open, and the discussion was very loud; presently entered the sergeant. My heart fell as I saw him. Some new calamity was impending. He bustled about and came forward, asking what was the matter, and when he had learned, he asked from all present if they suspected any one.

"You know, boys," said he, "this concerns the honour of the regiment; let's have no thieves among us, so speak out, no delicacies now. Do you suspect me? For if you do—you're welcome to search my pockets." And the men laughed heartily at that joke, but no one answered his questions; presently, however, I saw that they were all looking toward me; and then I heard my name.

"Todd! No, no, boys, he's an ungracious chick enough, I dare say, but I don't think he's a thief; but I suppose I may examine your stores, Todd?" And there came again toward me the loud brutal terribly-meaning laugh.

"Yes," I said, though the tongue clove to the roof of my mouth; for I felt instinctively certain that some

game was being played out, in which he was to be the chief actor and I the sole victim. He came—examined my pockets—my spare clothes—my bedding—and then turning, exclaimed,

"No, no, boys, as I told you, we must look elsewhere for the thief." At that instant another soldier, one I liked the best of all the men in the troop, called out—

"I don't know how that may be, but here is a sovereign, slipped into an ingenious hiding-place too." We all looked—I say we, for I shared at that moment the common surprise. Yes, there was a sovereign, so placed between a chink of the wood-work that it might have escaped the discoverer's eyes, but for the gleam of the edge.

"Denials, however scornful, from me were useless. Useless all appeals! Derisive cries were my only answer. Maddened by their senseless injustice, I forgot all precautions—all control; two or three half tipsy men who had just stolen in along took my side,—caring for neither right or wrong, but full primed for a row. Blows were exchanged, even arms were snatched at, and in the end several of us were assigned to the guard.

"I have only to add that I was tried, sentenced to be dismissed as a thief, with ignominy, from the regiment. They would have flogged me, I believe, but for the captain, who was instigated, I doubt not, by the sergeant to get me out of the regiment: if they had flogged me, my mind was made up to die under my assumed name, and give no sign. But this irremediable infamy was spared me; I was dismissed as such men are dismissed.

"My mother, and Jean, to whom I had written some time before, begging them to procure my discharge, came in time to see the degrading sentence executed—when I got outside the barrack gate I heard a cry and saw my mother lying bleeding on the ground." Archy was silent for a minute, and all respected his emotions, and were silent too. Then he continued, "But she is saved for a time. If I am believed—if"—he spoke now very huskily, and stopped. A hand was laid on his shoulder.

"Archy, is this all? A friend might hear more, and not give you up. You will trust me with the whole truth?"

"On my soul, I have told you all—and with less of excuse perhaps for my conduct than I might urge, if—"

"Then Archy, on my soul, I believe you; and will make your mother believe you, too. What say you, ladies? Innocent, or—" Winny could bear no more; with streaming eyes she came to Archy and said—"O be of good cheer, I am so glad you are with us." And then she took his hand, and kissed it, "And this is your first experience in the world, is it?" she continued, addressing him with tender sympathy.

"Well, come, Archy, to business. This matter must be looked to, and you must be righted (if that be possible) at my cost. Have you any occupation, any—" income, he was about to add, but felt restrained.

"No, no; and I fear my mother needs my help greatly, but never mind that, you have comforted me, and I will work for her."

"Well, but how can we set your mind at rest for a bit?" inquired Mr Dell, speaking, however, rather to himself than to Archy.

"Could n't he,—and Mrs. Cairn too,—give me lessons?" asked Winny in her usual straightforward, unhesitating way.

"Certainly, a good thought. Come then, Master Archy, we shall expect you daily at 10 o'clock, say for a couple of hours, beginning to-morrow; and we will arrange about Mrs. Cairn's visits as soon as she is quite strong again. This will give us full opportunity to talk over the other matter. Are you satisfied?" Archy looked at him but could neither speak nor move, not even his hand; and Mr. Dell's own eyes began to be blinded with moisture, as he saw how his old playmate was overborne by the great rushing, overwhelming sense of their kindness; but when Archy, after some terrible efforts of resistance, fairly gave way, and dropped his hand and head upon the table, and was seen and heard to suffer what men only can suffer at such times, he sat down beside him, put his arm round him, and motioned the others to go away and leave them to themselves. And they all went.

[To be continued.]

LIVING.

THIS was how she left me
Long ago—
Dying in the twilight,
Dying so.
With such words at parting,
Oh, my heart!
Tho' I strive to hide them,
Tears will start.

For blue eyes I left her,
And bright hair,
Ruby lips, and all that
Men call fair.
Love, if I should meet you
Up in Heaven,
Should you know your lover,
Once forgiven?

Might I pour my heart out
At your feet,
In some quiet corner
Of the Golden Street?
Telling all my sorrow,
All my grief,
For the pain I caused you
Past relief;

For the death you died by
Broken heart—
Though I try to hide them
Tears will start.
Do you watch from Heaven,
As you said—
Like a guardian angel
By my bed?

What if death should part us,
You and I,
More than we are parted—
Let me try?
No, God make me stronger
Day by day;
I must live my life out
In some way.

Death may re-unite us,
Who can tell?
Could you live in Heaven,
I in Hell?
"Peace," I hear you saying
From the sky;
"What tho' we are parted,
You and I?
Death shall re-unite us
By and bye."

A. D.

PRECEDENT.

OLD Brown of Norwich expressed his regret that men could not be propagated as trees—certainly so far as such an arrangement would save a world of trouble, and no end of doctor's bills, such a mode of peopling and replenishing the earth were desirable. Possibly, also, the race might be improved, as the modern lady with nerves is not the woman to give birth to heroes. But I know it is of no use complaining of the *status quo*. It is hard kicking against the pricks, and so to the end of the chapter the services of the accoucheur and nurse will be required. But if I might venture a complaint, it would be to insinuate in the mildest manner, and with bated breath, that it is a pity we have fathers and mothers, and humbly to suggest that we should get on much better without them after all. That there are minor advantages I am free to confess; that the babe is cared for—coddled, kissed—made much of—nursed into youth and breeches, precociously becomes at once the plague and pride of his family, I admit; but at the same time there are, I fear, counteracting disadvantages. We grow up copyists; we live by rule and routine. We follow one another as a flock of sheep. A bias is given to the mind, which impedes all progress—renders difficult all reform—withered up all intellectual life—makes the bright sky above us leaden, and this genial world of ours but a pestilent collection of vapours. The curse thus entailed on us is precedent—that stumbling-block in the way of a MAN, that god and guide to the ass and idiot, and knave and fool.

Let me put a case—let me borrow for once Paley's celebrated solitary man, in a solitary island, out in the middle of some wild Atlantic; that metaphysical Robinson Crusoe minus his man Friday. How does he act? Why, for himself, and as nature dictates; when he is tired he rests, when he is hungry he eats, when he is sleepy he goes to bed. His necessities prompt his actions. He lives in the present not in the past, he acts of himself and for himself, he is an independent man, there is muscle in his body and his mind, he has

a will—the will that lifts such as he out of solitude and barbarism into civilization and moral and intellectual light—the will that in our days has peopled deserts with busy life—that has planted stately cities in forests, where once wild beasts roamed—in swamps where once moor fowl screamed by scores, echoing only the murmur of the sad sea waves—the will that has bridged over oceans—that has annihilated time and space—that has made man but little lower than the angels, and earth his fitting dwelling-place. No wonder that such a man should be deemed almost a myth in these degenerate days, and that we laugh at the poet as a romancer as he sings, "When wild in woods the noble savage ran."

Let us now turn to man as we have him in London or Manchester. Look at his hat—as ridiculous a head-piece as was ever thought of—heavy to wear—frightful to look at—certainly no ornament, and of very little use. All Englishmen rail against it—yet none have the courage to discontinue it. Go lower: look at the man's chin. God made hair to grow there to give manliness to the expression, and protect the face; but the chin is shorn with an ingenious instrument of torture called a razor. And, in order to protect himself against the cold, he has to wrap up his neck as best he can, or he becomes laid up with quinsy and catarrh. Look at the dress coat; is it an ornament? Certainly not. Is it comfortable? Certainly not, for a man never wears it when he can help it. Yet a man dare not go out to dinner with a more graceful and comfortable robe. Look at the all-round collar, the present mode—how unhappy are the men who wear it—how difficult it is for them to turn their heads round—what a stiff-necked and perverse generation they are! Let me turn to woman. In a state of savage nature would she kill herself with tight lacing—would she wear robes that collect every particle of dust and dirt and wet, that may lie in her path—would she wear thin shoes in the middle of December? Certainly not. Let us turn to men and women in the aggregate—to the thing we call society. Why do people live in little ill-built houses, when they might live, as they do in Edinburgh and on the continent, in handsome flats? Why do people have narrow establishments, when by means of association they might enjoy the advantages of the possessors of enormous wealth? Why must their amusements be costly, their dinner parties above their means, and their whole mode of life not in accordance with their tastes and dispositions and circumstances, but in accordance with the laws and regulations of the little conventional circle of the tiny world in which they live, and move, and have their being? The Browns give a party because the Joneses do it. Smith keeps a one-horse shay because Green does. Oh, judicious Sir, and wise man of the world, your daughter Laura has no ear for music, yet you insist she shall torture your family and friends by her daily practice. Rosa can't draw, yet you have her taught to execute monstrosities which, instead of putting in the fire, you lay on your drawing-room table and call upon all your visitors to swear are exquisite and divine. Your darling son, Bill, has no taste for dead languages, yet you set him to Greek and Latin, and he wastes years, which, if otherwise spent, might have enabled him to master the great

living literature of Germany and France. Why are these things? Why! because there is a precedent that shapes our ends, rough-hew as we may; because it is vain that man purposes; because the human will is weak, and because precedent, with heavy rule, hangs heavy on us all. Man ever walks in a rut. The human mind, just as it is about to bud and bloom and bear fruit, is crushed by the iron heel of custom, and never lives again. One generation after another is thus blighted in the very promise of their spring, and woman sooner than man, for she goes to a finishing school, and there is no hope for her then, either in this world or that which is to come. There is hope for a man—that in his hot youth he may rebel; that his generous instinct may get the better of the world; that he may shake off his chains and be free; that he may trample it under foot; but woman once lost—with a head of petty maxims teaching down her daughters' hearts—once lost to the world, and truth and noble life is lost for ever. Nor is the religious world free from the same curse. Why does the parson wear a different dress, assume a different demeanour, talk with a different tone from other men? Because of precedent. It was so in the beginning, is so, and ever will be to the end of the chapter. Nature is as scarce in the pulpit, on the platform, in the conventicle itself, as in the world. All is barren, from Dan to Beersheba. There is no soundness in us; the whole head is sore and the whole heart is sick.

Out of precedent—away in the region of life and reality—there be great men, and great deeds are done, and man becomes immortal and divine, but we live by precedent and droop and die. Our very statesmanship is that of children. To-day we are all searching for precedents to know if the Lords may tax the Commons. The other day the leader of the English Conservative party—the ablest speaker in the House of Lords—was unable to say whether he would be able to support the motion of thanks to the French army because he was not aware that there was precedent for such a course. When we entered into that foolish Crimean War, the Duke of Newcastle moved for 15,000 foreign troops, because such a vote was taken during the former war. The fitness of things, the needs of the case and time, are not what our statesmen go by, hence it is that they war in a languid and feeble manner—hence it is that they govern amidst national apathy—hence it is that the nation sees little difference between Lord Aberdeen and Lord Stanley—does not see why Mr. Disraeli should not be as good a Chancellor of the Exchequer as Mr. Gladstone, or why Sir John Pakington should be more to be dreaded at the colonies than any of the Greys. A statesman who can throw precedent overboard and act according to eternal principles, is the want of our age, is the true coming man, with whom we may rise equal to the emergency of our age, with whom we may grow and become great. Our history is that of great men—of men who have acted without precedent, and such must illustrate our history still, if the future is to equal and excel the past.

MARIAN'S GRAVE.

GENTLY, winds, gently blow
 Around her place of rest.
 We've laid her in her grave to-day;
 The soft folds of her white array,
 Shrouding a heart as pure as they,
 Lie calmly on her breast.

Softly, birds, softly sing
 About her place of sleep.
 For meet it were that no harsh sound
 Disturb the charmed hush around
 The little spot of hallowed ground,
 Where we may go and weep.

Quickly, flowers, quickly blow
 Above her lowly bed.
 Fit emblems of her early doom,
 Come, in your bright but fleeting bloom,
 And, dying, let your sweet perfume
 A lingering fragrance shed.

Lightly, children, lightly tread
 Upon her grassy sod.
 In gentle whispers softly tell
 How she, who loved you all so well,
 Was taken home, one day, to dwell
 For evermore with God. Z. D. E.

LITERATURE.

THREE YEARS IN TURKEY, the Journal of a Medical Mission to the Jews, by John Mason, L.R.C.S.E.; (London: John Snow.) The only fault we have to find with this book is, that it is published some ten years too late. Mr. Mason was sent out by the Free Church of Scotland Committee for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, in the spring of 1846, to act as Medical Missionary at Jassy, Moldavia. He appears to have conducted himself in a satisfactory manner, to have effected a great deal of good, spiritual and physical, and to have collected a great deal of information relative to Turkey which will be interesting to the religious reader. His account of the modern Jesuits' creed, ritual, and festivals is of the most valuable character, and besides we have much about Constantinople, its origin, progress, and present condition. Our author is a religious man, and mainly writes on religious matters, but, as we have intimated, his book contains much that is new and valuable to the general public. Unfortunately, we cannot have too many books about Turkey and the East. We are so mixed up with that ill-fated land that information—let it come from what quarter it may—deeply concerns us all. "The last ten years," our author writes, "have been replete with vicissitudes and exciting scenes in Turkish history. The event of the Crimean war—the concourse from all nations of enlightened philanthropic and observing men—and the political agitations which followed, have brought to light and unravelled many mysteries otherwise concealed in Mahomedan society; have shaken to their foundations the old

tyrannies of Moslem rule, and rendered the crescent no longer a fit emblem of the Sultan's government. Christian principle and evangelical ministrations have acquired a consistency and influence among the Turkish and Christian subjects of the Porte unexampled in Moslem annals." Such is Mr. Mason's testimony; those who would learn more we refer to his book.

THE DIARY OF A POOR YOUNG GENTLEWOMAN; translated from the German by M. Anna Childs. (London: Trübner and Co.) Somewhere in the heart of the old fatherland was the birth-place of the poor young Gentlewoman, who is a Plettenhaus, and whose grandfather was a prime minister. She is brought up by an aunt, whose hope and prayer is that her niece, Lulu, may become a maid of honour. Lulu however, finding the desperate poverty of her aunt, resolves bravely to become a governess, and takes a situation in a noble family, where she has sorrows, trials, temptations, disappointments, joys—of many kinds; but piously, and earnestly, and self-denyingly she lives on, bears down all opposition and malice, turns enemies into friends, and makes a most happy, and—in a worldly point of view—most advantageous marriage at last. The thoroughly German and simple character of the tale is really delightful, and ought to make it a great favourite with the English public. The translation is admirable. It reads as if the book was originally written in English. Miss Childs has been happy in the choice of a subject, and we commend our "Poor Young Gentlewoman" to all her sex, whether rich or poor.

SINGING AT SIGHT MADE EASY—A complete course of instruction in reading music on the Lancashire or English System, with a preliminary Essay, showing its advantages both in simplicity and completeness over all other systems, and numerous Exercises and Pieces progressively arranged, especially adapted to Schools, Classes, and Self-tuition; by the Rev. Woodville Woodman. (London: S. W. Partridge.) The full title we have given will enable our readers at once to see the value of Mr. Woodman's work. The manual has originated in the deep conviction the writer has long felt of the value of music in a social, moral, and religious point of view.

The Public Life of Captain John Brown. By James Redpath. With an Autobiography of his Childhood and Youth. (London: Thickbroom and Stapleton.)—This is a book that ought to be read, and will be read, in this country. John Brown laid down his life in his endeavour to give freedom to the slave; and here, where no slave can remain, or where there is an amount of freedom such as exists nowhere else—where we are enraptured with the name and exploits of Garibaldi—the memory of such a man as John Brown should be held in lasting honour. The chief acts of his life are already known to the British public. We all heard of his heading a forlorn hope—we all heard of the fortitude and bravery with which he died. Mr. Redpath, in the volume before us, supplies further particulars of his childhood and public life, which are new, and will be interesting to the English reader. We trust the book will have an extensive circulation. Our readers will do well to procure it, and to recommend it to all their friends.

Curiosities of Science. Second Series. A book for old and young. By John Timbs, F. S. A. (London: Kent and Co.) Mr. Timbs has devoted a long life in familiarly explaining to the public things not generally known. His extensive reading—his untiring industry—his skill in selection, eminently fits him for the task which he has discharged as profitably, we trust, to himself, as to the public at large. We have seen no book more useful than his, and confess willingly that we find there a great assistance in our editorial labours. In this his last volume Mr. Timbs devotes himself to Chemistry. In the early portion of it he illustrates the profession of Alchemy, in brief biographical notices of its professors. Then he traces the transition from Alchemy to Modern Chemistry, and records striking facts and phenomena in connexion with the subject, and all the while he blends information and entertainment in the most masterly manner. Mr. Timbs complains that his idea, in this series, "of seizing upon topics imperfectly understood, and conveying, in an attractive form, information beyond common-place," has been purloined and parodied. This may be true, and still we trust and believe Mr. Timbs will retain the ear of the public to the last.

Running a Thousand Miles for Freedom; or The Escape of William and Ellen Croft from Slavery. (London: W. Tweedie, Strand.)—This little book contains the personal experience of the writer and his wife, and illustrates in the most striking and remarkable manner the abominable character of American slavery. Nowhere, after they had become free, could Croft and his wife live in the United States. They were compelled to come to England, where they are now, and where we trust this little book will find for them an extensive and sympathetic acquaintance. In 1850, by the Fugitive Slave Law, passed by the American Congress, the inhabitants of the free States of America are required, under heavy penalties, not only to refuse food and shelter to a starving, hunted human being, but also they must assist, if called upon by the authorities, to seize the unhappy fugitive and send him back to slavery. The English reader who understands this will rejoice that Croft and his wife have come to this free land of ours to tell how they managed to escape from slavery.

THE MONTH.

WE have to record the death at Venice, on June 9, where he was British Consul-General, of Mr. James, the once celebrated Novelist. On June 11, the Rev. Baden Powell, M.A., Savilian Professor of Geometry in the University of Oxford, died at his residence, Stanhope Street, Hyde Park Gardens, London.

On June 14 the annual distribution of prizes and medals to the pupils of the Female School of Art in Gower-street, took place in the lecture theatre of the schools belonging to the government department of Science and Art, in the South Kensington Museum. Mr. Redgrave, R.A., who presided, in the course of his opening address, said: "As a part of the general education of young ladies, there could be no doubt that studies of this kind tended to the development of the perceptive faculties; but the School of Art had a stronger claim to support, inasmuch as it provided many poor gentlewomen with an occupation by which they might earn their

own livelihood; and those who were rich enough to pay the higher scale of fees might thus have the satisfaction of contributing to maintain an institution which conferred such vital benefit on their less fortunate sisters. In designing patterns for various manufactures, as well as in portrait-painting, miniature-painting, the colouring of photographs, enamel-painting, and illumination of various kinds, educated women might find employment to a much greater extent than as yet they had done. The number of students here in the last term was 118, of whom 77 were studying with a view to maintain themselves by their own industry. The 'local medals,' accompanied by the prizes now to be distributed, were given, in each of the Schools of Art in connexion with the government department, to all students who came up to the prescribed standard at the examination. Thirty was the largest number that could be awarded in any one school, and on the present occasion the Female School in Gower-street took 26 medals. The 'national medallions,' of which two were now awarded to the pupils of the school, were bestowed as the result of a competitive exhibition of all the drawings or other works sent up from the eighty schools of art that existed throughout the country, as having been thought worthy of local medals." The judges this year were Sir Charles Eastlake, P.R.A., and Mr. Horsey, R.A., and there were 55 national medallions to be given away. Each of these medallions entitled the school by which it was gained to a grant of 10*l.* worth of materials, or apparatus, books, photographs, or plaster casts. After these explanations, the meritorious students were called up, one after another, to receive their medals, with a packet of books, examples, or drawing materials for each, selected at her own choice. The two young ladies to whom the national medallions were presented were Miss Anne Bartlett and Miss Isabella Pigott; honourable mention was also made of Miss Harriet Bradford in the national competition.

A very remarkable adaptation of a well-known scientific principle is submitted to public attention by the "Pneumatic Despatch Company," who have just issued their prospectus. The proposal is to establish in the metropolis lines of 'Pneumatic Tube,' for the speedy circulation of despatches and parcels. The principle has already been practically and successfully tested by the Electric and International Telegraph Company, who have, for several years past, connected in this way two of their subsidiary stations in the City—viz. those at Cornhill and the Stock Exchange—with their central station. This company are now, we understand, extending the system to Mincing-lane, preparatory to a further extension to the London Bridge Railway terminus. The time occupied in each despatch is only a few seconds. The company now projected propose to undertake the transmission of the Post Office mail bags between the Chief Office and the railways, and between the several district offices, as well as the conveyance and delivery of all kinds of parcels, despatches, newspapers, periodicals, and books. The first line is to be laid from St. Martin's-le-Grand to one of the principal district post offices, and will require a capital of only £14,000. It is mentioned that the plans received the special approval of the late Mr. Robert Stephenson. The company's capital is fixed at £250,000, but the first issue will be limited to £25,000. All the names attached to the undertaking are of the highest respectability. The Marquis of Chandos is chairman.

Galignani says: When coal is subjected to distillation, one of the substances produced is tar; this, subjected in its turn to the same process, yields two kinds of oil—a heavy kind, which is used to preserve railway sleepers from the attacks of insects; and a lighter sort, containing variable quantities of benzene, toluene, phenic, or carbolic acid, &c. Subsequent distillations of the latter kind of oil separate from it the volatile rectified oil of coal, called phenic, or benzene, a carburetted hydrogen, which dissolves india-rubber, gutta-percha, fatty substances, &c., and is therefore much used for

taking out grease spots. Benzine treated with nitric acid, and then distilled, yields a reddish liquid, which, on being sufficiently rectified, is called nitro-benzine—a pale yellow liquid, possessing the agreeable and characteristic smell of bitter almonds. Like prussic acid, which has the same smell, nitro-benzine, which was discovered by Mitscherlich in 1854, is a poison, though not so strong a one as the former. It takes an ounce to kill a rabbit, and the same dose will plunge a dog into a lethargic sleep, slacken its respiration, and lower the temperature of the skin. When the body of an animal killed by nitro-benzine is opened, a most intense smell of bitter almonds is at once perceived. Hence, as Dr. Casper, of Berlin, remarks, a smell of bitter almonds emitted by a dead body can no longer be assumed as unanswerable evidence of poisoning by prussic acid. Nitro-benzine is now used by perfumers, to give soaps and pomatums the scent of bitter almonds.

Mr. B. Spence is now casting a statue at Rome, of which he has recently completed the modelling, representing "The Lady of the Lake." This beautiful figure is for the Queen, and is intended as a companion to Mr. Spence's eminently successful statue of "Highland Mary," which is already in her Majesty's possession. The Chieftain's Daughter is represented as pausing in mute attention, ear in hand, listening to the thrilling notes of that eventful horn which had such an influence on her destiny. A drawing of the statue has already been forwarded to the Queen, whose gracious approbation, and that of the Prince Consort, have been recently signified by letter to the sculptor.

The Matthew Henry memorial is approaching its completion. The foundation has already been laid in St. Bridget's churchyard, Chester, in which parish this eminent commentator on Holy Scripture resided when he wrote his Commentary.

Her Majesty has been pleased to nominate the Right Hon. Robert Lowe, Richard Quain, M. D., and Mr. James Paget, F. R. S., to vacancies in the senate of the University of London, caused by the deaths of Bishop Maltby, Lord Macaulay, and Mr. M. T. Baines.

The trustees of the National Portrait Gallery have made their third annual report. They state that the donations now amount to 35 in number, and the purchases to 62. Among the donations for the past year are a portrait of John Knox (presented by the Duke of Buccleuch), of Prior (the Earl of Derby), and of Kirke White (Dr. F. Booth). Among the purchases are portraits of the seven Bishops of the Revolution, Mary Queen of Scots, John Howard, Garrick, Tillotson, Huntingdon, Nelson, Cowley, Watt, and Hunter. The rooms (in Great George-street) are open on Wednesdays and Saturdays by tickets to be obtained from the principal print-sellers, but the paramount object of the trustees is to open the collection to the public without restriction of any kind as soon as they can obtain a permanent and commodious gallery. In the first three days of Easter week the admission was without tickets. The only danger was from an accidental push of an elbow from people crowding, or in turning suddenly round; but fortunately all went off well, though on Easter Monday there were 771 visitors.

His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, having been informed of a project initiated by the Graphic Society for rendering the Flaxman Gallery in University College, London, a more adequate memorial to the great artist's genius by enriching it with some specimens of his drawings to be selected by Mr. Foley, R.A., from a collection about to be sold in consequence of the decease of Miss Maria Denman, has very graciously signified his desire to subscribe 20 guineas toward a fund which it is proposed to raise for the purchase of the chosen drawings. To the same fund the Royal Academy have contributed £25, and the Graphic Society 25 guineas. The President of the Royal Academy, Lord Belper, the Master of the Rolls, Sir Edward Ryan, Sir Francis Goldsmid, M. P.,

Mr. Tite, M. P., Mr. Henry C. Robinson, Mr. Edwin Wilkins Field, and other friends of University College, have also joined in promoting the object by their subscriptions.

M. Mathieu (de la Drôme), one of the most eminent orators of the "Mountain" in the National Assemblies of 1848 and 1849, has lately been turning his attention to the subject of medicinal baths. A bath by immersion requires from two to three hectolitres of water, which, in the case of mere river or spring water, is of no consequence as regards expense. But the case is far different when the water is to be impregnated with medicinal substances, some of which are very costly; or when mineral waters are prescribed, which cannot be had in large quantities without a considerable outlay, except at the spring from which they are derived. M. Mathieu (de la Drôme) has therefore endeavoured to ascertain, both by calculation and experiment, what is the real quantity of water which produces a useful effect on the human body in a common bath, and has found that it cannot be more than three or four litres in the course of an hour. To distribute this quantity both equally and economically on the body was, therefore, the question to be solved; and he has accordingly invented an apparatus which he calls *bain hydrofère*. The patient is seated in a kind of box like that used for fumigations, while a powerful ventilator outside transforms the water which is to be used into a minute aqueous dust or dew, just as we see a high wind do with the water issuing from the jets of a monumental fountain. This dew is driven into the box through an aperture on a level with the knees; owing to their extreme minuteness the particles ascend, and then gradually subside on the body. In a short time these particles coalesce and trickle down the body, until at last the water descends in an unceasing stream. This system has been tried with great success at the Hospital St. Louis, and is now generally attracting the attention of medical men.

Capt. W. Parker Snow writes as follows to a contemporary:—"The fate of Sir John Franklin and one or two of his associates is known; but we know not the fate of that band of 105 brave spirits landing at Point Victoria. It is my firm resolve to devote myself to the attempt of trying to ascertain that fate by a good summer's search. All we have yet positively gained is the knowledge that Sir John Franklin died on a certain day, and that some of his people perished; but we want to find out as well what became of the other officers and the humbler seamen of that ill-fated expedition. My plans are simple, and the result of many years' careful study. I have a committee of gentlemen formed, whose names are a guarantee to the public, and as soon as the funds are found to be sufficient I shall commence fitting out. Several volunteers have offered to accompany me, but I require only a very few. I now propose going round the Cape of Good Hope, and thence by way of China; thus, on my return, coming through Baffin's Bay, and so carrying our good old flag round the globe by the Arctic route. Subscriptions are received by Messrs. Biddulph, Cocks, and Co., bankers, 43, Charing Cross, S. W.; and prospectuses, or information, can be obtained by addressing me, at St. John's-hill, New Wandsworth, S. W."

Despatches have been received from Newfoundland in respect of the progress made in the preparations for attempting to restore the Atlantic cable to working order. At the time Captain Kell's letter left St. John's all the arrangements required for the expedition were completed, and he was about to sail, within a day or two, for Trinity Bay, to commence the preliminary work of picking up the 46 miles of cable that are intended to be cut off, in order to bring the end into New Perlican for the purpose of making a complete examination into its electrical condition, by Mr. C. F. Varley.



WILLIAM TELL REFUSING TO DO HOMAGE TO GESSLER'S HAT.

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THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

WILLIAM TELL REFUSING TO DO HOMAGE TO GESLER'S HAT.

A FINE sight has been exhibited on Wimbledon Common. For the first time in our national history we have resolved to be a nation of rifle shooters, and are determined once more to regain the pre-eminence we had in the days of the bow. We are glad to find that we have not degenerated, and that whilst some of the prizes were open to all comers, that Englishmen gallantly bore away the palm. As Lord Elcho truly remarked at the dinner given by the Council of the National Rifle Association to their Swiss visitants—"The Association had, in their first experiment, endeavoured to carry out the Swiss model, which had made every man a skilful marksman, and every citizen a soldier, and had caused Switzerland to be respected throughout Europe. It had given him great pleasure to see that their worthy friends had succeeded in carrying off prizes, at the same time they had an opportunity of seeing the superiority of English weapons, although they had maintained their ancient reputation by the way they had handled them." We need not fear for our laurels. At the dinner to which we have already referred, M. Wessel said—"At Wimbledon they had seen a shooting-ground unequalled in their own country, and they had fired for the first time with arms which had astonished them. Such weapons used with skill would make any invasion hopeless." Such a meeting is a sure guarantee of peace. A nation of sharpshooters is never in danger. Like the Americans, indeed, they scarce need a standing army. We have the latter because men like Lord Hardwicke dare not trust the working classes—the very pith, and sinew, and bone, and muscle of our land.

One of the Swiss visitors proposed—"England, and the development of her military spirit." "To accomplish this (he declared) only two things were wanted—men and arms. Of English courage, and endurance, and energy it was unnecessary to speak, and when the country could produce Armstrong and Whitworth guns and rifles there was no fear but that England would maintain her pre-eminence among the nations." Well we see that there is no need to develop our military spirit. Year by year will our volunteers meet for rivalry, and as year by year passes we shall produce bet-

ter shots, and shall have less and less cause for alarm. We are taking a leaf from the Swiss; they are good rifle shots, and fear no one; they have their anniversaries, as for the future we shall have ours, and each anniversary will, we trust, record progress.

The old tale of William Tell, which we have engraved on the other side, is worthy of lasting remembrance. History furnishes many other striking instances of Swiss love of freedom, and shows how every feeling of personal interest has merged in anxiety for the public welfare. Invading forces have again and again been defeated by the valour of the peasantry. With unconquerable will and courage this handful of mountaineers have maintained their independence through centuries of war and turbulence, unpolluted by the yoke of a foreign invader, and undisturbed by domestic contention. The bold front now assumed by the Cantons is in keeping with their past history. The men of Switzerland need not fear France; the men of the mountains—the children of Tell and Arnold Winkelreid are not the men to yield, and will be ready again to stand forth in defence of hearth and altar; they feel that never can men die better

"Than in facing fearful odds
For the ashes of their fathers
And the temples of their Gods."

Whatever may be the result of French annexation, and whatever may be the inclination of the governing powers in all Europe, there is something enlisted on behalf of the Swiss powerful enough to stand before aristocratic, monarchic, or despotic force—namely, the force of intelligent public opinion. The importance of this grand element in all political and social questions is constantly increasing, penetrates all classes, and all countries; and public opinion is in favour of Switzerland, just as at home it is in favour of our imitation of the Swiss. Rifle corps will supersede the stupid pigeon and sparrow shooting matches of our different country towns. It is a significant fact that the French Government papers passed over the Volunteer Review without notice, while pamphlets recommending an invasion of Ireland were freely sold, and Mons. Paradol, who ventured, in general terms, to praise constitutional liberty, was prosecuted, convicted, and punished, for saying he preferred a free Parliament and Press to a Caesar.

LORD STANLEY.

A PARLIAMENTARY SKETCH.

BY J. EWING RITCHIE.

GIBBON tells us, "of the various forms of government which have prevailed in the world an hereditary monarchy seems to present the fairest scope for ridicule. Is it possible to relate, without an indignant smile, that on the father's decease the property of a nation, like that of a drove of oxen, descends to his infant son, as yet unknown to mankind and himself?" The language of Gibbon is not altogether inapplicable to hereditary statesmanship. Why should the tenth transmitter of a foolish face be a ruler over men whose natures he cannot understand and with whose wants it is impossible for him to sympathize. Surely the son of a lord is born no wiser, abler, stiffer-minded than his fellows. Is he not very often born considerably less so, and, at any rate, does he not labour under one great damning disadvantage, that he has no wholesome struggle from his youth upwards; that his impetuous will has never been disciplined by wise control; that the very conditions—I mean the struggle with hard necessity and adverse circumstances without which most men would pass their days in epicurean ease—by means of which it is given to a man to become great, are denied him from his birth. An Englishman crawls in the dust before a lord. When can he hear the stern and unwelcome voice of truth? How can he understand the condition-of-England question? Poverty is almost romantic in the eyes of the rich. A great duke lives in Brighton because he cannot afford to live in one of his own palatial residences. The poor man is not thus encumbered,—he has no need to trouble himself with settlements and lawyers; nor is he required to subscribe to the county charities—to preside at anniversary dinners—to dance attendance at court,—nor has he his every movement recorded in the morning papers. See Strephon on a bank reclining, in a costume very Arcadian, and very much like what we see at the Adelphi, on the occasion of a rustic fête. Hear him sing,

"At ease reclined, in rustic state,
How vain the ardour of the crowd,
How low, how little are the proud,
How indigent the great!"

Who would not be Strephon rather than your much-to-be-pitied lord! Indeed so over-weighted is the latter that he generally performs even his political duties by proxy. But we are entering on a question respecting which there may be different opinions. We imagine all will admit that Lord Edward Henry Stanley, eldest son of the Earl of Derby, born at Knowsley, Lancashire, 1826, is the ablest argument we have in favour of hereditary statesmanship. *Primâ facie*, a man who has an impediment in his speech, so that his utterance is unpleasant and imperfect, stands a poor chance of being elected into an assembly one great qualification for which is more or less of oratorical power. To read a speech is yet more an outrage on our English ideas; yet Lord Stanley did this not very long since. To be a refined thinker—to go down to the core and kernel of things—unfits a man for the use of the usual party ex-

pressions, which unless you use you may vainly long for a parliamentary position. James Stuart Mill, our greatest writer on political and social science, has not a seat in the House of Commons; our profoundest Greek historian, Mr. Grote, we know declined to stand for Westminster, on account of the impossibility of coming to a good understanding with its noisy and vehement democrats. Lord Stanley's statesmanship is of a similar high order. Yet, when Lord George Bentinck died, he was elected his successor as M.P. for Walpole's favourite borough of King's Lynn. How is it that Lord Stanley has thus made a good start in public life? The answer is soon given—he is the son of his father, and that father, one of England's leading landlords; that father, if not one of the most eminent politicians of the age, at any rate is one of the most eloquent speakers in any legislative assembly in the world.

In his "Memoirs of the Reign of King George the Second," old Horace Walpole, then Earl of Orford, apologizing for the unfavourable light in which he places many of his former characters, says:—"If, after all, many of the characters are bad, let it be remembered that the scenes I describe passed in the highest life, the soil, the vices I like." This is a little severe, and, let us hope, not quite so true in the days of Queen Victoria as King George. But when a young nobleman scorns delight, and lives laborious days, it must be admitted on all sides he deserves well of his country. From his youth upward, Lord Stanley has done this. He was a pupil of Dr. Arnold, of Rugby; and we all know how, when Dr. Arnold's pupils came up to Oxford, there was found to be in them a thoughtfulness, a conscientiousness, a sense of duty, rare in men so young, and by means of which they were favourably contrasted with the alumni of other public schools. This was a confession, as we all know, fairly and honourably made by Arnold's opponents. In Lord Stanley's case, this result is very manifest; and no doubt it was this that led him—while the unfledged lordlings of his own rank and standing were wearing white waistcoats, and writing very indifferent poetry, and astonishing heaven and earth by Young England affectation—to leave home, and, by means of foreign travel, to enlarge his views and liberalise his ideas. As soon as he was of age, Lord Stanley spent some time in Canada and America. His next step was to the West Indies, to study the results of negro emancipation, and the condition of the sugar plantations. He next paid a visit to the East, and was still in India when nominated, in March, 1852, Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in the Derby Ministry. These visits have borne fruit. Lord Stanley learnt much; got rid of many exploded ideas, became wiser, as all men should do who stand face to face with the truth of things and the facts of life. As a social reformer, Lord Stanley is widely known. Few men have done more with regard to the encouragement of mechanics' institutes, the establishment of public libraries, and the promotion of popular education. When, in 1858, he was made President of the Indian Board, by his introduction of the competitive system into the service he gave an impulse to education among the middle classes which it is almost impossible to over-estimate. His philanthropy is thus of the highest and most practical character—of that character which acknowledges

that human affairs are conducted on general principles' that suffering and human degradation are, as a rule, the result of a violation of law, and that the remedy is to be found, not so much in acts of Parliament, or temporary expedients, as in the enlightenment, moral and intellectual, of the sufferers themselves. Many are the nostrums of our day. In vain are baths and wash-houses, in vain are flannel-waistcoats and thick boots, in vain are good meals and a good atmosphere, in vain are Saturday half-holidays and an abridgment of the hours of labour, in vain are the wonderful mechanical improvements of our day, if the people suffer from lack of knowledge, and the night of ignorance lies heavily on the land. As a politician, Lord Stanley is hard to define. Dod describes him as a Conservative, but in favour of the admission of Jews to Parliament, of the Maynooth grant, and of the exemption of Dissenters from church-rates. When his father has been in office, Lord Stanley has been one of his most valuable supporters in the Lower House. Yet when, in 1855, the death of Sir W. Molesworth created a vacancy in the Colonial-office, Lord Palmerston, sensible of Lord Stanley's talents and popularity, offered him the seals of that department. More than once Lord Stanley has been named as a probable holder of office under the present premier; and if, at the last election, he had come forward as a candidate for the City of London—and a numerous signed requisition was got up to that effect—it is not clear but that he would have been selected by the City in preference to one of the present M.P.'s. The fact that such a belief existed indicates Lord Stanley's liberality. With another well-known Liberal of a still more ultra character, Lord Stanley is supposed to have held amicable relations. In the House of Commons smoking-room the interviews between Lord Stanley and John Bright are said to have been of a very frequent and confidential nature. They both of them have this in common—that they belong to the higher order of statesmen, though their respective standpoints are wide as the poles asunder. They may yet sit side by side on the Treasury benches. Lord Stanley must, sooner or later, cut the old county Quarter Sessions party that feasted so greatly at St. James' Hall the other day, under the presidency of Lord John Manners. As it is his temporary alliance with them has damaged him, for people find it difficult to make allowances for a man of trained judgment, and with an understanding well cultivated, doing anything so unnatural as leading the forlorn hope of a retrograde party in church and state,—and surely the Indians, native or otherwise, have reason to complain that because some poor Whigs wanted to get back into office, Lord Stanley was driven out, and his place supplied by a third-rate official like Sir Charles Wood, a man who is always—what Lord Stanley never is—common-place. This leads me to the great characteristic of Lord Stanley. He has less of mere partisanship and more of elevated principle, perhaps, than any other man in parliament. He has thought out his own conclusions; he has strength of mind sufficient to rely on them. He is superior to the prejudices of the hour. Never does he stoop to pander to the delusions of the mob; he is the last man in the world to talk what the Americans call "Bunkum." He has a system to fall back on, and this is a great advantage in these days of incoherent action and chaotic legislation.

It is the night of a great debate. Some grand display of force is expected—some question touching the hearts and arousing the passions of men is being discussed—some crisis is at hand. On the front bench of the opposition, seated between Disraeli and Sir John Pakington, is a young-looking, slender figure, much more plainly dressed than the great exponent of the Asiatic mystery, and by no means so elaborately neat as the worthy late First Lord of the Admiralty. His features are small, his complexion is light, his countenance pale, his figure slim, and the expression of his face slightly haughty; but this is not discernible in the strangers' gallery. You see, however, that he is an intensely earnest listener, that not a word of the debate escapes him, that he occasionally takes notes, and occasionally speaks to his friends around him, as if in consultation. It may be that he rises to speak, and your curiosity is aroused. When you hear the Speaker announce Lord Stanley's name, you lean forward, for the House cheers, and the speaker is evidently a favourite. What! you cannot hear a word, though every one is silent as a cat? Ah! now you will hear, the voice is filling the place, and, by-and-bye, will float up to you. Alas! alas! there is a sound, it is true, as of a man speaking; but it may be Greek, or Hebrew, or Chaldee, that he is speaking, for aught you know to the contrary. Nature has not been so bountiful to the son as to the sire, yet you will see that the House listens with interest, that the argument tells, and when you read the speech in the *Times* next day, you will think that the speech was one of the best of the night. It is a fine illustration of the triumph of mind over matter, and shows, as we have said, that statesmanship may exist, of the highest qualities, without the possessor of them being an orator at all. Out of doors, this would be a defect; it would unfit a man to succeed in making new truths popular. In the House of Commons, where declamation avails but little, it is a slight drawback, which is soon overlooked, when a man works so hard and so successfully, as patriot and statesman, as Lord Stanley does.

Poor Bruff, who died prematurely the other day, tells us:—

"My Lord Tomnoddy's the son of an Earl,
His hair is straight but his whiskers curl;
His lordship's forehead is far from wide,
But there's plenty of room for the brains inside.
He writes his name with indifferent ease,
He's rather uncertain about the 'd's,'
But what does it matter, if three or one,
To the Earl of Fitzdotterd's eldest son?"

Lord Stanley does not belong to this class. He accepts his rank and station, and at the same time its responsibilities. He is as much aware of the duties as the rights of property, and he is willing to lend the prestige of his name to institutions not exactly orthodox in conservative eyes. As regards sire and son, the order of nature seems to have been completely reversed. The son has an old head on young shoulders—he has been ever wise, and prudent, and thoughtful beyond his years. The father, when a commoner in the Lower House, always managed to keep Ireland in hot water—to goad on the colonies almost to the verge of revolt; and in the Upper House has been great in winning barren vic-

tories, and in leading his party into office merely to lead them ingloriously out again—after the commission of a few jobs such as those at Dover or Galway. Describing the present Earl when in the House of Commons, a writer in 1839 says, "Stanley hits very hard: but he does not inflict so much as he feels. See him when he has sat down and some opponent is lashing him in his turn. At the commencement he probably sits in a lounging posture, with his feet cocked up upon the table, an attitudinous elegance which he probably learned in America, and with an expression of mockery and supreme contempt upon his features. As his castigator proceeds, however, the feet are taken down and forced under his seat—he tosses up his head, whispers to his neighbour, laughs, then seizes some parliamentary paper, and bending his elbows on his knees pretends to be deeply absorbed in it—but the smarting soon becomes intolerable, and he either springs forward and, without the slightest reason, calls the speaker to order, or, after starting to his feet, suddenly restrains himself, throws himself back again, opens and shuts his knees, and affords proof, that cannot be mistaken, of the severity of his sufferings, and the agony of his impatience." The present Lord Stanley is the reverse of all this—of course something is due to training. The Earl of Derby tells us he was born in the pre-scientific era. Lord Stanley has had an advantage in this respect—the politics of the present times are also calmer and less fraught with personal collision; but I imagine nature has cast the son in a more philosophical mould than the eloquent and impulsive sire.

GO! AND BE HAPPY.

Go! and be happy, faithless friend,
I would not rob thee of a single joy;
Tis grief enough, that *seeming* truth should blend
With infidelity's impure alloy.

Go, and be happy! if, for aught so frail,
E'en earthly happiness be yet in store,
Thy treacherous smile the unwary heart may gain,
But ne'er again affection lost restore.

I little reck'd, when least I thought of guile
Should be the moment of my wilful blindness,
Thy confidence the tempter's subtle wile,
To plunge more deep the plague-spot of unkindness.

The fever stay'd, the hand that deals the blow
Oft saves the victim from its further rage;
And spends its violence on its own o'erthrow,
When friends, in place of foes, the combat wage.

Then fare thee well! for good thou'st given me ill,
May what I've lost be added to thy store,
Peace thy attendant—days devoid of ill,
But ne'er return the wish—to meet thee more.

Yet I could love thee! memory of the past
Urges on Hope—that rainbow of the mind,
To tint with changing hue each passing blast,
Till I could think thee—as thou once wert—kind!

SARAH HAY.

SUNDOWN.

A NOVEL.

By EDWARD COPPING, Author of "*Aspects of Paris*," &c.

[Continued from p. 125.]

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE interview between the cousins was satisfactory as far as Fred was concerned. On his way back he was never tired of talking to Ruth of Hester, who evidently had made a great impression on that susceptible youth. Said he to Ruth—

"Did you notice how she played that difficult piece of Beethoven's? I never before heard an amateur with so much finish, or so refined and delicate a touch. It was delightful to listen to her."

"She is evidently a very clever girl," replied Ruth, in a tranquil tone of eulogy, strongly contrasting with her brother's excited manner.

"Clever!" he said almost indignantly, "clever! she is more than that. Just see how hard she has studied! Why, in addition to French she knows Italian and German, and can read Dante and Schiller almost as easily as Sir Walter Scott. Fancy, too, a girl of her age being well up in Latin! 'What, do you read Lucretius?' I said to her, seeing it upon the table. 'Oh no,' she replied, 'I was merely referring to the passage that Molière borrowed for *The Misanthrope*. I have been comparing the Latin with the French, to see how closely they resemble each other, that's all.'

"Only fancy that," continued the eager Fred; "why when I took up Lucretius, I had so far forgotten all my Latin that I could make absolutely nothing of it. Hester is evidently a most remarkable girl."

Ruth would not for the world have checked her brother's rapid enthusiasm, but do what she might it was impossible for her to keep pace with it. She could not feel as he seemed to feel towards Hester; so she merely assented to all he said in calm, nay, almost serious tones, that would have aroused his surprise had he not been too rapturous just now to notice very closely.

"Would you believe it," he went on, "she is actually an authoress too! When we next visit her she is to show me some poetry she wrote for one of the magazines. She says, of course, that it's not worth reading, and that she was very silly and vain to publish it; but George, who left your side as she made the remark, and came up to us, declared that the lines were very good indeed; and I've no doubt they are. Hester is writing a novel now, and I'm to see that, also, at our next meeting."

"She is a very clever girl," Ruth remarked, feeling that it would be ungracious not to say something in reply to all this enthusiasm on the part of Fred, "very clever, and exceedingly beautiful also."

"Is she not? Such a pure style of beauty too! I think I never saw features so regular or so classical. As she stood by the window, and looked out into the garden, just before we left, you recollect, with the full light of the moon streaming upon her marble face, I could have taken her for another Hermione, her pose was so calm, so fixed, so statue-like."

"Yes, her appearance is exceedingly graceful, and her complexion purity itself. I never before saw so fair a face."

"And then her figure is faultless," Fred continued in rapturous tones, "she holds herself like a queen, and her proper place seems to be a throne. And yet she is not haughty either, though certainly a little reserved. I dare say that with perfect strangers she would be very distant and cold, but with me she was most frank and cordial."

"I'm afraid Cousin Hester has quite captivated you, Fred," Ruth said with a little laugh, forced from her by her brother's almost boyish enthusiasm.

"O, nonsense, Ruth. Can't one admire one's cousin, and extol her accomplishments, without falling in love with her?"

"It's difficult, Fred, sometimes."

"Why, what a little match-making puss you are," he playfully retorted. "Your head's always running upon marriage; but Hester is not a girl to think of such things, and when she does she will have plenty of admirers to charm her without her cousin Fred being of the number. Why, such an accomplished girl is worthy of an emperor. What chance, therefore, would there be for me?"

Despite the disparaging sentiments expressed in these words they were not uttered in a disparaging tone. In fact, just now Fred was in one of his over-sanguine moods, and by far too elated to look upon the gloomy side of anticipation, or to feel that mistrust of his own capacity by which he was at other times so heavily oppressed.

It might be quite true that he thought Hester worthy of an emperor, and believed claimants to her hand would be numerous enough, though he did not swell their ranks; but these convictions acted in no way as a check upon the dangerous admiration he had already conceived for her, or induced him to consider her superiority as any bar to their constant and familiar intercourse.

Indeed, dating from that evening, poor Fred became the slave to a new sentiment, which penetrated and absorbed his whole nature. Cousin Hester was the centre round which all his thoughts and aspirations revolved. He was not yet in love with her—that was to come afterwards; but his constant desire was to be near her, to talk with her, to sit by her side, to walk with her, to emulate her, to mould his tastes according to her tastes, to follow in everything the bent and genius of her intellect.

Almost every day he was at the Rue de Chateaubriand, and the duration of his visit might always be counted by hours rather than by minutes. In fact, the whole of his time was given up, directly or indirectly, to Miss Hester. Scarcely a day passed over in which he did not spend the morning with her listening to what she had written, or submitting his own manuscripts to her for correction, for Fred, fired by her example, had suddenly been seized with an ardent desire to distinguish himself in letters.

He had utterly turned away from his atelier, thrown brushes, and pallet, and canvas entirely aside, and now foilscape engrossed his whole attention. He had a musical ear, some little fancy, and a certain descriptive power, which, with hard study and practice, might have

been turned to good account. He soon, therefore, fell into the habit of composition—by far too soon it may be said—and blackened quire after quire of paper with the outpourings of his genius.

There was really no limits to his productiveness. Hester was writing a novel—he would do the same; Hester had begun a play—he would do the same; Hester had written a number of stanzas—he would do the same.

And thus, in about three weeks from their first meeting, he had paid a score or so of francs to his stationer, polished off one or two dozen odes, stanzas, songs, &c.; reached the tenth chapter of "Hester d'Arlingcourt, a novel;" and drawn up the outline sketch of a romantic play, "The Sack of Magdeburg;" and all this time a practised writer would, perhaps, have laboured incessantly for a single idea, without having the good fortune to find it! But where are the bounds of immature genius? Where the limits of undeveloped imagination?

It must be confessed that Ruth did not get on quite so well as her brother with their new cousin. Miss Hester invariably showed a coldness, accompanied by something of disdainful contempt, towards her own sex, which rendered her anything but a favourite out of men's society. To Ruth she was, even from their very first interview, particularly reserved and repelling. She had heard so much of the young girl through George in the letters he wrote from Sundown, and then from his own lips when he returned to Switzerland, that a feeling of jealousy towards the little maid had taken possession of her mind.

"Who is this wondrous Ruth, with whom George is so enraptured, and about whom he is always talking?" she said to herself again and again, as she read her brother's glowing descriptions of the Sundown queen. "She must surely be a most extraordinary girl to excite his admiration to such a high degree!"

She was full of the sentiments expressed by these ideas—more prepared to repel and disparage than to welcome and admire, when she uttered that remark at their first meeting which had sunk so deeply into Ruth's sensitive bosom.

Now that Hester had grown well acquainted with her cousin—now that she had sounded the depths of that trusting and affectionate nature, and become acquainted with all their bearings, she could not repress her annoyance at having permitted such an utterly unpretending person to occupy so much of her thoughts and speculations.

She had expected to find in Ruth a clever, nay, a remarkable girl, with talent at least equal to her beauty. She found instead a simple little being, utterly without special or unusual accomplishments, and with nothing in her favour but a gentle, affectionate heart, and a sweet though sensitive disposition; "quite a bread-and-butter girl," in fact, as Miss Hester remarked, with more of contempt than of Christian charity in her tones.

No wonder she was disappointed, her expectations having been so highly raised; no wonder she was utterly at a loss to see the shining qualities in Ruth which had shone resplendently in the eyes of George.

"I really cannot understand," she wrote to an old school-fellow, after a second interview with Ruth, "what

my brother finds in her to admire so much. She seems to me one of the most uninteresting, insipid girls I ever became acquainted with. She has n't a word to say for herself. I have just been trying to talk with her, and for a whole half hour I could scarcely get more than a yes and no from her."

Ah! had Hester but taken the pains to infuse a little more affectionate geniality into her words, she would not have found the Sundown cousin quite so devoid of conversational capacity, or quite so uninteresting. But no! She purposely adopted a distant chilling tone, and regarded Ruth with such coldly critical looks that the little maid, thoroughly overawed and abashed, was rendered too timid to express herself with anything like freedom, or even correctness.

From that time Hester seemed, in a spirit of feminine maliciousness, to take delight in humiliating her cousin, by talking to her upon subjects with which she was utterly unacquainted, or by appealing to her for opinions she was equally incompetent to offer.

"How do you like Sartor Resartus?" she said one morning, laying down the volume as she asked the question. "I have been reading it again lately, and I find I disagree with the views of the eccentric Herr Teufelsdröckh even more than ever. I suppose you think me very presumptuous to say so?"

Ruth, who had never read a line of our famous modern philosopher's writings, and who knew his name as vaguely as she might know that of Baumgarten or Æschines, was compelled to admit her inability to offer an opinion upon the subject.

"Ah! I suppose you are not fond of reading," remarked Hester, by way, it is to be presumed, of healing the little wound she had already inflicted by her first remark.

"O yes, indeed I am," replied Ruth with eagerness, anxious to redeem her character in the eyes of the clever cousin; "in the long winter evenings at Sundown Fred and I used always to read in turn to Aunt Susan."

"O, indeed!" said Miss Hester, glancing through her double eye-glass, for she fancied herself compelled occasionally to use that most offensive-looking auxiliary to sight. "O, indeed!" she repeated, with a sort of languid astonishment, "and who were your favourite authors?"

"Last year they were Nathaniel Hawthorne and Thackeray."

"Thackeray!" exclaimed Hester in a pitying tone, as if endeavouring to recall the name to her mind; "Thackeray! O yes, I remember; he writes story books, does he not? Of course. I recollect now I took up something of his one day, a long time ago, at Chambery, where I was detained in an hotel by bad weather. I forget the title now, but it was a story in which the heroine's name was Becky Smart, or something of that sort."

"O yes, Becky Sharp. It was Vanity Fair."

"Yes, that's the name. A very clever, smartly-written story, I thought at the time," said Hester in a tone of patronising approval that would certainly have overpowered our great satirist could he have heard it. "I have forgotten all about the work now. I don't read much fiction, to say the truth, I think it such a waste of time."

Ruth, utterly abashed and humbled by this indirect condemnation of her own literary tastes, made no reply, but sat during the rest of the interview too confused and humbled to resume conversation.

Upon another occasion Miss Hester must needs, with a great pretence of deference, make appeal to Ruth, as to an umpire who was to settle a difficult point in dispute between herself and Fred.

"I'm so glad you've come in, cousin," she said, as Ruth entered, "your naughty tiresome brother will insist upon it that I cannot be in earnest, because I have taken upon myself to defend the philosophy of the Gnostimachi. Now, do you not think it is quite possible to do so, and yet be perfectly serious?"

"O, it's of no use asking *Ruth*," Fred said quite good-humouredly, and without meaning to cast any slight upon his sister, though the disparaging words he uttered wounded her to the quick. "She doesn't know anything of philosophy, or care for it either—do you, Ruth?"

"That is the very reason why she should favour the doctrines of the Gnostimachi," replied Hester in a bantering tone; "for, as I told you before, sir, those sensible heretics were opposed to all inquiry after knowledge, thought books a bore, scientific investigation a piece of impertinent curiosity, and learning a pedantic accomplishment. Many other philosophers, I fancy, have thought much the same, although afraid to own it quite so openly. And who knows—perhaps they were right? At all events, as I still maintain, there is a great deal to be said in favour of their views. Do you not think so, Cousin Ruth?"

When Hester did not thus easily triumph over Ruth, she adopted towards her an encouraging tone, as unpleasant as it was ungenerous. She affected an interest in her behalf, that would have been humiliating, even if difference in years had established that wide gulf between them which seniority is always entitled to bridge over in its own manner, but which, as expressed by one young girl to another of similar age, was all but impertinent.

If Ruth made a remark, Hester would comment upon it as though it came from an infant phenomenon. If she uttered an opinion, Hester would patronise and applaud it, as though it needed such support in order to stand its ground. In fact, when the accomplished young lady did not openly sneer at her cousin, she accorded her much the same sort of charitable attention she would have bestowed upon a poor old bedridden beldame, or a tiny little being still in a bib and pinafore.

At other times Ruth would have resented this treatment, and, exerting all the force of her character, have shown she had spirit enough to maintain her place with such good effect, too, that even the superb Miss Hester herself would have been compelled to beat a hasty and ignominious retreat. But it seemed just now as though none but the gentlest and most tender emotions could find a place in her bosom. The young girl was subdued, in fact, by that master passion which subdues us all. For the moment it had left her heart susceptible, languid, timorous, and incapable of its own defence.

No wonder Ruth did not feel so happy now as in those few brief days immediately succeeding George's return from Switzerland, when the dear one was ever by her side breathing soft whispers into her ear, and charm-

ing away her heart with his love-lit glances. As she looked back upon those golden hours it was with a sigh, as though she were already mourning over buried joys, and the dead past that knows no resurrection. O happy time! O happy time! Why had it so quickly flown?

George no longer spent long hours by her side *now*. He had for many weeks resumed his atelier labours—was working hard upon a new picture far more elaborate and ambitious than his first, and sometimes, for days together, Ruth scarcely saw him, except when they met at the breakfast or dinner table.

She did not complain of the devotion he showed to his art. He was young—he must study; he was ambitious—he must aspire. But when dusk had set in, and pallet and easel were alike thrust aside, might he not come more frequently to their old trysting place, and pass a few hours with her? What was it that kept him away?

It was not difficult to answer. The success of his picture had really made George a celebrity. It had introduced him to some of the best *salons* and ateliers of Paris, and there, in his two-fold capacity of artist and foreigner, he was received with eager welcome. Flattered thus by the warm reception everywhere accorded to him, and elated by the avidity with which his acquaintance was sought after in Parisian society, he had become dazzled and bewildered. The natural confidence he possessed was over-strengthened by his success. He did not love Ruth less, perhaps, but he loved her in another manner.

He talked now of nothing but the future triumphs he was to achieve, of the fame he was to earn, of the proud position he was to occupy. He would visit Florence in the autumn, and pass the winter in Rome; he would send something to the Academy next year, and exhibit again in Paris as well. There was scarcely a word now of Sundown, or of the quiet domestic joys it was to afford him. The humble little nook seemed to have completely passed away from his mind, displaced by the grander scenes which had entered there.

Poor Ruth! She oftentimes listened with an aching heart to George's glowing plans. *Her* ambition would have been satisfied with a far less brilliant destiny than he was picturing for her. But she still clung as fondly as ever to his love, and uttered no word to show how cruelly her hopes were being torn and lacerated.

One evening, however, the long pent-up feelings of disappointment and sorrow found relief. For nearly a week George had passed all his evenings away from her. He had been invited hither and thither, in so many directions, that he had not been able to spare any of his busy hours for the old trysting place, and the fond being who was pining and drooping in his absence. He had asked her, it is true, to accompany him; but society was irksome to her now, and she preferred the quiet of her own pensive solitude to the bustle of soirées and receptions in which she could take no interest.

George came at last, all unconscious of the neglect of which he had been guilty, and eager to tell her of some new schemes his teeming ambition had planned. Ruth was sitting by the open window, a book hanging negligently from her hand, and her gaze turned sadly upon vacancy. She was pale, and her eyes seemed dull and heavy, as with frequent tears or grief long suppressed.

George started upon seeing her, and an exclamation of surprise escaped from his lips as he fell on his knees before her.

"Ruth, dearest Ruth!" he cried wildly, "you are ill! Speak to me—tell me what has happened. Speak, darling, speak!"

She could not speak; but, as though by a great effort, sat quite calm and still, trying to smile a sweet welcome to him as she looked into his face.

"Ruth, darling Ruth," he exclaimed, now quite alarmed, "tell me what has happened! Why do you look so pale? Do speak to me, dear one!"

The composure she had hitherto maintained deserted her at last, as the deep passion of the lover's tone sank into her heart, and with a sudden burst of hysterical tears she fell forward, and wept out her grief upon his breast.

CHAPTER XXVII.

RUTH's hysterical agitation made a deep and painful impression upon George, for it came to him, to some extent, in the light of an unexpected revelation. Hitherto he had seen his Sundown cousin, if not always gay and cheerful, at least free from that over-sensitiveness and tendency to tearful melancholy which characterised her brother. He now felt that between Ruth and Fred there was that moral resemblance which so often links together different members of the same family, and proclaims their identity of parentage, and the all-pervading yet mysterious influence of a common origin.

It was easy now to see that if Ruth had hitherto succeeded in mastering her undue sensibility, it was because she had exerted a stronger control over her emotions than Fred, and was possessed of greater force of character. It was also obvious, however, that when the occasion came, her delicately organized disposition was as susceptible as her brother's, and that at such times it would shrink and tremble before the lightest passing breeze.

So at least thought George, and it must be confessed that the opinion showed he possessed discernment of no common order and good power of appreciation. It was strange, however, that the sagacity which had enabled him to discover the malady should not, at the same time, have led him still further onward to its cause. But no! his penetration carried him half-way through the journey of investigation and then deserted him. After that point he did but go astray, wandering, as it were, to the right and left of the proper path, in uncertain deviation from its course.

He could not see that it was the change his own feelings had undergone which explained the change in Ruth's. He could not see that premature success, and the applause of the world, had unduly elevated his hopes, his plans and his desires; that ambition had risen higher than love instead of mounting the ladder with it hand in hand. No! George's penetration did not show him this. His eyes were to be opened on another but not distant day.

His first step was to speak to Fred upon the subject of Ruth's altered manner. Accordingly the morning after the interview just related he sought out his cousin.

Fred, just then in the middle of a chapter of "Hester d'Arlingcourt," was of course much embarrassed upon being caught in the very act of literary composition.

"Fred," said George, after a few minutes of artificial conversation on both sides, "have you noticed anything peculiar in Ruth's manner lately?"

Fred started, for the reflection suddenly occurred to him that for some time past he had scarcely noticed his sister at all, so absorbed had he been in his new pursuits, and the new relative who encouraged them.

"No," he replied, with hesitation, blushing as he spoke, "that is, I do not recollect having remarked anything."

"It appears to me," said George, "that she has become unusually dejected and tearful lately; her face is thinner and paler than it used to be; and the vivacity which formerly seemed a part of her disposition has now almost entirely departed. Have you not remarked this?"

"Well, now you mention it, I think I have," replied Fred, his conscience smiting him for the neglect with which he had lately treated Ruth; "I remember being struck with her manner when I asked her to go with Hester and myself to the Gynnose about a week since. The theatre was too hot for her, she said. She preferred to stay at home."

"Yes, that was almost the same reply she made to me when I asked her to go to Madame due Bac's reception last Friday. Now, do you know, Fred, I think these refusals are a very bad sign. I am afraid Ruth is by far too much alone just now. I am out a good deal in the evening, and you are not often at home."

"No, that's true," replied Fred, a pang of remorse shooting through his heart.

"Well! I've been thinking," then, that the best course to adopt would be for you and Ruth to quit our present quarters and take lodgings in the Rue de Chateaubriand along with Hester and my father. There is a set of rooms to let just above their apartments which would exactly suit you. I on my side will give up my little place here, and then we shall be all together under one roof, and Ruth will thus always have society near her. What do you say to my proposal?"

"I think it admirable."

"Very well then: propose the change to Ruth on the first occasion, and if she offers no objection to it, why give Madame Dufour notice at once. But, of course, not a word of the reason which has induced us to determine upon this scheme."

"No, no, of course not."

And thus it was arranged by these sagacious doctors that the two families should henceforth live together during the rest of their stay in Paris, in order that Ruth should be cured of melancholy by the society of cousin Hester.

Poor Ruth! what could she say when Fred acquainted her with his plans? She could not admit that, lonely and neglected as she might be in her present home, she infinitely preferred it, with all its stillness and sadness, to the more cheerful dwelling in which Hester resided. She could not say she had no love for her cousin; that she was embarrassed in her presence; that their tastes were in all things opposed;

that there was no sympathy of any sort between them. If Fred and George thought a removal desirable, she answered, there could be no objection on her part; and so, Hester approving also, the change took place.

George fancied, now he had provided a constant companion for Ruth of her own age and sex, that the melancholy he had noticed would immediately be dissipated. He became so filled with this conviction, in fact, that he believed it realised, even at the moment when Ruth was oppressed with greater melancholy than ever.

"I told you she only wanted a little more society," he said exultingly to Fred, a few mornings after the removal. "Why, already a change for the better is visible in her appearance. The fact is, she was moping in that gloomy old Rue Bonaparte, there can't be a doubt about it."

And thus the young man cheated himself into the belief that Hester's coldness and sarcasm could supply the place in Ruth's heart of his own warmth and affection.

Ah, George, George! You no longer saw now with the eyes of love. The bright beacon light that should have been your guide was rapidly becoming a dull and smouldering heap of ashes.

Yet Ruth made no complaints, uttered no reproaches. She suffered her lover's neglect without a murmur; she bore Hester's sarcasms without protest or retort. Was her health really giving way, or had all but the gentlest qualities of her disposition deserted her, and a spirit of profound resignation and humility taken their place?

She had one great source of pleasure, however, now, and that was in her Uncle Radcliffe.

At their very first meeting she had conceived an almost filial affection for the poor old man; bowed down by bodily infirmities, and with intellect shattered by his recent illness; and he, in his turn, had been much touched by the sweet tenderness of her manner, and the pretty fondness with which she greeted him. He had called her his little darling ever since, and oftentimes when they met he would twine his arms around her, and kiss her again and again, while the tears trembled in his eyes and his voice broke with emotion. Now that they lived under the same roof, Ruth and her uncle became great friends, and almost inseparable companions.

Mr. Watts, the groom, had been especially engaged by George to drive Mr. Radcliffe out into the country every morning, and he fulfilled his task with great regularity and steadiness. At first the poor invalid had taken the air thus alone; for George was too much occupied to accompany him, and Hester, on most occasions, was similarly situated. Now, however, Mr. Radcliffe always had the society of Ruth, who, by a thousand attentions and endearing ways, endeavoured to render the ride as agreeable as possible to the old man. Child-like as he had become, this loving kindness touched him to the heart. After a week or two he would never go out unless Ruth were with him; and if he did not see her at the usual hour, he would fret and sob at her absence, and unceasingly ask for her until she appeared.

"Do n't cry, uncle," she would say when she came, stooping down and kissing the old man's forehead, "I was not able to come to you before."

But already the explanation was unnecessary, for at her mere approach he became radiant with happiness, and, like a little child, forgot the great grief which had been so poignant just before. Then, when they reached the country, Ruth would alight from the carriage and lead her uncle for a little walk along the road, or across the fields, Mr. Watts keeping them in sight and following near. Sometimes the young girl would gather a nosegay of wild flowers for the poor old man, and place it in his button-hole; and then his gratitude and pride knew no bounds. He would press his darling's hand and kiss her waning cheek until Ruth herself felt the tears starting to her eyes.

As for Mr. Watts, who looked on at these little scenes, and took, as it were, his humble part in them, he oftentimes was so affected that in order to recover ordinary equanimity he was obliged to strike violent and utterly unmerited blows upon his chest with almost savage ferocity.

"I tell you what it is, Mary," he said more than once to Miss Trueman, for he was now on sufficient terms of intimacy to call her by her Christian name. "I tell you what it is: that young lady of yours is a right down angel, and no mistake about it. Her sweet ways to that poor old gentleman regularly knock me off my perch, that they do. I sometimes think I'd stand every rap of a whole month's wages, if she'd only let me kiss her just for once, and say, 'God bless you, Miss, you're a good girl, if ever there was one on this blessed earth.'"

It was indeed very touching to see with what gentle affection Ruth tended her uncle and ministered to his happiness. She bore with all the little peevish ways and fretfulness which alternated with his more engaging moods; she soothed his childish sorrow when it burst forth with plaintive querulousness; and oftentimes she fondled his head upon her bosom and hushed him to sleep, almost as though he were an infant.

Yet it was easy to see that Ruth's health was failing her; that, despite her gentle and unrepining manner, the sorrow from which she suffered was undermining her strength. Her colour, day by day, grew fainter; her appetite became less and less; an hysterical sensitiveness entirely took the place of that vivacious gaiety by which she had previously been distinguished. At the lightest chiding or hasty word she would burst into tears, and sob with an impassioned earnestness nothing could control.

George became vexed and seriously alarmed when he noticed these symptoms of ill health, and again he communicated his apprehensions to Fred.

"I can't make it out," he said, "Ruth does not get better; in fact, of late I think she's been growing worse. She is so sensitive, too, that there is positively no speaking to her. Only the other day I asked her whether I had done anything to offend her that she always seemed to shun me, and her only reply was a fit of weeping of such violence that I thought she was seriously ill."

There was real concern in George's tones as he uttered these words, but with it was a slight dash of peevishness, as though the young man already looked forward with anything but pleasurable anticipations to life-long companionship with a being whose nature was thus delicately organised. The evening before, George

had been introduced, at Madame du Bac's, to the three dashing daughters of Lady Marble, then on a visit to Paris, and perhaps he was unconsciously contrasting their animated and yet elegant manners with the fretful melancholy which had lately fallen upon Ruth. It was very annoying, doubtless, that she should become so changed just as he was entering upon such a brilliant career.

Fred felt as much perplexed as his cousin by the altered demeanour of Ruth, and, absorbed as he might be in Hester, was painfully struck by the change to which George made allusion. He was utterly at a loss to explain it. Yet he, also, had found, he said, that Ruth seemed to shun his society, and that, if he spoke to her upon the subject, she either wept or drew back into the solitude to which she had become so strangely attached.

And it was even so.

Hidden grief was already beginning to sow its deadliest seeds in Ruth's bosom. Her depression had been natural at first, and unexaggerated. Now it was growing altogether morbid and diseased. A painful sense of her own unworthiness weighed upon the young girl. She fancied herself inferior to all around her. She fancied herself undeserving of their love. How could George any longer entertain affection for such a simple, ignorant girl as she was? How could Fred, even, care for a sister so inferior, in every respect, to the cousin with whom he had just become acquainted?

Poor Ruth! kind words and loving glances would, even now, have soon restored to her the moral health she had almost utterly lost; and then bodily health would at once have followed. But George and Fred had always accosted her, of late, with anxiety expressed upon their faces, and apprehension in their tones. They alarmed her thus, instead of tranquillising her. They encouraged her melancholy, instead of repelling it. What wonder, then, that the disease grew apace, and threatened to acquire even more serious proportions than it had yet displayed?

"Something must be done," said George, very gloomily to Fred, after they had talked upon the subject a long time without either being able to suggest the remedy, of which both were in search. "Something must be done," he repeated, "and that too at once, for Ruth is evidently becoming worse and worse. It makes me quite sad when I think of her."

And the two young men relapsed into silence, each occupied with his own meditations. Fred was the first to speak.

"I have an idea," he said, at length; "what if we were to send for Dr. Lanfrey? I mean, of course, as a friend, and let him see Ruth without apprising her that he comes in a professional capacity. He might at once find out the cause of her illness, and suggest a remedy. He is very kind and very clever, and was exceedingly attentive to us when you were away. I wonder he never comes to see us now."

"A good thought," replied George, "an excellent thought. That reminds me, too, that I have shamefully neglected Lanfrey ever since my return from Switzerland. I will call upon him this very morning, and ask him to come and spend the evening with us. That's an admirable idea of yours, Fred, and must be acted upon at once."

And George, much relieved by this suggestion, started off a few minutes afterwards, in order to call upon Lanfrey; and, in about half an hour, was at his door in the Rue de l'Université.

The young medical man started upon seeing George, and affected, as a matter of course, all that sentimental surprise and dramatic delight which Parisians are fond of playing off upon acquaintances from whom they have been separated a week or ten days.

"What! M. Georges!" he exclaimed, in the most impassioned accents of simulated rapture. "Why I have not seen you for an age! Where have you been hiding, you *ours* you? I declare I began to wonder whether I should ever see you again?"

Dr. Lanfrey was quite aware that by resuming his visits at Mr. Frederick Selwin's he might at any time have set eyes upon that *cher M. Georges*, in whom he was just now expressing so much interest; but, of course, he found it convenient to take no heed of this circumstance. Ever since he had discovered that Ruth was the fiancée of her cousin, he had experienced a sentiment nearly approaching contempt for his English friend. The grapes, of course, were sour. Or, if the explanation be thought too uncharitable, let us say that those friends had ceased to occupy his attention, and that he was giving all his spare time and enthusiasm to a rich widow from the Cantal, who lodged on the Quai Voltaire, and who had only two drawbacks to the *onze mille francs de rente* she possessed; viz. fifty-eight years of age, and great personal repulsiveness.

Dr. Lanfrey was running on with a few more playful reproaches, when he saw, by George's serious aspect, that something of consequence was involved in this visit.

"What is the matter, mon cher?" he said, at once dropping his gay demeanour and affecting a tone of pathetic concern. "Mr. Fred is not unwell again, I trust?"

"No, no," replied George, "it is his sister;" and he explained in a few words the object of his call.

The professional interest of the medical practitioner once aroused, Dr. Lanfrey became one of the most real and earnest of men. He listened with serious attention to George's statements; asked a question or two from time to time; weighed the answer, apparently, in his mind, and then sought for fresh information with ever-increasing seriousness. When George had quite finished, he offered a few consolatory remarks, said there could be no immediate cause for alarm, and promised to go that evening, in the guise of a mere friend, and see Miss Ruth.

"I owe you a thousand apologies for my long neglect," said George, as he prepared to take leave, "but I have been very much occupied lately with a new picture I am at work upon; and then my father and sister are staying in Paris now, as I think you are aware."

Dr. Lanfrey was not aware of the circumstance, he said.

"Oh, I must introduce you to them, then, this evening. My sister Hester has heard us all talk of you so much, that she is exceedingly anxious to make your acquaintance. She is a very nice girl, and speaks French admirably. You'll be delighted with her, Lanfrey, I'm certain."

"If she is only half as clever and as amiable as her

brother, I cannot fail to be," replied Lanfrey, who, like a true Frenchman, would have considered himself dishonoured, had he missed the opportunity of uttering a pretty compliment to man, woman, or child, worth the outlay of flattery. To do him justice, however, he was really delighted at the prospect of making the acquaintance of another English girl, an heiress of course, and a beauty in her own right, as all English girls are in the disordered imaginations of susceptible foreign gentlemen.

Faithful to his promise, he visited the Rue de Cha-teaubriand that evening, arriving early and staying late. How winning, amiable, and polished were his manners! He had a pleasant word for everybody, and always uttered it at the right time and in the right place. Ruth he immediately set at ease by the frank and yet respectful bearing he adopted towards her; indicating in gestures, rather than in words, that he had mastered the little passion he once entertained, and that they might meet now as friends without danger on either side. At the same time he adroitly asked her a few questions respecting her health, in quite an indirect and careless manner; felt her pulse for amusement's sake in the most playful style imaginable; and laughed quite merrily at the fever indicated by the heat of her hand and the dryness of her skin. Nay, he carried his jesting so far as to declare he would write a prescription for her, provided she faithfully promised to make use of it. If it did her no harm, he said, quoting a well-worn joke of M. Paillasse, it would do her no good; at which even Ruth smiled, and admitting she was not quite well, agreed to take whatever he might order.

With Fred, Lanfrey was familiar and easy, as to a companion of his own age, over whom he had as physician the right of exercising a sort of bantering authority. To keep up appearances he felt the young man's pulse also, said in English "it was all right," and then passed on to an animated conversation with Miss Hester upon the respective merits of Ronsard and Clement Marot, quoting from those early writers with an ease and volubility which, to any one who had not read an article upon the subject in a recent number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, would have indicated great and original familiarity with mediæval French literature. George's critical sister was evidently very much interested in the young medical man, and Fred was quite proud and delighted to hear how she argued with him, and with what success she maintained her own opinions and routed many of her adversary's.

"I am so glad you like him," he said with real feeling, when Lanfrey was in another part of the room chatting with Ruth and George. "He's one of the best of fellows; and I never can forget that he saved my life, or that I owe him an everlasting debt of gratitude for his kindness during my recovery."

Hester smiled at Fred's enthusiasm, and said, but in amazingly careless and tranquil tones, that Dr. Lanfrey really seemed a very well-read, clever young man. He came forward to take his leave at this moment, and a slight flush flew to her cheek as she returned his salutation.

"Well, Lanfrey," said George, as soon as they were outside the door, "what do you think of her?"

"She is lovely! A perfect goddess! The most charming young girl I ever set eyes on."

"Nonsense! I don't mean my sister, but my cousin," replied George, laughing in spite of himself at the other's enthusiasm. "What have you to report?"

"A thousand pardons. She is suffering from a low nervous fever; the system wants bracing and stimulating, that's all. I will set her to rights in a week or two."

"Thanks, many thanks for your kindness. I was afraid it was something more dangerous."

"O no, you need not have the slightest anxiety."

"You will come and visit us again?"

"With much pleasure."

"But as a friend, I mean, not as a physician. We shall be delighted to see you. My sister specially charged me to say so. You will come, *sans cérémonie*, whenever you feel disposed, *n'est ce pas?* There will always be somebody at home."

"I shall not fail."

And Dr. Lanfrey promised this in a manner which fully indicated he intended to keep his word.

[To be continued.]

THE BEGGING TRADE.

It is not our intention to begin at the beginning and describe the rise and progress of a class found existing in a greater or less degree in every land and every age. Circumstances will make men beggars. Our own friend Thom, the bard of Inverury, when the grim monster Want stared him in the face, had resort to it for a time, and in fiery prose has he recorded the sadness and sorrows of a beggar's fate. The poor are constantly placed in circumstances—owing to accidents, to their own ignorance or imprudence, to the death of those on whom they depend for support, to loss of work—which compel them either to go to the Union-house, to starve, or to beg; and it is not very surprising, though it is much to be regretted, that of the three courses, as Sir Robert used to say, they prefer the latter. Their mendicity—which is merely momentary—which may be looked upon as a transition state—which is forsaken when regular honest work can be had, is, it must be confessed, accompanied by tremendous ills. But the mendicity which is the result of indolence and crime—which is carried on by fraud of every kind, is accompanied by ills of a yet more serious and demoralising nature. Some attempt has been made to describe beggars of this latter class, and we will abridge the account for the instruction of our readers.

The first class, it seems, are persons who go about with briefs containing false statements of losses by fire, shipwrecks, accidents, &c. These briefs are well written, and are generally attested by the signatures of two magistrates, and of the clergyman of the place. This class consists of the *Fire Lurkers*, and those who beg for loss from fire. Then we have the *Shipwrecked Sailor's Lurk*. Persons on this lurk generally represent themselves as captains or masters of merchant ships that have been wrecked, and are generally well dressed, having gold chains, &c. One man in this way, a Captain Johnstone,

had been over every county in England and Wales many times, and had obtained not only hundreds, but thousands of pounds. *The Foreigner's Lurk*; people who follow this generally pretend to be unfortunate Poles—many females also go on this lurk. *The Accident Lurk*. Lurkers of this description have generally lost all or the greater part of their property by a storm or flood, or in some sudden manner, by means of which the bearer has lost his all, and his whole family are deprived of the necessaries of life. The sums raised by such tales vary from five shillings to a pound per day. *The Sick Lurk* is a very extensive one. Every malady to which flesh is heir is counterfeited by the wretches who take to this mode of life. *The Deaf and Dumb Lurk* explains itself. *The Servant's Lurk* consists of those who profess to be servants out of place. *The Collier's Lurk* is followed by thousands who never were in a coal-pit, but who profess to be colliers thrown out of employ by some accident, such as the flooding of the works, or the falling-in of the pit. Some of these obtain as much as fourteen or fifteen shillings per diem. *The Weaver's, the Cotton Spinner's, the Calenderer's Lurks* consist of people who profess to be engaged in such trades.

Next in importance to the Lurkers are the *High-fliers*, or begging letter writers. In London, but especially in the watering and sea-bathing places, these letters procure as much as from five shillings to one pound per day.

Shallow Coves are impostors who go begging through the country as shipwrecked sailors. They generally choose winter, and almost always go nearly naked; their object in doing so is to obtain left-off clothes. They generally go in companies (or, technically speaking, in *schools*) of from two to ten. One is usually selected to be the spokesman. As the shallow coves only call at the houses of those who are well to do, they often obtain a great deal of money. *Shallow Motts* are females who go nearly naked, begging for clothes. The writer of the work from which our information is taken states that he knew a female of this class, who in ten days obtained, at Kingston-upon-Thames, between seven and eight pounds' worth of clothes.

Cadgers are those who make begging their trade, and depend upon it for their support. *Cadgers on the downright* are those who beg from door to door, and *cadgers on the fly* are those who beg as they pass along the (to be) road. Cadging on the fly is a profitable occupation in the vicinity of bathing-places and large towns. Cadging on the downright, like many honest trades, we find is not so good as it was. *Kiddies* (i. e. cadgers' children), it seems, are so well instructed in the arts of imposition by their parents that they frequently obtain more in money and food than grown-up cadgers. Many of our readers, we doubt not, have seen men writing (and some of them do it very well) sentences with chalk on the pavements of our towns. These cadgers are called *Screevers*; some of them have been known to obtain seven shillings a day. *Cadgers sitting on Pad* are those who stand or sit in the streets or by the road-side.

Matchsellers never entirely depend upon selling matches, for they cadge as well. *Cross Coves* are not only ready to beg, but to steal. One of their chief modes of getting things *on the cross* (by theft) is by shoplifting

(called *grabbing*). Another mode is to *star the glaze* (i. e. break or cut the window). *Prigs*, or pickpockets, it is quite unnecessary for us to describe. With that exceedingly amiable and interesting class of young men, most of our readers must have come into contact at some time or other.

Palmers are another description of beggars, who visit shops under pretence of collecting *harp* half-pence; and, to induce shopkeepers to search for them, they offer thirteen pence for a shilling's worth, when many persons are silly enough to empty a large quantity of copper on their counter to search for the half-pence wanted; of course, the palmer kindly assists in the search, and conceals not a few in the palm of his hand. Sums varying from five to fifteen shillings per diem are frequently got in this way.

Under one or other of these heads may be placed most of the mendicants who shamelessly live by falsehood and fraud. From *data* given by a writer on the subject in the *Edinburgh Review*, we find that we have 250,000 begging English families, raising £55 per annum each, or the total sum of £1,375,000—a sum, we believe, about equal to one-third of the total amount of poor-rates; an English agricultural beggar, his wife, and three or four children, will earn on an average 3s. per diem, besides stale provisions and old clothes; a much larger sum, it is hardly necessary to observe, than he will gain as an agricultural labourer, however industrious he may be. It is sad and sickening indeed to him to find that, after the trial and starvation of a life, there remains for him either the union-house or want. No wonder, then, that he turns from his honest employment and his scanty fare, and becomes a beggar. In spite of magistrates and police, of Acts of Parliament, understood by him or not, he will resort to a mode of life which, if it can yield him no honest gratification and no manly pride, can yet put good food in his mouth and good coin in his hand.

It follows, that as the majority of beggars are truly, as well as in the eye of the law, "rogues and vagabonds," to relieve them is to encourage dishonesty and laziness, and indirectly to frown upon the man who endeavours to live as an honest man should live. One thing is clear: so long as people will allow themselves to be imposed on, there will be people ready to deceive. Each one of us can find, by our own doors, more of silent suffering and of real wretchedness than he can allay. To seek out such cases, to aid such to the best of our power, is benevolence; but thoughtlessly to relieve an impostor with a look of fictitious disease, and feigning fictitious woe, is but akin to the same principle that would lead us to expel from our presence a disagreeable sight, or from our hearts a disagreeable reflection. We don't like to be pained. We don't willingly look at unpleasant objects. A beggar comes to the window at which some romantic lady is reading the last new novel, or talking of the last new play, and money is thrown out that the "horrid fellow" may depart as quickly as he can. The principle of benevolence is not called into play at all, and the lady much wrongs herself if, on account of such acts, she claims that virtue as her own. There is no benevolence in the case. It is a pure piece of selfishness. Benevolence will make the presence of one man a blessing to his brother man. It will teach the delicate and

the high-born to enter the houses of poverty and want, and leave behind them the joyful utterance and the thankful heart; but it will never teach any one to aid those who are guilty of the meanness, of the falsehood, of the immorality, the natural attributes, the necessary qualifications, of those who pursue the begging trade.

TO A LADY.

SHALL I my wrongs proclaim?
Shall I curse thy name?
Shall I blast thy fame?

Woman, in thy pride,
With gay gallants by thy side,
Rowing with the tide:

Not an outcast in the sleet,
Not a beggar in the street,
Not a corpse in winding sheet,

Is so sad a thing to see,
As thou, radiant in thy glee,
Fair and fickle e'en to me.

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE, HIS LIFE AND ADMINISTRATION.

IN 1676, while Shaftesbury, the Achitophel of Dryden, was warring with might and main against the vilest and worst prince of the Stuart line, the lady of a Norfolk baronet presented her husband with a son. Already Lady Walpole had blessed her jovial lord with four pledges of connubial love. Robert, the subject of our present paper, was born on the 26th of August—nor did the race stop with him. In nearly annual succession fourteen brothers and sisters followed him into this world of ours. Amongst them, however, there were none who in after-life could rival our hero in fame and power.

The Walpoles traced their pedigree to the Conquest, but the baronetcy had not been held very long. Amongst the loyal country gentlemen, who cheered Monk's speech in the convention parliament and voted for the unconditional restoration of the king, when Sir Matthew Hale would have had some guarantee for the liberties of the nation, was Walpole's grandfather, then member for Lynn Regis. As a recompense for his zeal in the royal cause, he was made Knight of the Bath. His son and heir, as member for Castle Rising, sided with that great party, that could boast the victories of a Marlborough, and the wisdom of a Somers—his votes were with his party, but his heart was with his fat bullocks at Houghton; he was more of a grazier than a statesman. In London, he appears to have led a frugal life, dining for eighteen-pence, spending eightpence for Nottingham ale, for which he appears to have had a peculiar relish, occasionally giving "Bob," his afterwards celebrated son, five shillings; but in the country he feasted his neighbours—

"Like a fine old English gentleman,
One of the olden time."

At these feasts, we need not add, moderation was the exception, not the rule. "Come, Robert," said the father, "you shall drink twice, while I drink once, for I will not permit the son in his sober senses to be witness to the intoxication of his father." Farming in the morning, and feasting at night, in such a manner was the son fitted for the high rank and power it was afterwards his good fortune to obtain—nor was the time thus spent altogether thrown away. The habits of sociability then contracted were a great help to him in after-life. The country gentlemen did not the less willingly give him their support, because he feasted and drank like one of themselves; and the easy good nature by which he was enabled to weather the storms of political life, may in some degree be attributed to a healthy constitution, that had been developed and strengthened by Norfolk air and exercise.

Massingham, in Norfolk, has the honour of being the scene of the minister's initiation into the flowery paths of learning. At Eton, to which place he next proceeded, he appears, though naturally of an indolent disposition, to have studied with some success. At the same time, and in the same school, St. John was fitting himself to play the several parts he acted in the drama of life, as philosopher, politician, renegade, and rake. When Mr. Newborough was told that several of his former pupils, especially the latter, had distinguished themselves in the House of Commons, he exclaimed, "But I am impatient to hear that Sir Robert has spoken, for I am convinced that he will be a good orator." From Eton, where, like the equally celebrated Sir Robert Peel, he acquired a fondness for Horace which he ever afterwards retained, he proceeded to Cambridge in 1696. In the April of that year, he was admitted a fellow of King's College. Here he was taken dangerously ill with a disease more fatal then than now—small-pox. Tory Dr. Brady, his physician, paid him the most unremitting attentions, and perhaps saved his life. "We must take care to save this young man," said he, "or we shall be accused of having purposely neglected him, because he is so violent a Whig." So pleased was the doctor with his patient, that he prophesied that his singular escape denoted that he was reserved for important purposes. This prophecy we doubt not helped to fulfil itself: years after, when Walpole had achieved greatness, he was accustomed to quote it with complacency. At college he became intimate with Hare, whom he afterwards made Bishop of Chichester, who evinced his gratitude by defending his measures in the House of Lords; and Bland, who was indebted to him for the provostship of Eton College and deanery of Durham. From a similar fate, Walpole himself luckily was preserved. The death of his elder surviving brother in 1698, freed him from the service of the church, to which he had hitherto been designed—his after-life was not remarkable for its sanctity nevertheless. It was Walpole's own opinion, that had he followed his original profession, an archbishopric would have been his lot. The reader of Lord Hervey's *Memoirs* will perhaps think, had Walpole been a Right Reverend Father in God, George II. would have not spoken less disrespectfully of the prelates of his time.

The year 1700 was to Walpole an important one. In that year he married Catherine, daughter of Sir John

Shorter, Lord Mayor of London, "a woman" according to Mr. Coxe, "of exquisite beauty and accomplishments." Soon after, his father died, and he inherited all the family estate, £2000 a-year. His father's death did more than this, it embarked him in public life. When William's last parliament but one met in February, 1701, Walpole took his seat as member for Castle Rising. In the same parliament, Walpole's future implacable antagonist, Bolingbroke, took his seat as member for the family borough of Wotton Bassett. For the latter, the promise of the future was the fairer—already the Tories had a predominance. Their leader, Harley, they had already placed in the chair, and he and Bolingbroke were friends.

When Walpole entered the House of Commons, the nation had forgotten the eminent debt it owed the Whigs. The unfortunate partition treaties had brought Somers into disgrace, and made his party everywhere unpopular. As had been foreseen, Louis XIV. had disregarded the treaties he had signed, and had accepted the splendid inheritance Charles II. of Spain had bequeathed to Philip, Duke of Anjou. Somers had been deprived of the seals, and a Tory administration had been formed. As soon as parliament had passed the Act of Settlement, rendered necessary by the death of the Duke of Gloucester, the storm of party fury raged, and Somers became the object of attack. On the motion "that John Lord Somers, by advising His Majesty, in the year 1698, to the treaty for the partition of the Spanish monarchy, whereby large territories of the King of Spain's dominions were to be delivered up to France, was guilty of high crime and misdemeanour," Walpole was one of the 198 that divided against it, and were beaten by a majority of ten. In this parliament, Walpole, excited by the fame his ancient rival St. John had acquired, made his debüt as a speaker. The subject chosen is not known. "At the same time," says Coxe, "another member made a studied speech which was much admired." At the end of the debate, some persons, casting ridicule on Walpole as an indifferent speaker, and expressing their approbation of the maiden speech made by the other member, Arthur Mainwaring, who was present, observed in reply, "You may applaud the one and ridicule the other as much as you please; but depend upon it, that the spruce gentleman who made the set speech, will never improve, and that Walpole will in time become an excellent debater." In the parliament that met next year, Walpole took a more active part—a reaction had taken place, the Whigs were again in favour, Somers penned the king's speech—they were a majority in the House of Commons, though the Tories gained a victory in the choice of Mr. Harley as Speaker, in preference to the Whig candidate, Sir Thomas Littleton. Fears were entertained that the Revolution of 1688 was to be annulled, and William and his people felt that once more they must trust to the Whigs. For this they had to thank Louis XIV. That most kingly of kings had seen the realization of his fondest hopes—his grandson, a French prince, ruled in Madrid. The French nation were intoxicated with joy. An Englishman found Paris unbearable. Addison, who was there at the time, but was obliged to leave it, wrote home thus: "The French conversation begins to grow insupportable; that which was before the vainest

nation in the world, is now worse than ever." Every private Frenchman was as elated as if he had just been bequeathed a magnificent estate. The arrogance and insolence of Louis knew no bounds. As if England were a petty state of which he were the lord, he proclaimed that James III. should be declared king in place of James II., who had just closed his miserable life at St. Germain. In this at last his vaunting ambition did o'erleap itself. The English people were struck with indignation at the insult thus offered by the "Grand Monarque," in the pride and plenitude of power. William ordered his ambassador, the Earl of Manchester, to quit Paris, and formed the grand alliance from which resulted the victories that made Marlborough the great captain of his age. In obedience to the speech from the throne, that recommended them "to lay seriously to heart, and to consider what further means might be used for securing the succession of the crown in the Protestant line, and extinguishing the hopes of all pretenders, and their open and secret abettors," both Houses of parliament passed bills to secure the succession in the Protestant line, and for attainting the pretended Prince of Wales. Their bills, of course, were readily carried. Louis, by his insane declaration, had alienated even the Jacobites themselves, who, however they might wish to see the true heir to the throne recalled, were not prepared to see him forced on the nation by a foreign power. Walpole took, as we may suppose, in these debates a decided part. To the indignation of the non-jurors, he seconded Sir Charles Hedges in his motion for extending the oath of abjuration to all clergymen, fellows of colleges, and schoolmasters. To set his seal to these bills, and thus by an additional barrier, or by his "accursed legacy," as the Jacobites call it, to shut out the Stuart line from all hope of recovering their forfeited power, was the last act of that expiring monarch. On the 1st of March, the bills for that purpose received the royal assent. The next morning, between eight and nine, William, our great deliverer, died.

The first parliament that met in the reign of Queen Anne was a memorable one. As a woman weak and ignorant, and prejudiced, only could hate, did the queen hate the Whigs. Her prejudices had grown and strengthened with her years. They had been represented to her as republicans and infidels, and the slander she readily believed. Somers was particularly offensive to her. She would not allow him to be sworn of the Privy Council; she ordered his name to be struck out of the commission of the peace. Even the pension the ex-chancellor procured for Addison, was stopped. The queen's sentiments were understood, and royal wishes are seldom cherished in vain. The elections were as the court desired, and the Tories had a considerable majority. The address spoke a tone hostile to the Whigs. Her Majesty was congratulated, that the Duke of Marlborough had "signally retrieved the ancient honour and glory of the English nation." Flushed with success, a Tory majority passed the occasional Conformity Bill, by which, had it not been for the House of Lords, the benefits of the Toleration Act would have been totally destroyed. So meagre is the parliamentary history of that time, that we are left in ignorance as to the course pursued in this matter by Walpole. That he enjoyed the confidence of his party, we may con-

clude from the fact, that when Sir Edward Seymour carried his bill in the December of 1702, for the resumption of all grants made in the reign of King William,—a motion, of course, directed against the Whigs,—Walpole made a counter-motion directed against the Tories, but which met with a different fate. On several occasions his name appears as teller. When the celebrated Aylesbury case was debated, Walpole took as decided a part in one House, as Somers did in the other; and warmly endeavoured to convince the Commons of the fatal results which would follow from declaring that returning officers are irresponsible; but the Whigs, though beaten in the House, were victorious without. The city, and the body of the nation, as Burnet tells us, were on the Lords' side; the insolence of the Tory majority had created everywhere disgust. Fortunately, it was the time for the election of a new parliament. The Whigs were again popular. Many of them coalesced with Marlborough and Godolphin. The Duke of Newcastle was declared privy seal, and Walpole, in 1705, was appointed one of the council to Prince George of Denmark, then lord high admiral. By Walpole's means, Godolphin was reconciled with the Whigs. A motley administration was formed,—an administration that, however, in a year or two became decidedly Whig. One by one the Tories were ejected from office. Sunderland was made secretary of state. Walpole succeeded his old Eton rival, St. John, as secretary at war, to which office was afterwards added that of treasurer to the navy. And when Somers—whom the Commons had malignantly attacked, whom Anne had religiously abhorred, who had been libelled by all the Tories, from the bitter Dean of St. Patrick down to Mrs. Manly, in her new "Atlantis,"—"a work," says Lord Campbell, more "disgraceful than the 'Memoirs of Harriet Wilson,'"—was made president of the council, the triumph of the Whigs was complete.

Still the Whigs had breakers a-head; though the surface was calm, there were sunken rocks beneath. The queen, at heart, believed in passive obedience and high-church doctrines. Harley, by means of Mrs. Masham, obtained access to Anne, when, as he and Bolingbroke boasted over their cups, Godolphin and the Whigs were asleep. The queen grew weary of her bosom friend, the Duchess of Marlborough, as the nation grew weary of the military glory the duchess' husband obtained. The Whigs were the war party. Not content with the victories of Blenheim, of Ramillies, of Oudenarde, and Malplaquet, they would never have relinquished the contest with Louis XIV., till the imperial domains of Spain had been rescued from the grasp of France. On the contrary, the English longed for peace. It wanted but little to make a petty quarrel between two women an occasion of a total change in political measures and men. That opportunity soon occurred.

On the 5th of November, 1709, the mayor and corporation of London assembled in St. Paul's, to hear the sermon annually preached in commemoration of gunpowder plot. It so happened that on this day there held forth a Dr. Henry Sacheverell, who from a furious Whig had become a yet more furious Tory, and had been rewarded for his apostasy by the living of St. Saviour's, Southwark. The man's impudence was measureless; he had a loud voice, and did not sustain the best

of reputations. Passive obedience, non-resistance, and the church in danger, formed the burden of his song. The ministers were denounced, and the lord treasurer Godolphin, as Volpone, was especially abused. The sermon was published with a dedication to the lord mayor. The Tories were in raptures. Forty thousand copies were speedily circulated. Dr. Johnson said that his father told him that nothing ever sold like it, except the *Whole Duty of Man*. In an unlucky hour, and against the advice of Somers, Godolphin and the Whigs resolved, that Sacheverell should be impeached; that the libellers of their fame should be signally punished; that the Revolution of 1688 should be vindicated to the world. Walpole was one of the principal managers of the impeachment in the House of Commons. The trial commenced on February 27, 1710. Sacheverell came, attended by the vice-chancellor of Oxford, and a hundred of the most eminent clergymen in town, amongst whom were several of her Majesty's chaplains. The old cry of "The church in danger" resounded through the land. It was vigorously taken up by the costermongers, the butchers' boys, the sweeps, and prostitutes, and thieves, that have always abounded in our great metropolis. The trial commenced at Westminster Hall. Ladies of noble birth and blood were there, to witness the demeanour of the devoted champion of England's church. Even royalty itself condescended to adorn the scene. At the rear appeared Sacheverell, supported by Dr. Smalridge and Atterbury, who must have looked down upon the blockhead with ineffable contempt. As each day he was carried from his lodgings in the Temple to Westminster, he was followed by the enthusiastic applauses of the mob. Dissenters' chapels were pulled down, and with their pews and Bibles bonfires were made, round which was roared, in all the fury of ignorant partizanship, "High Church and Sacheverell!" "Sacheverell and High Church!" As the queen went to Westminster, the mob gathered around her chair, shouting, "God bless your Majesty and the church; we hope your Majesty is for Dr. Sacheverell!" The trial terminated in a punishment so mild, that the Doctor and his friends considered it as a triumph. "You, Henry Sacheverell, Doctor in Divinity shall be, and you are hereby enjoined not to preach during the term of three years next ensuing; and your two printed sermons shall be burnt before the Royal Exchange, at one o'clock of the forenoon, by the common hangman, in the presence of the lord mayor and the sheriffs of London," was the sentence the Whig chancellor pronounced. That night there was a general illumination in London and Westminster; the streets blazed with bonfires, and were deluged with beer. Every passer-by was compelled to drink the Doctor's health, or run the chance of having a broken head. A subscription was commenced by the Tories for their tool. He made a triumphal progress through the nation as "another Hercules of the church militant." Such drunken excess had not been known in England since the Restoration. The University of Oxford held a high feast in honour of her illustrious son. This was during an election, and the result was all that the Tories could have desired. The Whigs were paralyzed. One after another, they were driven from office. In the House of Commons a Tory majority again appeared. Sir Simon Harcourt, the

counsel of Sacheverell, whose courtly doctrines were far more grateful to royal ears than those broached by the managers of the trial, was made lord chancellor. Phipps, another of Sacheverell's legal advisers, was knighted, and sent as chancellor to Ireland. Harley gained the power for which he had intrigued. Walpole left office to take a prominent part in opposition. An ignoble peace was concluded, and the laurels we had won with the sword were foolishly lost with the pen, and all this the result of female influence. Well may Mr. Hallam write, "It seems rather a humiliating proof of the sway which the feeblest prince enjoys, even in a limited monarchy, that the fortunes of Europe should have been changed by nothing more noble than the insolence of one waiting-woman, and the cunning of another. It is true that this was effected by throwing the weight of the crown into the scale of a powerful faction. Yet even the house of Bourbon would probably not have reigned beyond the Pyrenees, but for Sarah and Abigail at Queen Anne's toilet."

The malice of party could not overlook a man of Walpole's character and standing. He had evinced his spirit by moving an amendment to the address, by defending Godolphin both in the House of Commons and as a pamphleteer, and by indignantly rejecting the overtures Harley had made him. It was accordingly agreed that he should be expelled the House. A majority voted that he "was guilty of a high breach of trust and notorious corruption," and he was committed to the Tower. Subsequently, as he had been re-elected member for Lynn, he was declared incapable of sitting in the present parliament. His confinement, whilst it enabled him to justify himself, made him considered as a martyr for the Whigs. Most of them, including Godolphin, Sutherland, Somers, and Pulteney visited him; his apartments exhibited the appearance of a crowded levee. It gave birth to a ballad, not very poetical, by Eastcourt the actor, which Lady Walpole was accustomed to sing when its pleasing anticipations were fulfilled, when the prisoner, as the concluding verse expresses it,—

"O'er his foes and with his friends
Shone glorious bright out of the Tower."

Walpole's imprisonment lasted till 1713. Much of his time appears to have been spent in aiding Steele in composing political pamphlets. At the request of Somers and the leading Whigs, he published a review of the parliament that had recently been dissolved, to which Pulteney prefixed a dedication. This was intended to influence the elections then occurring. In the parliament which met in 1714, Walpole again took his seat as member for Lynn. His imprisonment had but added fuel to his zeal. With his usual ability he attacked that disgraceful peace whose reprobation has formed the subject of volumes. As Mr. Hallam has admirably remarked, "France was still our formidable enemy; the ambition of Louis was still to be dreaded, his intrigues to be suspected. That an English minister should have thrown himself into the arms of this enemy at the first overture of the nation; that he should have renounced advantages on which he might have insisted; that he should have restored Lille, and almost attempted to procure the sacrifice of Tournay; that throughout the whole correspondence, and in all personal interviews with De Torcy, he should have shown the triumphant

A STREET IN VITRE.

AMONG the many interesting works of art displayed this year at the Exhibition of the New Society of Painters in Water Colours, few evince more refined feeling and more delicate manipulation than the works of Mr. J. S. Prout. Seven in number, they are all, with one exception, illustrations of Brittany scenes, and all are admirable exemplifications of this painter's graceful and artistic style. Mr. J. S. Prout utterly turns away from the dash and *brusque* freedom of his uncle, Samuel Prout, and obtains all his effects by patient elaboration and unerring fidelity to nature. Occasionally his abhorrence of exaggeration, and of everything bordering on clap-trap, seems to render him somewhat timid and tremulous, as though afraid of giving full development to his conceptions; but if he sometimes sacrifices the broader effects of his art, it is only that he may bestow more loving attention upon the general finish, and thus give

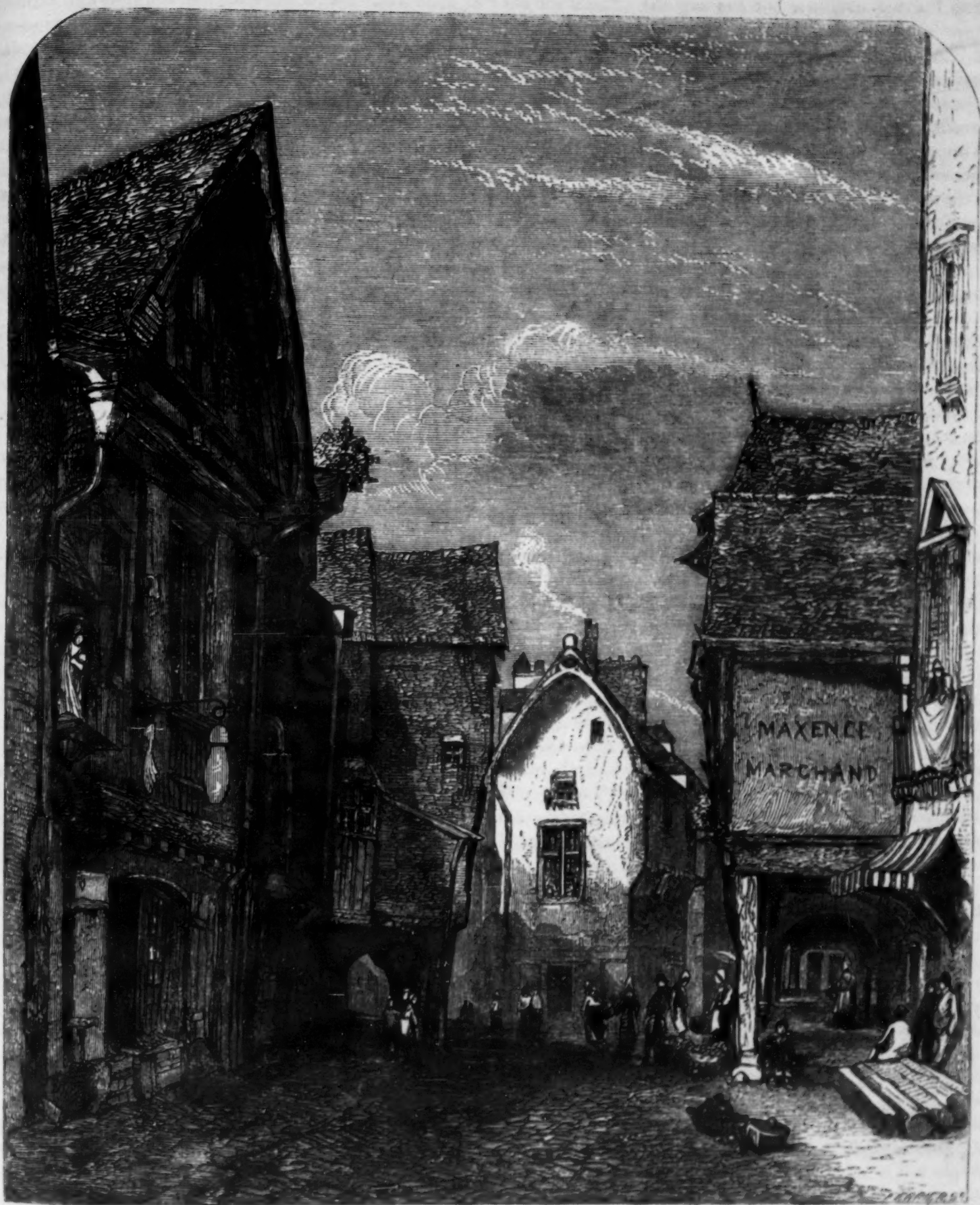
his works that completeness in every part which gains by the closest scrutiny, and does not suffer by repeated inspection. Yet with all this, Mr. J. S. Prout is no follower of the pre-Raphaelites; he has by far too much poetic spirit and independence to obey the dictates of the realistic school, and evidently believes that copy-work, however faithful, and however laborious, is not legitimate art. At a time like the present, when a bastard spirit of "revivalism" has brought into favour the hideous literality and grotesqueness of the pre-Raphaelite era, Mr. Prout is deserving of special commendation for the steadfastness with which he pursues a purer style, in spite of the disrepute into which it has fallen. The accompanying engraving, representing a Street in Vitre, is from one of the most picturesque specimens of this painter's talent in the present Exhibition of the New Society of Painters in Water Colours.

queen of Great Britain more eager for peace than her vanquished adversary; that the two courts should have been virtually conspiring with those allies without which we had bound ourselves to enter on no treaty; that we should have withdrawn our troops in the midst of a campaign, and even seized upon the towns of our confederates by the most direct falsehood, in denying our clandestine treaty, and then dictated to them its acceptance:—are facts so disgraceful to Bolingbroke, and in somewhat a less degree to Oxford, that they can hardly be palliated by establishing the expediency of the treaties." Well then might Walpole oppose the disgraceful treaty of Utrecht, and Burnet—as honest a man as a partisan bishop could be—wrote at the time, "If we had been as often beat by the French as they had been by us, this would have been thought a very hard treaty."

Amongst the new members that entered St. Stephen's in the new parliament that met on Feb. 16, 1714, was the well-known essayist, Sir Richard Steele. He represented Stockbridge, in Hampshire. His past life had acquired for him some fame and yet more notoriety. To check his own irregularities he wrote "The Christian Hero," flattering himself that having thus shown how a man should live he would be the model that he drew. Alas! he found that it was easier to write about a religious life than to lead one. He was measured by his own standard, and the comparison was by no means favourable. To show that he was not a bigoted fanatic he wrote a comedy that won for him favour, not merely with the public, but with royalty itself. By Addison's help he was introduced to Halifax and Sunderland, men who were not slow to learn the enormous power wielded by the press. He was the first to publish those essays that, as *Tatlers* and *Spectators*, will exist as long as our mother tongue. His debut in the House of Commons was by no means a successful one. He was known as a wit and a Whig—offences against society the country gentlemen, who stuck green boughs in their hats, and drank ale at the October Club, were very unwilling to forgive. When he rose to second the nomination of Sir Thomas Hanmer as Speaker, he was prevented from speaking by the cries of "Tatler!" "Tatler!" that were

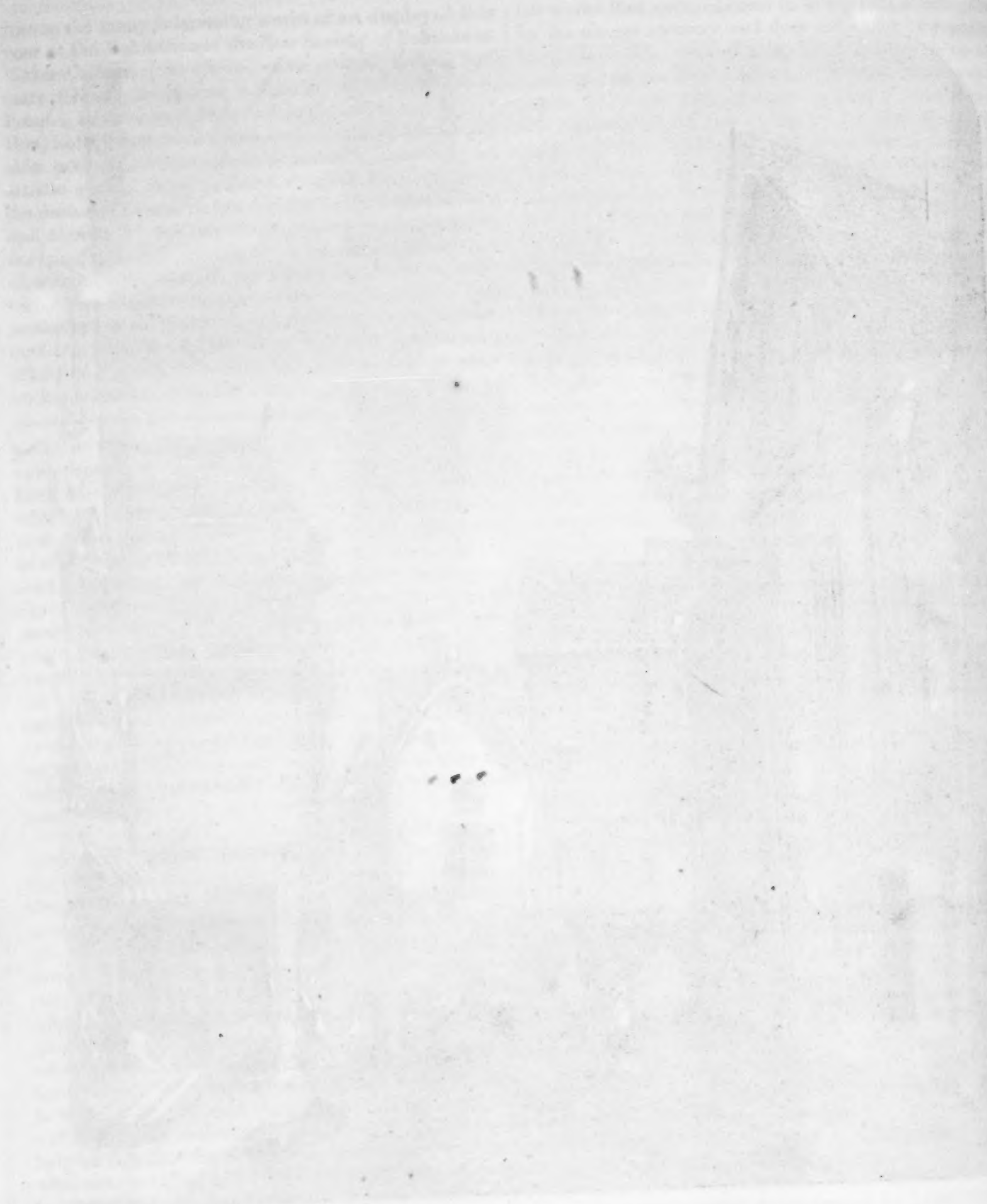
vigorously raised. As he went down the House, he heard one squire muttering to another, "It is not so easy a thing to speak in the House. He fancies because he can scribble he can write." Great complaints had been made of the license of the press. Bolingbroke had caused the arrest of eleven printers and one publisher in one day, and imposed a tax of a halfpenny, which, if Swift may be believed, hindered the sale of the Tory publications alone. Steele had written *The Crisis*, to call the attention of the country to the dangers that beset the Protestant succession. Swift had replied to this anonymously, and libelled the whole Scottish nation. The *fervidum ingenium* of the Scots was aroused. Headed by the Duke of Argyle, the Scottish peers went up to the Queen, and demanded satisfaction; but Swift was safe, and the matter dropped. Steele, however, was not suffered thus to escape. He was fiercely attacked by Hungerford, a lawyer, who had been expelled a former House of Commons for bribery, by Foley, and Sir Wm. Wyndham. It was with difficulty that Steele was allowed a week to prepare his defence. On the appointed day he appeared at the bar, with Stanhope on one side and Walpole on the other. His old friend, Addison, sat near enough to prompt him. Walpole defended him with ability; but on this occasion he was outshone by Lord Finch, who was under personal obligations to Steele. He rose for the first time, and, overcome by confusion, sat down, exclaiming, "It is strange I cannot speak for this man, though I could readily fight for him." This remark produced universal applause, and encouraged by it he again rose, and spoke spiritedly in defence of Steele. The Tories, however, were callous alike to the wit of their victim or the eloquence of his friends. By an immense majority Steele was expelled the House—a measure rightly denominated by Lord Mahon as "a most fierce and unwarrantable stretch of party violence."

But the hour of Tory domination was rapidly approaching. Harley had offended Lady Masham by refusing her some money from the Assiento Contract; had irritated the dissenters by his intolerant Schism Act; and had quarrelled with Bolingbroke. What would have been the result had the Queen lived it is not pos-



A STREET IN VITRÉ.

A HISTORY OF THE



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sible now to determine. Certainly the Jacobites were in excellent spirits. A ministry composed exclusively of the friends of the exiled family was formed. "Had the Queen lived three months longer," wrote Lord Chesterfield, "our religion and liberties would have been in imminent danger." The nation was alarmed. The funds rose directly the Queen's illness was announced, and fell upon a false report of her recovery. She died, to the amazement and grief of Bolingbroke and the Jacobites. Writing to Swift, the former said, "The Earl of Oxford was removed on Tuesday; the Queen died on Sunday. What a world this is! and how does fortune banter us!" "There is the best cause in Europe lost for want of spirit," exclaimed Atterbury, swearing in the bitterness of disappointed ambition and intrigue. The consequence was, before the Jacobites could recover from their consternation George I. quietly ascended the throne. In the contemptuous dismissal of Bolingbroke the Tories learnt their impending fate. Townshend, Walpole's brother-in-law, was appointed principal secretary of state, and Walpole paymaster of the forces, and of Chelsea Hospital.

Parliament met on March 17, 1715. The Tory majority had vanished. The Whigs without opposition placed Mr. Spencer Compton in the chair. Walpole moved the address, which breathed vengeance against the late ministry. Oxford resolved to wait the coming of the storm. Bolingbroke, conscious of guilt, or of the bitterness of party malice, went to Drury-lane Theatre one evening, bespoke, according to the custom of the time, a play for the next night, and, disguised as a servant, fled to Dover, from whence he proceeded to Paris, and justified the enmity of the Whigs by becoming secretary of state to the Pretender. The prosecution of the ex-ministry was vigorously commenced in the House of Commons by a committee, of which Walpole was chairman. He drew up the articles of impeachment. For Walpole's activity in this matter, and his spirit during the Scottish rebellion, he was appointed, in October, first lord commissioner of the treasury, and chancellor of the exchequer. This attention to business brought on a severe illness, which nearly hurried him to the grave. During his temporary absence from the House the famous Septennial Bill was passed—a bill for which we may quote the tyrant's plea, necessity. Speaker Onslow frequently declared that it formed the era of the emancipation of the British House of Commons from its former dependence on the Crown and House of Lords. The great Somers, in a lucid interval, occasioned by a fit of the gout, gave it similar praise. Necessity sanctioned the measure, as it did the steps by which the power of the country was wielded exclusively by the Whigs. That party, however, so powerful, was destined to be torn to its centre by bitter rivalry and hate.

To the courtiers of a petty electorate such as Hanover, England was the promised land. To the interests of the Hanoverian junto—of Bothmar, and the Duchess of Kendal, and the Countess of Darlington, who unscrupulously sold themselves to do every dirty work by which money could be made—everything was to subserve. Unfortunately the peculiar infirmities of the king—his natural timidity—his ignorance of the character, and language, and constitution of the people over

whom he reigned, fitted him but too well to be their tool. "His views and affections," wrote one who knew him well, Lord Chesterfield, "were simply confined to the narrow compass of his electorate. England was too big for him." He was but too ready to leave London for Hanover, and then he became the prey of the intrigues of which Sunderland was at the head. His German favourites alienated the king from Townshend; with Walpole also he had a serious misunderstanding on a question respecting some money for the Munster and Saxe Gotha troops, which had been taken into the British service at the time of the Pretender's invasion. The king had paid the money himself, and declared that Walpole had promised to make it good from the treasury. This Walpole altogether denied. We can easily believe that both the monarch and the minister were correct. Where bad Latin was the only means of communication, a misunderstanding might easily arise. To this may be added reasons of a personal nature. George I. belonged to a family that, as Lord Chesterfield said one day in full council, "always has quarrelled, and always will quarrel, from generation to generation." During the king's absence Townshend had written his own death-warrant by recommending that a discretionary power should be vested in the Prince. We believe the father would rather have hung his son than do that. The result was—Townshend was dismissed, and Walpole resigned. The latter immediately ranked himself with the opposition—with Shippen, and Wyndham, and Bromley—the very men by whom he was afterwards so bitterly denounced. Notwithstanding his express promise not to embarrass the government, he opposed its measures as violently as the fiercest Jacobite could desire. To gratify his personal animosity, he recklessly abandoned the very principles by which his political life had been guided, and coalesced with the very men whom it had hitherto been his dearest aim to crush. When the Peerage Bill was introduced Walpole acted a more patriotic part. He met the Whigs in Devonshire House, and appealed to them with such success that they resolved to oppose it, notwithstanding Lord Townshend had approved its principle, and the last effort of the expiring Addison had been in its favour. "Walpole," says Speaker Onslow, "bore everything before him." The result was the ministers had only 177 votes, and the opposition 269. The constitution was saved from its friends. Alas for poor human nature! A few months afterwards Walpole was again made paymaster of the forces, and in July, 1720, Secretary Craggs writes to Stanhope at Hanover, "Mr. Walpole goes to Norfolk next week for the summer. *He was very explicit to me two days ago about the Scotch part of the Peerage Bill, which he will be for.*" It was but in the preceding December that these Scotch clauses had been the objects of Walpole's bitterest invective. Walpole's junction with the Whigs, and the reconciliation effected by his means between the prince and the king, materially damped the hopes of the Jacobites. Referring to this, Bishop Atterbury writes to James, "I think myself obliged to represent this melancholy truth, that there may be no expectation of anything from hence, which will certainly not happen."

Walpole had already acquired the reputation of an able financier, and the time was now come to put his

talents to the proof. The year 1720 was the era of one of those speculative manias to which commercial countries are peculiarly liable. The South Sea Company was in the full zenith of its power. Its funds rose from 130 to about 300. The whole nation speculated. Mushroom schemes of every degree of absurdity found speedy favour. There were companies formed to fish for wrecks on the Irish coast—to insure horses and cattle—against losses by servants—to make salt water fresh—to build hospitals for bastard children—to build ships against pirates—to improve malt liquors—to recover seamen's wages—to transmute quicksilver into a malleable and fine metal—to make iron with pit-coal—to import jackasses from Spain to improve the breed of mules—to trade in human hair—and to fat hogs. But the most impudent and barefaced delusion was that advertised as an "undertaking which shall in due time be revealed," and to which there were actually a thousand persons weak enough to pay two guineas each, with which, as we may suppose, the fortunate adventurer decamped. Against these bubbles the South Sea Company issued writs of *scire facias*; by this step they opened the eyes of the public, and precipitated their own fall. The panic became universal—public confidence was gone. Men rolling in imaginary wealth found themselves beggars. The king was sent for from Hanover, and urged speedily to return. Universal opinion pointed to Walpole as the only man who could save the country in this the hour of her despair. Fortunately Walpole had been out of office when the South Sea Act was passed, and had opposed it, as he had uniformly opposed every measure—right or wrong—his rival Stanhope had proposed. The violence of the people who had willingly been duped knew no bounds; and for the pecuniary embarrassment and distress which everywhere prevailed they madly demanded the extreme punishments of the law. Thus bitter was the revengeful spirit in which the parliament met. The directors were examined, and most disgraceful disclosures were elicited. More than one minister, stricken down by the fatigue, and excitement, and calumny of the time, was carried to the grave. Townshend became secretary in the room of Stanhope, who had been carried off by apoplexy while answering the young Duke of Wharton, the president of the Hell-fire Club—that graceless son of an equally graceless sire. Aislachie, finding it impossible to stem the torrent, resigned his office to Walpole. Charles Stanhope had with difficulty been saved. When Aislachie was committed to the Tower the city was illuminated with bonfires. The sudden death of Secretary Craggs by smallpox and his father by poison, placed them beyond the limits of earthly power and revenge. By Walpole's management Sunderland was saved; but the popular ferment was too strong to permit him to retain office, and Walpole became first lord of the treasury instead. The South Sea directors were severely punished; their estates were forfeited, and they were disabled from ever holding any place or sitting in parliament. Had not Walpole opposed the popular clamour they would have been hung. The country was saved from national bankruptcy, and when the new parliament met in 1721 the Whigs had an immense majority, and Walpole's power for twenty years was destined to know no check.

The first business that attracted the attention of par-

liament was the plot the restless Atterbury had formed. The troubles occasioned by the South Sea scheme had given the Jacobites hope, and Atterbury was the last man to refuse to strike when the iron was hot. Of his guilt there can be no doubt. The next business of importance to which they passed was not very creditable. Walpole introduced a bill by which a tax of £100,000 was laid on the estates of all papists and non-jurors. Like all persecuting measures, it signally failed. All it did was to create perjury. Speaker Onslow, who opposed the measure, writes—"I am satisfied more real disaffection to the king and his family arose from it than from anything which happened at that time." When will men learn that oaths are powerless for good, that they can but make perjurers and hypocrites—that they never answer the end? When "downright Shippen," as Pope calls him—the only man, Walpole said some years afterwards, he knew who could not be bought—took the oaths, the Jacobites no doubt admired him as a man who had the courage to swear against his conscience for their common cause.

In 1725, Ireland became, what Ireland generally is, a stumbling-block and discouragement in the ministerial path. Carteret, who was undoubtedly one of the most accomplished statesmen of his day, had for some time been struggling for power with Townshend. On his side were the Countess of Darlington and her sister, Madame Platen. The Duchess of Kendal, who always sided with the stronger party, remained firm to Walpole and Townshend. Carteret was defeated, and sent as lord-lieutenant to Ireland, then, as now, torn with party bitterness and hate. For some time there had been a great deficiency of copper coin in that country, and, to supply this deficiency, a patent was granted to William Woods, a great proprietor and renter of iron works in England, to coin farthings and halfpence to the value of £100,000. The patent was directed by Walpole with his usual skill. Sir Isaac Newton declared that the coin, in weight and goodness, exceeded the condition of the contract. Than this business nothing seemed less fitted to form a grievance. Swift, who had pined in obscurity and neglect, had now, however, an opportunity for embarrassing the government that an opponent of far more principle would have been reluctant to overlook. The nation rose as one man. A storm was raised that the sagacity of Carteret even was unable to allay, and the patent was withdrawn. Nor was this their only trouble at this time. With that laudable reluctance to part with their money for which the Scotch have ever been distinguished, they had managed to evade many of the taxes imposed by the British parliament on the united kingdoms, to the great disgust of the English country gentlemen, who carried a motion, by 133 to 41, that a duty of sixpence should be levied on every barrel of beer or ale brewed beyond the Tweed. This appeal to the pockets was universally felt, and indignantly denounced. Mobs assembled in Glasgow and other towns, crying, "Down with Walpole!" The troops were attacked; the brewers refused to brew; and some few lives were lost. In this juncture Walpole abolished the office of secretary of state, filled then by the Duke of Roxborough, a friend of Carteret's, and sent Lord Isla, by whose means peace was once more restored. Walpole wrote to Townshend, then at Hanover, "I think we have once more got Ire-

land and Scotland quiet, if we take care to keep them so;" but the ensuing session brought him his share of trouble in the impeachment of the lord chancellor, the partial restoration of Bolingbroke, who had gained the king's ear by presenting the Duchess of Kendal with £11,000, and the beginning of that breach which lasted between Pulteney and Walpole till the latter was overthrown. Walpole, who, as Lord Mahon describes him, would be all or nothing,—could forgive great faults, but not great talents,—dismissed Pulteney from his place as cofferer. In opposition, Walpole found him a bitter foe. The pages of the "Craftsman," in which Pulteney and Bolingbroke both wrote, testify how he had incurred their mutual hate.

When George II. ascended the throne in 1727, there were rumours of a change in administration. Pulteney, Bolingbroke, and the Tories, had caballed at Leicester House, and paid assiduous court to Mrs. Howard. On Walpole's side, however, there was a woman of far more influence and power. George II. had seen the fatal effects of a king being ruled by his mistresses, and in this, as in most other matters, he differed from his royal sire. Fortunately, his queen, who, as Tickell wrote in the preceding reign, was—

"Form'd to gain hearts that Brunswick's cause denied,
And charm a people to her father's side,"—

not content with the applause that attended her as a beauty and wit, metaphysician and divine, aspired also to the character of a politician, and in that character became Walpole's unflinching friend. He had the sagacity to offer to obtain her Majesty from Parliament a jointure of £100,000 a year, while Compton only ventured to propose £60,000. This turned the scale in Walpole's favour, who now found himself stronger than he ever was before. When the parliament met, 427 members ranged themselves on the ministerial side. Mr. Arthur Onslow, a name never to be mentioned without respect, was elected to the Speaker's chair, an office that he filled for thirty-three successive years with honour and success. Where even the opposition were right, as in opposing Horace Walpole's motion for taking 12,000 Hessians into pay,—a measure, as Lord Mahon remarks, "quite unworthy the king of England, but very advantageous to the elector of Hanover,"—they were most signally beaten. The majority increased day by day, and that majority was as servile as the most despotic minister could desire. It even, in 1729, went so far as to vote his Majesty £115,000 for a deficiency in the civil list, which deficiency had no existence whatever. Townshend, who had principally conducted the foreign affairs of this country,—affairs which the first two Georges, as Hanoverians born and bred, considered of paramount importance,—was dismissed to Raynham, where he benefited the Norfolk farmers by the first introduction of turnips. Consequently Walpole reigned without a rival, and became the constant object of Pulteney's most virulent attacks. Yet even Walpole was not omnipotent. A majority of 110, rather than pay a land-tax of two shillings in the pound, voted for his proposal to divert the Sinking-fund from its proper object; but no energy nor skill could carry his famous scheme of Excise. Here Pulteney made a successful stand. Walpole spoke for two hours and a

quarter in behalf of his plan, which would have been a benefit to the merchants and the landowners themselves; a plan which could not have been so very injurious, since it met with the approval of a Smith. But though carried through the House, out of doors the opposition to it was of the most insane and inveterate kind. The country was on the eve of rebellion. The court was alarmed. "I will answer for my regiment," said Lord Scarborough to the queen, "against the Pretender, but not against the opposers of the excise." "Then we must drop it," exclaimed her Majesty, in tears. Accordingly, to the universal joy of England, the bill was dropped. The absurdity of the people was boundless. The monument was illuminated. Bonfires blazed in almost every town. Walpole was burnt in effigy, amidst the rejoicings of the mob. Cockades, with the inscription, "Liberty, Property, and no Excise," were everywhere worn. As usual, Oxford,—then foremost in its advocacy—

"Of the right divine of kings to govern wrong,"—

Oxford, that had worshipped Sacheverell, and plotted for the restoration of James, was in a frenzy of delirious delight. For three days and nights were the banks of the Isis the scene of orgies that would now be deemed disgraceful in the most benighted village in the land. It was years before the feeling then aroused subsided. Samuel Johnson had the audacity, twenty years after, to define excise in his dictionary as "a hateful tax levied upon commodities, and adjudged not by common judges of property, but by wretches hired by those to whom excise is paid."

Till the death of Queen Caroline, in 1737, a death occasioned by false delicacy on her part, Walpole was uniformly successful, notwithstanding that he became increasingly unpopular. His Gin Act displeased the vulgar. The dissenters were offended because he refused to repeal the Test Act, a measure that at the time was considered as the great bulwark of religion, and which a far less sagacious man than Walpole would have been reluctant to oppose. Bolingbroke left England, and even Pulteney grew weary of constant defeat. Out of doors, however, the opposition grew in intensity and strength. Gay attacked the minister in the Beggar's Opera, and party zeal rewarded the poet with the most brilliant success; for sixty-three successive nights it retained possession of the stage. Walpole retaliated on the dramatists by bringing in a bill to license plays, which he termed a bill to explain an Act made in the reign of Queen Anne, "*intituled an Act for reducing the Laws relating to Rogues, Vagabonds, Sturdy Beggars, and Vagrants.*" This was, at any rate, returning a Rowland for an Oliver. The heir-apparent, as he quarrelled with the father, thought it but right to make Norfolk House the common rendezvous for all to whom Sir Robert had given real or imaginary offence. Pulteney, Chesterfield, Wyndham, Carteret, were the prince's familiar friends; Bolingbroke was more, he was the mentor of his political career. The rising talent of the time was also on the prince's side; to his household were attached Lyttleton and the immortal Pitt. To the honour of Chancellor Hardwicke it must be remembered, that he endeavoured to heal the breach that existed between the harsh father and the son. Walpole, we regret to say,

took a contrary course. He feared the price of reconciliation would be his dismissal from the dignities and emoluments of power.

Contrary to the hopes of his opponents, the death of the queen made no alteration in Walpole's situation. With her dying breath she had entreated the king not to abandon his minister, and that entreaty the king was unwilling to forget. But troubles thickened on Sir Robert's path. The patriots, as they called themselves, with marvellous inconsistency, while they clamoured for war, resolutely opposed the increase of the army. The English were determined that we should go to war. It appeared that the Spanish, in the exercise of rights guaranteed by the treaties of 1667 and 1670, and confirmed by the treaty of Seville in 1729, had endeavoured, with more or less violence, to put down a trade carried on principally by English smugglers and buccaneers. About the illegality of the proceedings of the English there can be no doubt whatever; but the English merchants were eager to extend their trade, and the national pride was hurt by the tales widely circulated and greedily believed, of Spanish insult and cruelty. A man of the name of Jenkins, who appears to have lost his ear in the pillory, appeared at the bar of the House of Commons, and stated that it was torn off by the captain of a Spanish guarda-costa. The tale produced the greatest excitement. "We have no need of allies to enable us to command justice," cried Pulteney; "the story of Jenkins will raise volunteers." Still Walpole carried on negotiations in hopes of peace. Cardinal Fleury offered the mediation of France, but the king, Walpole's own colleagues, the people, were determined for war, and Walpole, rather than oppose, bent to the storm—a fatal blunder, even politically considered. He had no right to conduct a war that he deemed wrong, that he knew would be repented. When the bells were ringing in the city on account of the news that we were going to war, he exclaimed, "They may ring the bells now, before long they will be wringing their hands." Had he now retired from office, he would have done so with dignity. Burke says—"In after-time many men who took the lead in urging on the nation to war, heartily repented the step they took." For Walpole no excuse whatever could be made; he saw the impolicy of the whole proceeding. By thus succumbing to popular frenzy, England became embroiled with Spain, excited the jealousy of France, and aroused the drooping energies of the Jacobites, who had almost despaired of their cause; and if it be true that he continued his own sway longer than he otherwise would have done, it was a sway disgraceful, precarious; maintained with the utmost difficulty, and shortly to terminate in disgrace. His health and spirits gave way. Horace Walpole wrote to Sir Horace Mann in 1741, "He who was always asleep as soon as he touched his pillow, now never dozes above an hour without waking; and he who at dinner always forgot he was minister, and was more gay and thoughtless than all his company, now sits without speaking, and with his eyes fixed for an hour together. Judge if this is the Sir Robert you knew." To retain his uneasy power, he threw out to Speaker Onslow an idea he entertained of bringing in a bill to separate Hanover from England. In order that the elections might be influenced, he actually corresponded

with the Pretender, who however was too wary to be taken in by the man who had ever been his bitterest foe. Nor did the war even win back Walpole's popularity. Vernon, for an insignificant capture—that of Porto Bello, was lauded to the skies. "It is Admiral Vernon's birthday," wrote Walpole to Sir Horace Mann, "and the city shops are full of favours, the streets of marrow-bones and cleavers, and the night will be full of mobizing, bonfires, and light." It was Vernon's hostility to Walpole that made him in the eyes of faction and the people an idol and an hero.

We have now reached the hour that crowned the efforts of the opposition with success—when the helm of the vessel was to be abandoned by him who had firmly held it, and safely guided it, in so much of difficulty, of peril, and distress. When parliament met in 1740, Lord Carteret bitterly inveighed against a "minister who has for about twenty years been demonstrating to the world that he has neither wisdom nor conduct." On the 13th February, 1741, Sandys, "the motion-maker," as Smollet terms him, crossed the floor of the House of Commons, and informed the minister that on the following morning, Friday, he should commence an attack upon his administration. Walpole thanked him for his courtesy verbally—"Nil conscire sibi nulli pallescere culpa." Pulteney, who sat near, reminded the minister that his Latin was not altogether correct. Sir Robert immediately betted him a guinea that it was, and they agreed to refer their dispute to Mr. Nicholas Hardinge, clerk of the House, whose distinguished grandson in our own day has conferred such honour upon British arms. Of course the decision was in Pulteney's favour, who immediately exclaimed, "It is the only public money I have received from the treasury for several years, and it shall be the last." On the 14th of February the attack in both Houses was simultaneously commenced. In the Lords it was brought forward by Lord Carteret, in the House of Commons by Sandys. The public expectation was raised to the highest pitch. The gallery of the House of Commons was thronged with eager spectators; several members had secured their seats at six in the morning. At one the unusual number of five hundred filled the House. Harley refused to visit on Sir Robert the punishment that his relative Oxford had received from Sir Robert's hands, and left the House, as did Shippen, whom Sir Robert had personally obliged, and 34 of Shippen's friends. The result was, that when they divided at four in the morning, after an eloquent defence from Sir Robert, he was acquitted by 190 against 106. The storm, however, was but delayed; the snake was scotched, not killed. A new parliament met in April. The elections had been contested in the fiercest manner. To influence them a subscription had been commenced by the opposition, headed by Pulteney, the old Duchess of Marlborough, and the Prince of Wales. Promises of places, and pensions, and favours, were lavishly employed. With a sagacity for which rats are said to be remarkable, the Scotch representatives for the most part left the ministerial side. His own colleagues, Newcastle and Hardwicke, wavered, and left him to himself. Sir Robert, if we may depend on Horace Walpole's letters to Sir Horace Mann, deemed that his power was yet safe. If he did so, however, he was soon undeceived. At that time the whole House decided a disputed elec-

tion, and such decisions were the surest indication of strength or the reverse. As chairman of committees the opposition proposed Dr. Lee, in preference to Giles Earle, the ministerial candidate, and carried their man by a majority of four—an announcement received with enthusiastic cheers. Horace writes to his friend Mann, "You have no idea of their hurra, unless you can conceive how people must triumph after defeat of twenty years together." Walpole had determined that the election petitions should be decisive of his fate. To a friend who felt some difficulty in voting on the Heydon case, he dryly answered, "You must take Walpole or Pulteney." Accordingly, the great Westminster election case was considered a pitched battle between the rival powers. It appears that in opposition to the court candidates, Lord Sundon, a man of no great sagacity, and Sir Charles Wager, secretary to the admiralty, had started Mr. Edwin Lee, a gentleman of considerable fortune, and Lord Vernon, then the idol of the mob. The ministerial candidates had a small majority, but some tumult arising, Lord Sundon foolishly ordered the poll-books to be closed, a party of guards to attend, and himself and Sir Charles Wager to be returned by the high-bailiff, while soldiers surrounded the hustings. So exasperated were the multitude, that the guards were pelted, and Sundon himself narrowly escaped with his life. Of course the question was carried to the House of Commons, and aided by Murray, who, even Horace Walpole confesses, spoke divinely, the petitioners carried their cause by a majority of four. Sir Robert bore the defeat with his usual good humour. "D—n him," crossly exclaimed Paul Whitehead, a small opposition poet of the time, everlastingly made notorious by Churchill's couplet—

"May I no worse disgrace on man could fall,
Be born a Whitehead and baptized a Paul,"

who was by the door when the minister came out after the decision, "how well he looks!" During the ensuing Christmas recess his friends vainly endeavoured to prevail upon Sir Robert to resign, but he still clung to office. Though he had lost wealth, strength, popularity, friends, success, he even endeavoured to win the prince, who, however, resolutely rejected his proposals. When the parliament met, the minister found the opposition directed against him was as bitter as before. On the 21st of January, 1742, Pulteney moved for a secret committee to examine the conduct of the man. Sir Robert's reply, of which no trace remains, was acknowledged to be a masterpiece of eloquence, and surprised even Pulteney and Sir Robert's friends. A House so full had never been seen before. "It was a shocking sight to see the sick and dead brought in at both sides, men on crutches, and Sir William Gordon from his bed, with a blister on his head, and flannel hanging out from under his wig," writes Horace Walpole. The result was, Pulteney was beaten by a majority of three. This, however, he considered as a triumph. On the 28th of the same month came on the Chippenham election petition, in which the minister was beaten by a majority of one. In a subsequent decision on the same subject, a few days later, the majority had considerably increased. He was now convinced that it was hopeless any longer to contend for power. Left by the king, whom he had long ably served, he resigned all his offices on the 11th

of February. He had previously been made Earl of Orford on the 9th. His fall disarmed in some degree the malice of his foes. "There were a few bonfires last night," writes Horace Walpole, "but they were very unfashionable, for never was fallen minister so deplored." In his fall, however, Walpole brought down his rival, who, as Chesterfield remarks in his "Characters," "shrunk into insignificance and an earldom." When the two rival statesmen met for the first time in the House of Lords, Walpole, with malicious pleasantry, said to Pulteney, "Here we are, my lord, the two most insignificant fellows in England."

Walpole was not permitted quietly to resign. In those days of fierce partisanship the Tower and the scaffold were thought the meet rewards for a fallen minister. After sitting twenty-two hours, a secret committee of twenty-nine was appointed to examine Sir Robert's conduct, of which all but two had been uniformly his opponents. This pleased the London mob, who carried his effigy in procession to the Tower, and made bonfires, for which the chiefs of the opposition subscribed. The report was but an unsatisfactory performance. When it appeared it was received by the public with contempt. He retired to Houghton to buy pictures, and beautify a seat in which he was not long to live. Called to London to give advice during one of the feuds to which the Newcastle administration was subject, he aggravated a disease to which he had long been subject, of which he ultimately died. He bore the agonies occasioned by medicine given him to cure the stone with fortitude, and expired on the 18th of March, 1745, in the sixty-ninth year of his age. His remains were interred in the parish church of Houghton, without a monument or inscription.

The more difficult part of our subject yet remains—the judgment to be pronounced on a man who in times of great political corruption has wielded political power. We believe that not only was his administration attended with benefit, but that it was to Walpole we are indebted for the preservation of our liberties. Had it not been for him, our national energies would have been withered up beneath the grovelling sway of the Pretender and the Pope. That his majorities were acquired not merely by eloquence and logic is as much the fault of the times as his own. Even the grandson of Hampden could threaten, if Walpole did not grant him more perquisites or bribes, he would transfer his allegiance from the House of Hanover to that old hereditary one he had righteously expelled. These were times of universal corruption and flagrant vice. Parker, who was compelled to resign the seals and retire into private life, merely did as his predecessors had done before him. If Walpole was the minister painted by faction, it is strange that the charges against him were so few and ridiculous. After possessing office more than twenty years, all that could be said against him was—that he had made an attempt upon the virtue of the mayor of Weymouth—that he had promised a place in the revenue to a retiring officer—and that he had dismissed some officers of excise who had voted against the government candidate. His expenses were enormous, and they could not have been defrayed from his private fortune, which, when he first took office, consisted of about two thousand a year. He spent in building and purchases at

Houghton £200,000 ; in pictures £40,000 ; his lodge at Richmond cost him £14,000 ; his annual summer meetings, when he feasted his supporters at Houghton, cost him £3000 each. In one election alone he spent £6,000. This expenditure must have been defrayed from some other than private sources, and must have found a fertile theme for the invectives of his foes. Walpole, as we may suppose, had no exalted notions of honour, of virtue, or of man. If he served his country, he also aimed to benefit himself. He gave his three sons places that were worth £14,000 a year ; besides this, he and his son held the rangership of Richmond Park, worth several thousands more. He felt no delicacy in making church property serve for endowments to his illegitimate daughters. Horace Walpole complains of a clergyman who was mean enough to take the bishoprick Sir Robert gave him under the idea that he was to marry one of them, and yet refused the lady. Walpole believed the House of Hanover essential to England, and himself essential to the House of Hanover. For principles, or consistency, he cared but little. His great maxim was not to disturb things at rest. Fanaticism he dreaded, as it might well be dreaded by a manager of Sacheverell's trial, and a Whig. At enthusiasm he laughed—for literature he cared but little. The wit of twenty years was always on the side of opposition, who were wiser in their generation than himself. History he deemed a fable ; fiddlers was the contemptuous term he applied to the foreign artists, of whom his memorable son was the patron and the friend. In his manners and his conversation he was careless and loose. Swift, who met him at Lord Tyrconnel's, said his range of conversation was from politics to obscenity, and from obscenity to politics ; the same remark Swift might aptly have applied to himself. He was not an ascetic—few people in those days were. In his time there were many men far more immoral—far more regardless of decency or shame. Few had a more real nature, or more honest laugh. In this respect the opposition appear to have opposed him. We all know Chesterfield considered laughing an unpardonable offence. "Sandys," said Earle, a wit of the time, "never laughed but once, and that was when his best friend broke his leg."

It was a strange time that in which Walpole ruled. No age was ever more sunk in licentiousness, and no licentiousness was ever less redeemed by grace. Its ignorance almost surpasses belief. Upon the marriage of the Prince of Wales, Lord Baltimore said to him—"Sir, your royal highness's marriage will be an *area* in our history." An earl's son, in sending invitations to a party, could find no better manner of expressing himself than by asking for he's company, and she's company, in utter contempt of those useful pronouns his and her. Lady Pomfret indignantly repudiated the idea of knowing Platonic love, and said she never had but one love, the father of her children. One baronet left another a legacy under the impression, because his name was Matthew, he wrote the Gospel of a similar name. Those were not the days when learning was deemed better than houses or lands. Immorality deluged the land, and dried up man's honour and woman's love. To drink—to intrigue—to break the seventh commandment, was deemed no matter of disgrace in married men of high standing and illustrious birth. More than one peer

openly kept a harem. The novelist, when he would tell a tale of more than usual voluptuousness, had to borrow the pen of Lady Vane, and publish in "The Memoirs of a Lady of Quality," in "Peregrine Pickle," her ladyship's virtuous life. The scandal of the time throws doubt on the paternity of Walpole's celebrated son. No wonder then that when one of the Prince of Wales's coachmen died, he left his son three hundred pounds, on condition that he would *never marry a maid of honour* ! Since the day when Charles II. landed from the Hague, the nation had been retrograding step by step from the asceticism of Cromwell and the saints, and the national licentiousness had now reached its lowest depth.

THE POSITION OF MEN OF LETTERS.

How is it, we are sometimes asked, that literature is a profession so exhausting to the vital energies of the persons concerned in it, and so little remunerative ? A barrister works hard and gets a good place under government. A physician works hard and dies rich. A clergyman works hard and succeeds, in course of time, to a fat living, where, at a ripe old age, he is gathered to his fathers. The literary profession is unfortunately one without prizes ; this accounts in one respect for the comparative poverty of literary men. There was a time when men of letters were patronised by government, but that time has passed away, and now literary men besides have to sustain a formidable competition with one another. One successful publication presses on the heels of another successful publication. As soon as a writer becomes popular, there are a thousand pens at work ready to write him down. The literary man is always struggling to roll the stone upwards, which ever obeys the laws of gravitation, and runs back again. Yet literary men are not badly paid. Publishers are quite as liberal as the profits of their publications will allow. A great deal of nonsense has been written, and we dare say will continue to be written, on this head ; but it is quite clear that when a barrister is briefless—and a clergyman is starving as a curate—or a doctor is doctoring gratuitously—the literary man, if tolerably talented, is making an income very far beyond that of the barrister, or the curate, or the doctor. Fortunately for those gentlemen, as they grow older their chances of emolument increase. This may be the case with the literary man, but not to an equal degree. Perhaps up to thirty-five or forty the literary man has the advantage, and then they take the running and go ahead. We must also remember that the clergyman, or the lawyer, or the doctor, independently of his general education, has had an education purely professional, that is, he has invested a certain amount of capital, which will, of course, bring a certain amount of interest, and help to improve his position beyond that of his literary compeer. Now if these facts are so, and that they are so we think none acquainted with the subject will deny, we have a right to complain, when we hear that a man of letters has died, and are told that his life was a scene of pecuniary embarrassment, and are asked to contribute for the support of his destitute widow and bereaved little ones. Such a state of things is discreditable to

the literary profession. We ask not contemptuously, but in sober sadness, when will literary men learn what is due to their order? We magnify their office; the press is the glory of our land; and, as a rule, we believe the men connected with it are nearly as clever as they rate themselves to be. It is true the orator will never die; it is true the living voice will have power to charm and sway millions in time to come as it has done in time past; but undoubtedly the press has risen, and now stands side by side with the platform and the pulpit; and yet how much is done by the men of the press to lower it! As times go, literary men are not badly paid; and yet when we hear of literary men in the Insolvent Debtors' Court, when we hear of their dying in debt and misery, when we hear of appeals to the charity of the public on behalf of those they have left behind, we cannot but think some reproach is due and some disgrace is entailed. We are not speaking of the men of genius who write for a coming age, and who cannot complain if they are neglected in their own. They starve, and are satisfied to do so, even if for a poem like "Paradise Lost" they get no more than a paltry £25. We speak of the men of ready talent, out of whom a certain amount of poetry or prose comes naturally as silk from the silk-worm; who would have been good preachers or successful barristers had they not preferred becoming popular writers; who are sought after by publishers; whose books are bought up readily by the public, and as readily cut up in the *Saturday Review* or *Athenæum*. They supply the public with an article for which there is a good demand, and are well paid for it. What further claim have they? I do not consider that when I have paid my bootmaker, or my hatter, or my tailor, or my butcher, a fair price for the goods I have purchased of them, that I am to be called on to subscribe for their relief if they live beyond their income, and spend a fortune instead of accumulating one. The common run of literary gentlemen sustain just such a similar relation, and yet, when one of them dies, there is no end to the maudlin sentiment which implies the general public has been grievously remiss in its duty to my literary brother in not supplying him with an income, proportioned not to his need but his extravagance. Why is the man of letters necessarily improvident? He is made—even the veriest and neediest Bohemian—of the same flesh and blood as a Croesus, or a Rothschild, or my Lord Overstone, equally capable of understanding the multiplication table, and of attaining unto the mysteries of the rule of three. This brings us to another question—Why is a youth more reckless than a man? Because a man by bitter experience has learnt obedience to the iron laws of life, against which youth is ever ready to dash its ignorant and impetuous head. The difference, then, between the youth and the man is against the former—and in a similar way the difference between the literary man and the man of business is in favour of the latter. He is stronger than his literary brother, not weaker. Why? The intellect of the literary man, surely, is naturally as clear and is sharpened quite as much as that of the man of business by the labour and practice of a life. What is it that dims the eye and weakens the brain of the literary man, so that he cannot see as clearly as the man of business the misery of improvidence and the need of pecuniary independence? We fear this

reason is to be sought for in the habits of the class to which he belongs. Literary men are not understood to be followers of Father Matthew, or J. B. Gough, and literary men, if we may judge by the sneers and innuendos of the press, have not a very high appreciation of total abstinence. The literary man, too often, as regards the drinking customs of society, is an infatuated slave. He likes wine—he writes in praise of wine—he loves to sing

"Send the red wine round to-night,
For the blast is bitter cold."

Or, again, he will tell you—

"Scorn not wine!—Truth divine
And courage dwell with noble wine."

Or he will quote Walter Mapes, or will tell you also—

"When rightly understood,
Promoteth brotherly neighbourhood."

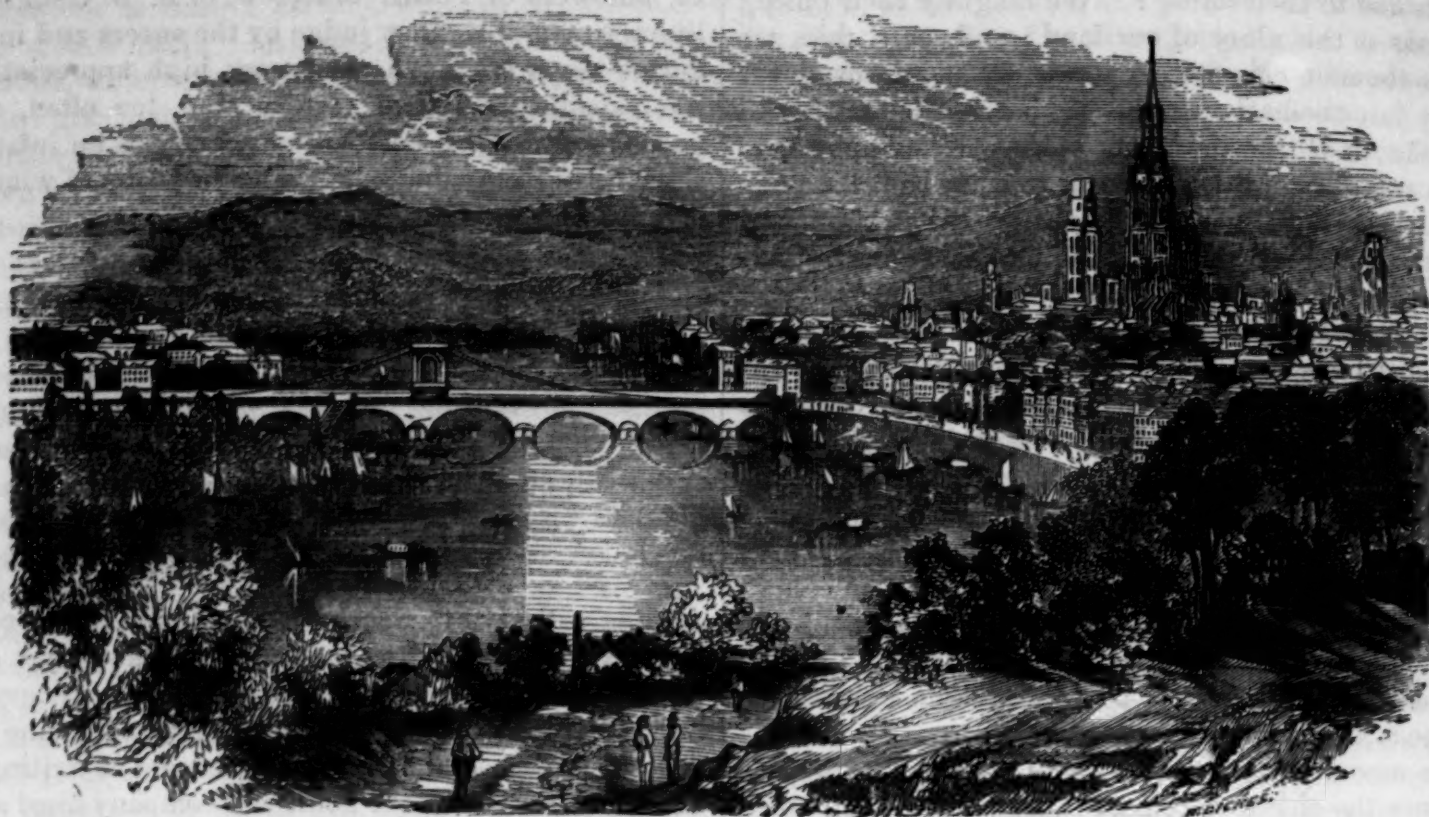
And he will give to Bacchus the hours the mere man of business is devoting to his it may be ignoble yet useful calling. Now it stands to reason that such a course can have but one result. To the literary man, time is indeed as money, and after the excitement of writing, the additional excitement of home and company must act injuriously on the strongest physical and mental organization. No doubt at such times, and in genial company, there is enjoyment of a high order. No doubt it is glorious, to sit up talking wit, and poetry, and eloquence, with men of genius, when the common world is abed and asleep. No doubt it is glorious to live fast: but, then, is it equally glorious to die fast? Temperance is the only true condition of happy, healthy life. When the literary man takes the trouble to understand this, and dares to withstand a joke or a laugh, he will lead a happier, longer, more successful life, and will die cheered by the thought that his wife and little ones will not need to be supplicants to the cold, bleak charities of the world. Let authors and writers have a little more commiseration for themselves, and they will the less require the commiseration of others.

WHERE THE GREENWOODS GROW.

Oh, let me roam where the greenwoods grow,
Where the primrose springs and the blue-bells blow,
Where the shades of eve through the forest creep,
And the pearly dew on the flow'rets sleep.
I love to roam when the golden gleam
Of evening plays with the crystal stream;
And muse while the zephyrs sadly sigh,
As the darkling hour of night draws nigh.

Oh, let me roam where the greenwood grows,
While the stars come forth as the sunshine goes,
For a joy upsprings in every flower,
To cheer the gloom of the gloaming hour.
And for lonely ones, at the close of day,
A joy is heard in the dulcet lay
Of the wild-birds' song, so soft and low,
In the shaded dells where the greenwoods grow.

ROUEN.



I DID enjoy myself at Rouen! You see the London and South Coast Railway, and Mr. Maples, the shipping agent, in a moment of thoughtless liberality, did offer to the British public the chance of a pleasant trip from London, *via* Newhaven, *via* Havre, to Rouen. A very limited portion of that public availed itself of the offer. I was one of that limited portion of the public who had the good sense to do so, and although French cigars are abominable, from that day to this I have never repented me of that little trip, and have never failed to wish that I might have the chance of taking the same trip again. Yet the commencement was most inauspicious. When I had got as far as London Bridge I stopped to ask myself seriously whether, in the threatening state of the weather, it was advisable for me to continue my adventure. It was not too late for me to beat a retreat; I could even then catch the Barnet mail, and in another hour be in the bosom of my family; but, no, I had a clean shirt and collar in my carpet bag—I had a £5 note in my pocket—and boldly I pressed on. How it did rain surely! I was wet when I got over London Bridge—wet when I took my place in the railway carriage—wet when I got to Newhaven—wet when I got on board the steamer, and turned in to get a few hours of mysterious repose. I say mysterious repose, for though I was not awake, I could scarcely call myself asleep. I was in bed, yet not. It was true my boots were off, yet I could not be described in any way as approaching the nude, of which Lord Elcho has such a horror. By the lantern dimly burning I could see, here and there, one in a similar situation. One or two seemed to be eating and drinking. A musty, mouldy, nautical smell was all over the place. I knew by the little bits of talk that occasionally reached me that we were somewhere in the Channel, and I felt that the sea was a little afresh. I also knew by the way in which individuals every now and then were hurried down-stairs, and shovelled up into one or other of the berths around me, that some of

my fellow-passengers were keeping it up on deck in a most truly British manner, and by fearful bursts of sound that occasionally saluted me, I knew somebody or other was also sound asleep. At length I lost consciousness, and was awoke about 6 a.m. by hearing some one exclaim, "There's Havre right a-head;" and when I went on deck sure enough there it lay, under the most brilliant morning I had seen for many a long day, and which I never anticipated the preceding night. Up the Seine we rushed, leaving Havre far behind, amidst scenery not merely novel and lovely, but most romantic. Here we seemed in a lake; there in a narrow gorge of rocks; and again we were looking across a broad champagne, richly dotted with herds, and hay, and smiling houses. Some of the peasantry were hay-making, others were resting at some ivy-clad auberge, others driving waggons, or loading barges; and all looked like the merry and gaily dressed groups one is more accustomed to on the boards of the Adelphi than in real life. All I can say is, the trip up the river from Havre to Seine is one of the most beautiful, and novel, and varied I ever saw, and as we passed on by old cliffs clothed with vines, by smiling fields, by pleasant chateaux, by picturesque villages, by old country towns, by bright-eyed French girls, I could scarce call to mind anything equalling it in our own or other lands. In the middle of the day our eyes were greeted with the sight of Rouen. The first glance at the place is very imposing; the river is broad, the street that runs on one side, where all the best shops and houses are, is broad; the two bridges have a very handsome appearance, and above all the Cathedral and the Church of St. Ouen rear their venerable heads. Inside the town there has been but little alteration since the days of Francis I. Rouen besides is a great place of business, and has numerous—especially cotton—manufactures, which are very prosperous. Ships of 300 tons burden may be seen at the quay, and the 120,000 inhabitants seem very cheerful and friendly.

I was much pleased with the appearance of them as I sat in the gateway of my hotel after dinner, smoking a cigar and taking a few mental notes. Most singular were the old Norman caps—most curious the old Norman waggons and the old Norman horses, singularly yoked together, and very heavily caparisoned, and most ancient the old Norman charioteers; but I had to look at things still more ancient. There was the Cathedral to be seen and admired. The front is 180 feet wide and 150 feet high. It has three porches between the two towers, and the bas-reliefs are illustrative of Herodias dancing, and the beheading of John the Baptist. This edifice has 130 windows, which windows are the best specimens of painted glass in France. The dimensions of the Cathedral are about 440 feet in length, the transept 175, and the nave is 90 feet high; the chapels are 25 in number. Old Rollo lies in the chapel of St. Romain; he was removed here from the nave in 1603. Here is the grave and monument of John, Duke of Bedford, the Regent of France. King Louis was good enough to refuse to destroy this tomb. His language was, "I say God save his soul, and let his body now lie in rest, which, when he was alive, would have disquieted the proudest of us all." The most splendid monument here is that of the two Cardinals Amboise—uncle and nephew. The uncle was the liberal restorer of this church. In this church is the grave of our own Richard—Lion-hearted. A freestone statue decorates his tomb. He is represented in a recumbent posture, his head on a cushion, and his feet against a crouching lion. A search was made in 1838, and the heart of Richard was found in a double box of lead, and on it this inscription—

Hic jacet: Cor: Anglorum: Richardi: Regis.

This heart is now placed in the Museum, and is said, by those who have seen it, much to resemble a piece of leather. Next in interest to the Cathedral is the Abbey of St. Ouen—the oldest church in Normandy. It was founded in 533, in the days of Clothaire I. The Normans landed in 841, and burned it; but Rollo, on becoming a Christian, rebuilt it. It was built and rebuilt, but in 1236, ten years after its completion, the work of 80 years was destroyed by fire. Again it was burned in 1248. Early in the 14th century the present edifice was commenced, and finished early in the 16th. Then there is the Palace of Justice and the statue of Corneille (he was a native of Rouen) to be seen; but to Englishmen a spot of far greater interest is the Place de la Pucelle, where that heroic Joan of Arc was by our forefathers cruelly and savagely burned. What a dark spot is that in the page of our history. Upon the first appearance of Joan at Orleans, she was denounced by Bedford in his letter to the King of France, as "a devilish witch and satanical enchantress," (those were the days of chivalry, when woman—lovely woman—was never unprotected or wronged). Even our Shakspeare could make one of his characters thus speak of her—

"A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace,
See how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
As if with Circe she would change my shape."

After the cruel revenge which the English took upon their captive, a letter was written in the name of Henry I. to the Duke of Burgundy, setting forth and defending the proceedings which had taken place at

Rouen. Hall, writing more than a century after, affirms that the letter is quite sufficient evidence that Joan was an organ of the devil. "And because she still was obstinate in her trespasses and villainous offences," says the letter of Henry, "she was delivered to the secular power, the which condemned her to be burnt and consumed her in the fire. And when she saw that the fatal day of her obstinacy was come, she openly confessed that the spirits which often to her did appear were evil, and false and apparent liars, and that their promises which they had made to her to deliver her out of captivity was false and untrue; affirming herself by those spirits to be often beguiled, blinded, and mocked. And so being in good mind she was by the justices carried to the Old Market within the city of Rouen, and there by the fire consumed to ashes in the sight of all the people." One comfort is, that if we have done injustice to the Maid of Orleans the French have treated her as badly. Monstrelet, the French chronicler, does not hesitate to affirm that the whole affair was a gross imposture. The same views prevailed in France in the next century, and (says Mr. Charles Knight) it is scarcely necessary to observe that Voltaire converted the story of the Maid into a vehicle for the most profligate ribaldry. Long after France had erected monuments to Joan of Arc her memory was ridiculed by those who claimed to be in advance of public opinion. Close by the scene of this bloody tragedy is a house, regarded as one of the oldest in Rouen. At the left-hand entrance the wall is covered with bas-relief figures, representing Henry VIII. and Francis I. going to the Field of the Cloth of Gold. Here, in this very hall and entry, walked the gay and jovial monarch, Francis I., and in the gateway sounded cheerily his bugles, while noble cavaliers and haughty dames trod on these very stones; for everything in Rouen is antique, and savouring of conservatism. The date of this very building is fixed at 1486. I fear the people occasionally suffer in health, as everywhere, except on the noble quay, the streets are narrow and the gutter is placed in the middle, and the pedestrian walks under tremendous disadvantages. As I toiled and moiled that hot July day up and down little narrow streets, it seemed to me that I was really—what many people are said to be—in the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties.

At length down went the bright and burning sun behind the western hills; shops were closed, save where gilt and glass sparkling with gas indicated the existence of a restaurant or a café. In the welcome cool of the evening the worthy citizens talked and walked and smoked at their leisure. Some of us English excursionists found our way to a tea garden called Tivoli, in one of the suburbs—a very minor kind of Cremorne, without its attractions, except some vehement dancing at a pace that to a sober Englishman seemed prodigious. There was little or no drinking, and none of that licence which is the characteristic of an English place of amusement. The official uniform everywhere present showed how protecting was the care of a paternal government—even fast France was not allowed to go to the devil its own way. So rigid is the supervision that my companion was prevented from going in on account of something incorrect about his headpiece; but he lost, as I assured him afterwards, very little by not being admitted. Tired

and wearied, at a comparatively early hour I left for my hotel. Waking up and rising at six next morning, I found all Rouen wide awake, and when, two hours after, I left it, I did so thinking that, for an Englishman, whether in search of beauty, or antiquities, or pleasure, or mere change, I know no nicer trip than a pilgrimage up the Seine by river—not by rail—to the fine old venerable city of Rouen.

THE SHADOW IN THE HOUSE.

BY JOHN SAUNDERS.

AUTHOR OF "LOVE'S MARTYRDOM," &c.

[Continued from p. 161.]

CHAPTER XVIII.

SYMPATHY AND COUNSEL.

AMONG those unseen powers that influence human affairs so deeply and so unobtrusively, and that promise still larger issues in the future, when we shall have better fitted ourselves to appreciate and make use of them, there is one power,—perhaps the greatest of them all,—to which we are habitually very ungrateful. It is that which touches the heart of the poet, and lo! he understands at once all hearts; it is that which draws your Howards into the gloomiest dungeon-depths, and enables them to revive hope under the very ribs of despair,—your Florence Nightingales to exchange the luxurious drawing-room for the fetid and ghastly hospital,—your city missionaries to carry a gleam of spirit-light and purity into the filthiest and darkest of the homes of the poor; it is that, too, which in private life guides the wandering footsteps of love; deprives business of its harsher tones and tendencies; teaches the legislator that durable human laws can only be based on permanent natural ones; reminds the sovereign, in tones he must hear, that the brightest jewel in his crown, Mercy, sheds a double radiance,—namely on his own soul, and on the soul of the suppliant who is listened to.

Yet we raise no statues to this power. We do not even, with the touching and instinctive faith and the blind ignorance of the Athenians, publicly acknowledge our "Unknown God." On the contrary, we dislike even to mention its name. We carefully guard ourselves in a thousand ways against its approaches, lest it might lead us away we know not whither. We look upon a man as doomed who allows it openly to keep him company on the mart, in the campaign, in the chambers of the diplomatist, or in the halls of parliament. We have even a special appellation for it when we wish to thrust it back into its usual state of forced oblivion and inefficiency; we call it then sentiment; and we deride—and do our best socially to paralyse—all those who speak in its behalf, as "sentimental." But the true name of this power is Sympathy: and its real mission is, to bind together the entire family of man, heedless of men's absurd or selfish distinctions, and compelling modifications of their prudent or more necessary ones. In a word, sympathy is with us just that one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin, and at present it is no more. But the time must come when it will

exercise a wider sway, as inferior instincts are mastered, material difficulties removed, nobler motives accepted for the daily guidance of life.

And it was that power which had now, step by step, saved Archibald Cairn in the most critical period of his existence. First, through the sight of his mother, senseless on the ground, at the barrack gate: a spectacle that dispersed in an instant the terrible and dangerous clouds that overhung his wandering and chaotic mind; and made him think only of her, when, a moment before, it would have seemed impossible that any earthly event could have drawn him out of himself. Then, with the new terror of her danger, and remorse for its cause, came also the sense of Jean's unchangeable devotion to his mother and to himself; and that was indeed sweet. And as this terror was gradually allayed, and as he perceived the reviving love of his mother, there needed but one thing more to secure all these precious acquisitions, and that one thing came in Mr. Dell's manly friendship. Archy felt all this, and a thousand times more than this, surging through his mind, as he sat at Mr. Dell's table with his head buried in his hands; no longer able to control the tenderer and more sympathetic emotions of his nature, now that he had, at last, manfully fought his way through the hideous revelation, and achieved all he had hoped by it—the honest, cordial belief of his hearers in the truth of his story.

Mr. Dell scarcely spoke to him for a few minutes, content to know that Archy would understand by the old boyish circling grasp of the arm, all that the one could possibly have desired to say, or the other to hear. He knew this passionate violence would soon exhaust itself. He knew it was but the natural termination of a long and dreadful period of secret suffering and perpetual fear; and all his old love for Archy revived as he found the young man needing so much sympathy, and so well able to profit by it.

And Archy was indeed profiting by it. He felt how idle it would be to attempt to speak of what he felt,—or of the relief he had experienced,—or of the overwhelming almost painful sense of gratitude, that had taken the place of his former trouble (painful because he felt so helpless, so unable even to dream of a mode of repayment), but, at all events, he would do what was permitted to him.

And this is what he did. He came to a silent resolution with himself that no chance or temptation should ever again surprise him, as he had already too often been surprised, into acts of indiscretion, which had generally been the forerunners of a whole series of acts of more than indiscretion. Yes, he made that resolution now as men do make all such resolves when they really mean to keep them, that is, with a concentrated energy of purpose, sufficient to brush aside all obstacles, a clear-sightedness as to facts and means, and a calculated willingness to endure, if necessary, future suffering, in expiation of past offences.

And as there is no free-masonry that equals sympathy in its art of making men apprehend each other's meaning without words, Mr. Dell soon perceived what Archy was about, though scarcely a sentence on the subject passed betwixt them. There was, however, a cordial clinging grasp of the hands in mutual recognition, and all was said, and done, and over.

But after that they talked long and earnestly about the practical aspects of the case, trying to discover what would be the best mode of procedure in the effort to re-establish Archy's character. But nothing promising was elicited.

"Well, Archy," said Mr. Dell, during a pause, "I am glad you did change your name. If we fail, and are obliged finally to give up the attempt, it is consolatory to remember that, in all probability, you will never, in your new life and occupation, meet with any one who knew Martin Todd, or who, at all events, can now recognise him in Archibald Cairn."

"Yes, I feel that."

"And if any unlucky mishap does occur you will have me to fall back upon. It shall go hard if I cannot prevent any serious injury to you. But now, let us recapitulate. This, apparently, is all that at present comes from our cogitations:—I must write to Payne Croft, give him full particulars, and leave the case in his hands. I may tell you he is a rising barrister, and altogether a very promising fellow. He would like, I fancy, to do me a good turn—so here is a chance for him. He may possibly know some acute attorney in Chatham who can watch this friend of yours—this pay-sergeant. By the bye, what is his name?"

"Dunk—Sergeant Matthew Dunk."

"Write it down for me. Also the name of the man who discovered the sovereign, and whom, you say, you rather like?"

"Yes."

"Probably, then, he did really discover the money, just as he appeared to do?"

"I feel sure of it."

"And the doctor who attended your mother, and who was so intelligent and kind, you had better mention him also. He may be serviceable, if only to express his knowledge of your mother's character and high principle, as exhibited in her conduct to you, and his own favourable opinion, personally, as to yourself."

"Yes, there it is—Dr. Simpson."

"Very well. Now then, lastly, can you give any, the least idea, speaking not of what is probable, for the whole affair is too difficult to talk of probabilities, but of what is possibly the actual truth of the matter. There can be no doubt, I take it, that the Sergeant knew of the previous hiding-place of the money?"

"I have not the remotest doubt of it."

"Can he have been in the barrack-room, alone, that morning, previously?"

"I think not. I may say, I am sure not; for when I went back an hour or so after morning parade, I found a man there who had returned direct from the parade, and who told me when I questioned him after the discovery, that no one but he had been in the room till I came."

"And was the Sergeant himself on parade at the time?"

"Yes."

"That's decisive, then, so far. But now, candidly, how do you think the sovereign could have been placed where it was found?"

"By the Sergeant's own hands, during the confusion that prevailed in the room on the first discovery of the theft. I see no other possible explanation."

"And—remembering the character and progress of the scene—should you say that that was possible?"

"Yes."

"Probably, then, you are right. But this—if true—removes only half our difficulty; nay, scarcely half. How could the coin have been abstracted from the pocket of the owner?"

"Perhaps it was *not* the same coin."

"Ha! true; we must not forget that possibility. You think, perhaps, that the man lost his money in some other way, and that his loss was taken advantage of by the Sergeant for his own amiable purposes?"

"I know not what to think. The man was a blundering, but not dishonest, fellow."

"Not a confederate, then?"

"Oh, no."

"I think you are right. The Sergeant, notwithstanding the boldness of his game with you, was not fool enough to risk the possibility of charges from different quarters being brought against him nearly at the same time. If so, we must confine our attention to that theory which, while perfectly including the known facts, proceeds upon the hypothesis that the Sergeant himself is the only villain in the affair, though there may still be others innocently engaged in it."

"Yes."

"And through those others, perhaps, we may discover the clue?"

"Perhaps—yes, I hope so. My mother could, I doubt not, get one or two powerful military friends to interfere, but—"

"But only by exposing your true name! And I don't think we want such help; not just yet, at all events. To discover the truth is our object,—in other words, to unkenel this rascally fox; and for such a purpose the keen nose of some shrewd attorney will be worth more than all the power and authority of the commander-in-chief. And now, Archy, as a friend I advise you to let the matter rest. Banish it as far as possible from your thoughts. Everything that can be done shall be done; let that knowledge content you. Feel that you are at home again. We'll track the old walks together. Nay, I do n't see why we should n't go off for a day or two now and then with knapsacks on our backs, and forget, for a few hours, that there are such things in the world as duties or responsibilities. Eh! old fellow? I shall have out the fishing tackle, and—come, to begin, let George bring us the horses, and we'll have a scamper over the downs right away to the very sea. We may get back to dinner. What say you?" And then, as if the cheery words alone might not have been sufficient, Mr. Dell let his hand fall good-humouredly, but still with a rousing slap, on the shoulders of the still half-dreaming, half-troubled Archy; who started, straightened himself, looked and laughed—the old frank, hearty laugh—how well Mr. Dell knew it! and before many minutes they were on horseback, and hurrying off, and,—somewhat, it must be confessed, to the ladies' surprise—they heard Archy's laugh not the least loud among the mirthful peals that accompanied the departure.

CHAPTER XIX.

TEACHER AND PUPIL.

"THE Shadow in the House!" where is it? Surely not in Bletchworth. There, if anywhere in this chequered world, eternal sunshine appears to have settled. Mr. Dell is profoundly happy in his wife, is surrounded with all the material conditions of social enjoyment and consideration; is advancing in his amateur-art just enough to satisfy his conscience that he cannot be called an idle man, and to give him a kind of confidence that he is able to reciprocate his wife's intellectual tastes and pursuits in a manner not unworthy of her, or damaging to his own self-respect. His cup is full, and running over: but he is so silently grateful for it all that he does not—assuredly—tempt fortune to try any experiments upon him by his own vanity, or display, or self-engrossment.

And Winny, though growing less demonstrative since the first chill experienced on her entrance into society, is no less happy than her husband, while far more earnestly engaged in mental pursuits. No young collegian determined to carry off all the highest "honours," could study more assiduously than she does now; and this, not simply for the better fulfilment of the duties of her position, but because she sees, with ever increasing interest (and sometimes with sudden alarm), how her own nature and aims require educational development. She is very silent, though, about the matter; talks little about it even to Grace, and not at all to Mr. Dell; but battles her way along with unfailing courage—often driven back for a moment by the utter failure of her weary, confused brain to comprehend the vast maze of knowledge it has entered upon, and which it seeks to master by one grand heroic effort, rather than by slow, patient, tedious detail, but always returning to the attack with new strength, and always conquering the particular difficulty at last.

She works too hard, doubtless; but is still very happy. And when, let me ask, did hard work alone, I mean, by its own intrinsic nature—when freed from other difficulties—ever prevent happiness? I think never. I am sure it has often given people the first taste of enjoyment they have known for many years:—people who were miserable, until, by some accident, they discovered the virtue of hard work. And so, in spite of her being overtasked by her own energies and desires, Mrs. Dell is happy; but then, you perceive, the work is not exacted from her; and in doing it she believes she will add to her husband's happiness, while she is quite sure it will deepen, strengthen, and improve her own being. Yes, she, like her husband, is very happy.

And Grace—? Well, even Grace Addersley appears, to casual observers, to draw a constant pleasure from the sight of all this married bliss. One might have supposed that, under the circumstances, she would have preferred simply to know that her own intended husband was happy with another woman, without caring to see—or to investigate daily and hourly, the proofs; and that, if a gentle shadow did throw its soft tender colouring over her heart, she would not need to drive it away, or deny it, but might let it die out at its own time. But Grace is a peculiar woman. She does

not go away; and yet no shadow is ever seen to envelope her in gloom. Perhaps she thinks it may do her good to study so fair an aspect of domestic life, and to nerve herself the while against natural womanly shrinkings and weaknesses, in order, determinedly, to make others forget (and so, possibly, herself) that she had ever nourished thoughts that were in their nature seriously antagonistic to the ruling state of things.

There is then no shadow, apparently, over Grace's heart now; neither Mr. nor Mrs. Dell ever meet her during the day, in the corridor or on the lawn, in the studio, the drawing-room, or at meals, but they see the quick smile light up the face, and they hear the pleasant musical-voiced remark or inquiry rise to the lips, always having some immediate relation to the thoughts, comforts, or interests of the one who is addressed. And I forgot to say how much this behaviour of Grace's adds to the happiness of the husband and wife, and how warmly it makes them both feel towards her. Certainly it would be a shock to them both now were she to talk of leaving Bletchworth.

That Grace should be thus at ease and contented, is the more satisfactory, since she has not, as they have, any noticeable occupation. Mrs. Dell is her own house-manager; though her only reason for not accepting Grace's frequently proffered services is, that she thinks she ought to do what is necessary to be done herself; and that, with her habits and temptations, if she once gave way on such a point she would find the duties unnaturally irksome if she were ever again compelled to resume them. And of course, she thinks to herself, Grace will marry some day—perhaps soon. She has often wondered why this had not happened before. And sometimes she has speculated—just for an instant or two—on the theme—"Why did not Mr. Dell's fancy go that way?" But she was herself too well satisfied with the fact, and its consequences personally, to trouble herself to answer such hypothetical questions.

Yet though thus unoccupied, it is evident to any one who may happen to look steadily into Grace's features and eye, that there is no lack of occupation felt. If hers is not exactly a well-furnished mind, it is certainly one of a strong, self-sustaining character—with large resources of its own, and with extensive tracts of thought all about it, over which it may range and find food. One occupation Mrs. Dell has given to her, and Grace makes much of it. During the two hours' instruction that Winny daily receives from Mr. Cairn, Grace is understood to be always present. This understanding arose from Winny's own suggestion, after the first meeting with Archy, and when the first powerful impressions of his story had passed. She was then rather startled as she reflected that she had invited herself to a daily meeting, for a couple of hours, with a young man whom she had never before seen. She could not help wishing she had waited for her husband to be the first to make such a proposition. However, it was done—she had committed herself, and she had too much spirit to retract to the injury of Archy's prospects, except for weightier reasons than any that now presented themselves. Once, though, she wondered whether Mr. Dell could have been at all surprised at her sudden—and, as she feared, half-inconsiderate act? But no; his face and manner had never changed for a moment. If he

had thought of it at all, probably, it was simply to enjoy her unconventional sympathy and promptitude. But however that might be, Winny said quietly the next morning to Grace, as Archy was seen coming through the chestnut avenue—

"I think, dear, it might be as well for you to be present during these lessons, though we need not appear to have arranged anything of the kind formally."

"Yes, dear, I understand. And I think you are quite right."

"Why, Grace, to own the truth," and Winny slightly blushed as she spoke, "I was not exactly thinking of myself, or of what I was about yesterday, when I proposed—"

"O, no, but I understood you, and should myself have suggested something of the kind if you had not. I'll be here when he comes and goes, and slip in and out between whiles, just as I might be doing were he not here."

"Thank you," said Winny, though with a sort of consciousness, after all, that she was making much ado about nothing.

And so the lessons began.

And with them, opened a new phase in the career of Archibald Cairn. At first he was shy, sensitive, and taciturn; and it was with difficulty he could even fairly acquit himself of the duty he had undertaken; and which, after a brief talk with the new pupil, it was determined should open with the reading of English history, and with the learning of the French language. But by degrees he gained confidence, as he saw the sweet, simple ingenuousness of soul that so often appealed to him when he least expected it; running aside from the formal course of the lesson to ask an explanation of this difficulty, or the meaning of that fact; or more noticeable still,—to compel him to grapple with principles or problems he had never before noticed, much less mastered, but which could not escape her fresh eye, and searching mind. He was thus speedily drawn out of himself; and began, as all do under such a process, instantly to improve. He answered her when he could, and confessed his state frankly when he could not; and if there had not been a common natural sympathy between them till that moment, it would have existed then; so dearly did she—the child of nature—love to hear such a confession from a man who seemed to her to know so much. It helped, at once, to set her personally at ease; while it satisfied her poet-faith in the wisdom as well as the beauty of all modesty in knowledge.

When once the teacher and the pupil had come to a good understanding, there remained little of difficulty for the man and the woman to arrive at a like result. I have shown what Archy had thought and felt about Mrs. Dell, on his first sight of her, from the height of Norman Mount. And though all subsequent thoughts and feelings were modified by the discovery—for the moment, an exquisitely painful one—that she was married—married to his own friend, Mr. Dell, yet the modification did not prevent a certain dangerous pleasure from being indulged in, that of dwelling, in imagination, on the beauty of soul of the young wife. There could be no harm in that, he thought. On the contrary, there ought to be much good. He wanted to mould himself

by the aid of some such spiritual standard. And to do Archy full justice, let me add that not the least taint of personal emotion, or desire, that *he* could recognise or control, mingled with his admiration of Mrs. Dell. He would, for instance, have been only too glad, if by any possible evolution of circumstance it could have been discovered that he and Winny were brother and sister, and that his relations of affection and gratitude with Mr. Dell might have been made permanently secure and sacred by such a tie.

But out of this very purity of thought and intention arose a new danger, that Archy was not philosopher enough to have anticipated. He felt so safe,—and he desired so earnestly to improve himself, and become worthy of the friendship of two such persons as Mr. and Mrs. Dell,—and he saw (he thought) so clearly, that it was mainly through the latter that he would achieve this object, that he lost, by degrees, all instinctive sense of the danger of his position; and as his shyness and taciturnity passed away, he abandoned himself, at every opportunity, to the full enjoyment of the intercourse with his fair scholar, and then exhibited in their most attractive aspect, all those qualities of mind and character, that had made him a universal favourite among his companions at the University; and which now produced a corresponding effect on the young, earnest, and sympathetic nature of Mrs. Dell.

He soon perceived her regard for him, and with the perception came soberer thoughts. And then, always quick to run in the new direction that circumstances might happen to indicate, he began to fancy he had done wrong, was committing himself further and further on a hopeless and worse than hopeless career; and then the sense of Mr. Dell's generous kindness rushed upon him with irresistible force; and he was almost ready to leave Bletchworth at once, without explanation, and so guard against the possibility of any new and utterly unpardonable offence against his own conscience,—against his every instinct of right and wrong!

But although Archy did right to blame himself for not having kept a more even balance of mind, he wronged himself in his self-inculpations. Never for a single instant had one dishonouring thought, consciously, risen in his mind, without being instantly put down, or banished; but he persisted, as certain weak people are apt to do—in not seeing danger,—not until the signs of its existence could no longer be gainsaid. Then he went to an opposite extreme, and frightened himself unnecessarily, without at all righting himself in the process. And thus he remained in a state of perpetual oscillation,—to his own great discomfort,—between snatches of enjoyment that he felt he had no right to, and useless wishes to put an end to them that he had not decision to carry into effect.

Then, as days and weeks passed on, a marked change exhibited itself in his behaviour, in his face, and in the whole tone and temper of his conversation.

Mr. Dell, who had at first greatly enjoyed his companionship, began to complain to his wife, at first laughingly, then with annoyance, then almost with concern, that Archy was losing his tongue, his spirit, almost his good humour. What could be the matter with him? They both agreed it might be the remembrance of the cruel humiliation he had undergone; aided, possibly,

by a reaction, such as these eager fluctuating temperaments are subject to, from the great relief and gratification experienced on his first coming to Bletchworth.

Mr. Dell made several attempts to learn if there was any special trouble to account for Archy's conduct, but could discover none; and also to induce him to speak frankly as to what was the matter with him, but with no better effect. Archy persisted that there was nothing the matter. He was melancholy, he acknowledged; and that was all he could say. "If he did not do his duty properly to Mrs. Dell—"

"Come, come, Archy!" exclaimed Mr. Dell. "If you won't speak, not even to a friend, don't at least punish him for wishing that you would. You have effectually silenced me now."

Archy seemed even more hurt at this than Mr. Dell,—but he allowed the conversation to drop: apparently not sorry that Mr. Dell *was* effectually silenced. Mr. Dell wondered more than ever, but soon grew tired of that unprofitable process; and went back to his studio, waiting the time when this slight and inexplicable shadow should melt away in the light of common sense, and under a healthier atmosphere of mind.

But as Archy and Mr. Dell began to draw apart, Archy and Grace seemed to be more attracted to each other. To him her smile became fairer, her voice more musically pitched, than to any one else. Yet Archy never for a moment attributed these pleasant phenomena to a wrong cause, if he did not—could not—dare to connect them with any possible right one. He felt, while with her, that there was a kind of unexpressed, yet perfectly intelligible interchange of sympathy, as though she half-divined what was passing in his heart; and pitied him, and esteemed him the more for his determinedly honourable purpose of making himself as miserable as he could. Yet he treated the supposition as only one of his many day-dreams, which he would have been very sorry to find realized. But one morning, when his eyes were fixed upon Mrs. Dell, and were following her lingeringly, with a dreamy abstract look, he sighed, as he withdrew his gaze; and then felt the blood rush most irritatingly to his cheek as he saw that he had been himself just as closely watched by Miss Addersley;—and that, in a word, she knew as well as he did what had been passing in his thoughts. He would have said or done something—no matter how absurd—to deny the suggestions of her glance, but he dared not; he knew instinctively he was before an intellect more piercing than his own, and to him utterly impenetrable,—a will that was not likely to fail in coping with his will, which unfortunately had yet only distinguished itself by its weakness at one time, and by its fitful strength at another. Here was a new difficulty for him—a new toil clinging about him.

But if Grace had made this difficulty, she certainly did her best to accompany it with all possible compensations. If he ever felt the least wish to be alone with Mrs. Dell, she seemed to divine his wish, and to disappear. If, when they were all three together, the tone of conversation flagged, as it was very natural it should while Archy thus laboured with his perilous secret, she was sure to re-animate it, and to make him practically feel as though he had been battling with shadows, and needed only to open his eyes, take things as they might

come, and be content: all then would be well. If there were any little personal service that Mrs. Dell happened to need, such as the fetching of a glass of water to refresh her jaded spirits, Grace, while herself almost ostentatiously ministering to the young wife's wants, somehow managed to find Archy in the way, as she approached; and so allowed him to hand the water to the fair hand that was held out to receive it; and if Grace did not understand the thrill with which Archy's hand touched Winny's, he did:—only too well. In fine, Archy was rolling down a precipice at a portentous rate; but the sward was so thickly covered with flowers, and the perfumes that his very descent exhaled from them in the crush were so deliciously sweet, that he could only—roll on.

Grace saw and felt she had done right to wait. One half her wishes were accomplished; how now as to the other moiety? What about Mrs. Dell?

One morning, about a month after the beginning of the lessons, Archy thought he noticed in Mrs. Dell a change. Her manner was at intervals constrained, and then again more than ordinarily tender and sweet. What thoughts ran through the young teacher's mind I will not undertake to say; but his senses grew tumultuous, his eye and intellect alike confused, his teachings fruitless, his explanations utterly inexplicable. Mrs. Dell saw, with a heightening colour and a passing shade of gravity, but otherwise took no notice; and went on with the lessons just as though nothing were amiss. Grace came in on one of her flying usual visits, noticed the increased suffusion on the cheek, and managed, by the steadiness of her own gaze, to give it a deeper tinge. And then, with an inexpressibly sweet tone and smile to Mrs. Dell, the mere overflow of which were sufficient for Archy also, she went out again. And so the lessons passed.

Archy felt instinctively that this morning would not end as other mornings had ended, although, at the close of the two hours, he rose, mechanically as usual, to put out his hand to wish Mrs. Dell good-morning; but he was stopped by her saying in a somewhat embarrassed voice:

"Stay, if you please, a few minutes longer."

He re-seated himself, feeling his heart beat fast, unable to guess what could be coming, yet certain there was something about to be said that would be of no ordinary moment to him.

"Archy!—may I call you so?" said Mrs. Dell, in a sweet but timid tone.

He knew not what to answer—that would have not exposed him in a moment—him and his whole secret; so he bowed.

"Archy, I want to ask you one or two questions, that I dare say will surprise you, but you know my respect, my affection for you."

"Affection!" Did Archy hear correctly? No doubt, but if so, he by no means felt prompted to respond, as one might have supposed he would respond to such a word from Mrs. Dell. What was it?—something in the tone, or the manner, or the look that restrained him? He could not tell; but he was effectually restrained. Again he bowed, as the only answer he felt capable of giving.

"Archy, why is it you have been so changed of late?—changed to my husband especially? Why are you so

unhappy? Why do you persistently refuse to acknowledge, what every one who cares about you can see so plainly, that you are ill at ease—that you do not, cannot rest?"

Tints and hues of all kinds appeared and died out, and then again re-appeared on the face of the listener, during this cross-questioning. He was not prepared for it:—had not expected it. He could have quarrelled with Mr. Dell, if necessary, in order to make him be silent, but there was no such solution practicable here.

"You do not answer me? Come, Archy, I want to be your confessor, and see if I cannot disperse this gloom from your brow. But you must be honest and frank. Still silent. Must I then—a woman too—lead you on. *Archy, I know your secret.*"

Archy, thunderstruck, looked up. She sat—just opposite to him, all distinct colour banished from her cheek, yet with a certain vivid animation shining through it, her blue eyes filling with tears, and an expression in them, in her countenance, and in her gestures, that showed she was neither angry, nor alarmed, but very—very sad for his sake.

Archy tried to speak—but could not—looked at her again, and saw the same almost divine pity shining forth, and then—knowing not what he did—he threw himself at her feet, and cried out, as he snatched her hand—

"I do—God knows—I do, indeed, love you! O pity me!"

In an instant Mrs. Dell sprang to her feet, and her whole aspect underwent an entire revolution. Her eyes almost blazed down, in scathing anger and contempt, upon Archy; her hand, hurriedly withdrawn from his grasp, was raised warningly—almost menacingly; a burning spot appeared on her cheek, and when she spoke, it was in loud, deeply-breathed, measured words:

"Mr. Cairn, if I forgive this, it is for my husband's sake. Go—we are strangers henceforth."

She turned, not even again looking upon Archy as he cowered before her, and went right past him to the door, but she paused there, as she touched the handle, hesitated, and then Archy faintly murmured; in a voice broken with anguish—

"You would forgive me, if you knew; but words are useless. Farewell!"

These words decided her. She again changed her purpose, came back, and said—

"Archy, one word. You hurt me just now as I little thought any friend of my husband—any man I respected, or who respected me, could hurt me; but I will not, for one rash act, forget what I wanted to do, and which I thought—perhaps very foolishly—I alone could do. Will you hear me calmly?"

Again Archy bowed.

"I have seen, then, for some time, and I am sure others have seen too—no, do not mistake me—I do not mean Mr. Dell; he has too much faith in your good sense to allow such a thought to enter into his mind; I meant Miss Addersley—she has seen, as I have, how you—"

"Mrs. Dell," said Archy at last, interrupting her with a great effort, "allow me only to tell you this; it is a miserable apology for my weakness—I know that; but perhaps it may slightly modify your thoughts of me to

hear it. Do you remember that, on the first morning of our meeting here—the morning when I had so terrible a story to relate—you had previously spent some time on Norman's Mount?" Winny remembered, and coloured to the very eyes, and was, I fear, again growing angry, but that Archy continued—

"I was, through the merest accident, on the very summit when you came; and I was at first withheld by the fear of disturbing you from making my presence known, and then—then—"

Archy could not proceed, unless he might have poured forth, in glowing words, the burning thoughts that were within; but Winny understood—what woman would not?—all that the sudden break left unexpressed. Presently Archy continued, evidently struggling with all his might to moderate his emotions and language—

"As I looked on you I fancied it was Miss Addersley who stood before me, and—and I remained under that impression for some hours—hours that were but too eventful for me. When I learned the truth I wrestled with myself, and thought I had conquered, and that the daily and growing pleasure I felt in your society was merely that which every one would feel—ought to feel, who could understand you—as I did. I know now the difference, and I—believe me—I am sufficiently punished." Not a word more would Archy say. He felt that he had no right even to play, by means of his own emotions, upon the emotions of the woman before him. And she understood the control he was exercising, and began to recover some of her former respect for him.

"I am glad, Archy, you have told me this, for it removes what would have been always the most painful and inexplicable feature of the case to me—how you could *first* have admitted so dangerous a tenant. But time presses. We must now say at once, and for ever, what remains to be said. You must leave us."

"Yes, I have already seen that," replied Archy; but the mingled depression and resignation of his tone, and the profound melancholy visible in his face as he spoke, touched Winny more than she would have liked to be conscious of, and then insensibly modified, though they could not change her purpose.

"Archy, you must get over this manfully. I was pleasing myself with the thought that my husband would find in you an attached, faithful friend. I sometimes fancy—this is only to your own ear, and because I want you to think differently of me than you have done, both for your own sake and mine—I sometimes fancy I shall die young; I do not mean just now, or next month, or perhaps next year; but I am sure, Archy, you will never see me a grey-haired woman, and so have to wonder how you could have been so foolish—" but here Archy, instead of smiling, as she had intended he should, at her kindly jest, burst into a passion of tears, and wept audibly—turning away from her, as though he would have gladly gone out of the world before he had heard such painful words, and from one whom *he* dared not attempt to comfort. What little right that way he might have claimed he had just forfeited by his conduct.

And Mrs. Dell wept with him, though still smiling through her tears—still rousing and cheering the unhappy man before her.

"Come, come, Archy, let us have done with this.

Perhaps, after all, it is only a morbid delusion of mine; and, perhaps, if I have friends—*true* friends, Archy—” this was said with an accent so full of meaning that it was impossible it could be mistaken—“friends strong enough to keep me here—”

Archy rose, moved by an impulse that he did not need to control, came to Mrs. Dell, took her hand, and respectfully kissed it, saying—

“Will you trust me—once more, and for the last time?”

“I will, Archy—as if you were my own dear—dear brother!”

“O, God knows—if you will accept me as a brother, you shall never again be troubled with this—this folly; only do not mistake me if I continue to reverence you as never yet man did reverence a sister. I thought you would save me—felt you would save me, and you have done so, but in a way I little dreamed of. Allow me for the last time to touch this dear hand—sacred to me evermore.” She held it out, and Archy kissed it, and a tear dropped on it;—and at that moment Grace appeared, and was about hurriedly to withdraw in some confusion, real or feigned, but that Mrs. Dell stopped her.

“Grace, if we wished to have any secrets from you, which I do n’t think either of us do, we are both alike sure you would make it too difficult for us to succeed. I have seen, dear, your watchful eye many a time upon us, and I have understood how you might—must feel, when you knew what I also knew, and what Mr. Cairn has but now acknowledged—only, however, because I taxed him with it. It is but justice to him to say that. But it is all over now. If my interference has caused him some pain, he forgives me, and justifies me, and repays me by a great sense of relief for the future. He is cured, believe me, even though he may need, just a little longer, our womanly sympathy and help. You understand, Grace?”

Grace listened, and turned her face away as she did so, that the shadow darkening over this face at last should not be seen, and that she might give herself time to recall her wandering—almost paralyzed—thoughts, before Mrs. Dell or Archy might see or suspect the terrible nature of the blow they were unconsciously inflicting. What to her just then was all this idle prattle? She longed to be away—felt she was stifling for air and freedom, but instinctively remembering the future, re-prepared herself to play her part for a brief instant, so said—

“Yes, yes. Of course my anxiety was for him, and I congratulate him, if, indeed, he feels he has conquered.” Then Grace walked away to the window, opened it, looked out for a moment, and when she again drew back from the window and spoke to them, it was merely to say—

“Surely there is thunder in the air! How stiflingly close, for September, everything feels!” And then she tried to look on and listen with due attention, during the rest of the conversation, but she could not succeed; she saw and heard only as men see and hear when moving in a trance.

“And now, Archy,” continued Mrs. Dell, “I have news for you. In fact, I have waited for some such opportunity before speaking. I thought it would be

much better for you to seem to be called away, than—”

Archy could only leave Mrs. Dell to guess as to the gratitude he felt for this new proof of her sweet womanly considerateness; and he therefore again bowed his head, and then waited silently for the intelligence she had to communicate.

“Mr. Dell has received a letter from his friend, Mr. Payne Croft, suggesting that you should meet him at Chatham the day after to-morrow, and stating that he thinks he has got a clue to the discovery and exposure of your enemy, and the decisive establishment of your innocence. Mr. Dell is on the lawn. Whatever the result, you will find your friends unchanged when you come back. Farewell!”

Mrs. Dell held out her hand, but when he was about to kiss it, she exclaimed—

“No, Archy; take an honest, friendly grasp of it, if you will!”

“God bless you—for ever and ever!”

And the grasp was exchanged, and the meeting and parting over. Grace had already disappeared:—neither Archy nor Mrs. Dell had noticed when or wherefore.

[To be continued.]

BABES AND CHILDREN.

My infant Hercules, aged three and a half, left me yesterday morning on an exploring expedition to the Land’s-End. He is my only child, and is naturally, in my eyes, the most extraordinary being in the world. In what an atmosphere of delight, and rapture, and wonder he lives; what health nestles on his cheeks, and what promise of muscle and enduring pluck is there in his broad back and sturdy limbs; how careless and free are his gestures and his words; how cheery his little prattle and silver laughter; how musical his very step as he runs along the gravel path to meet me, or as he climbs up the stairs, and knocks at my study door, and cries “Pa, let me come in,”—a request which, however busy I may be, I seldom find it in my heart to refuse. Yesterday morning the house seemed full of life—to-day it is all so quiet that I am startled by the cluck-cluck-cluck of my hens—the crowing of my cock—the distant singing of the skylark, as higher still and higher from the earth it springs. How we all miss the boy! Poor Fido lays on the mat careless and dejected. If ever any created thing had just cause of dislike to young master, and ought to feel thankful for a good riddance, it was the cat, whom he persisted in lugging about and torturing in the most abominable manner the whole blessed day, and yet pussy goes mewling about the house—upstairs and down-stairs—in-doors and out, utterly disconsolate, and refusing to be comforted. In truth, by his absence my boy has left a void the world can never fill, and yet, after all, what is he? A mere child, unable to hold rational converse—with no settled principles—as ignorant as any benighted Hottentot—I repeat, a mere child—

“Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw.”

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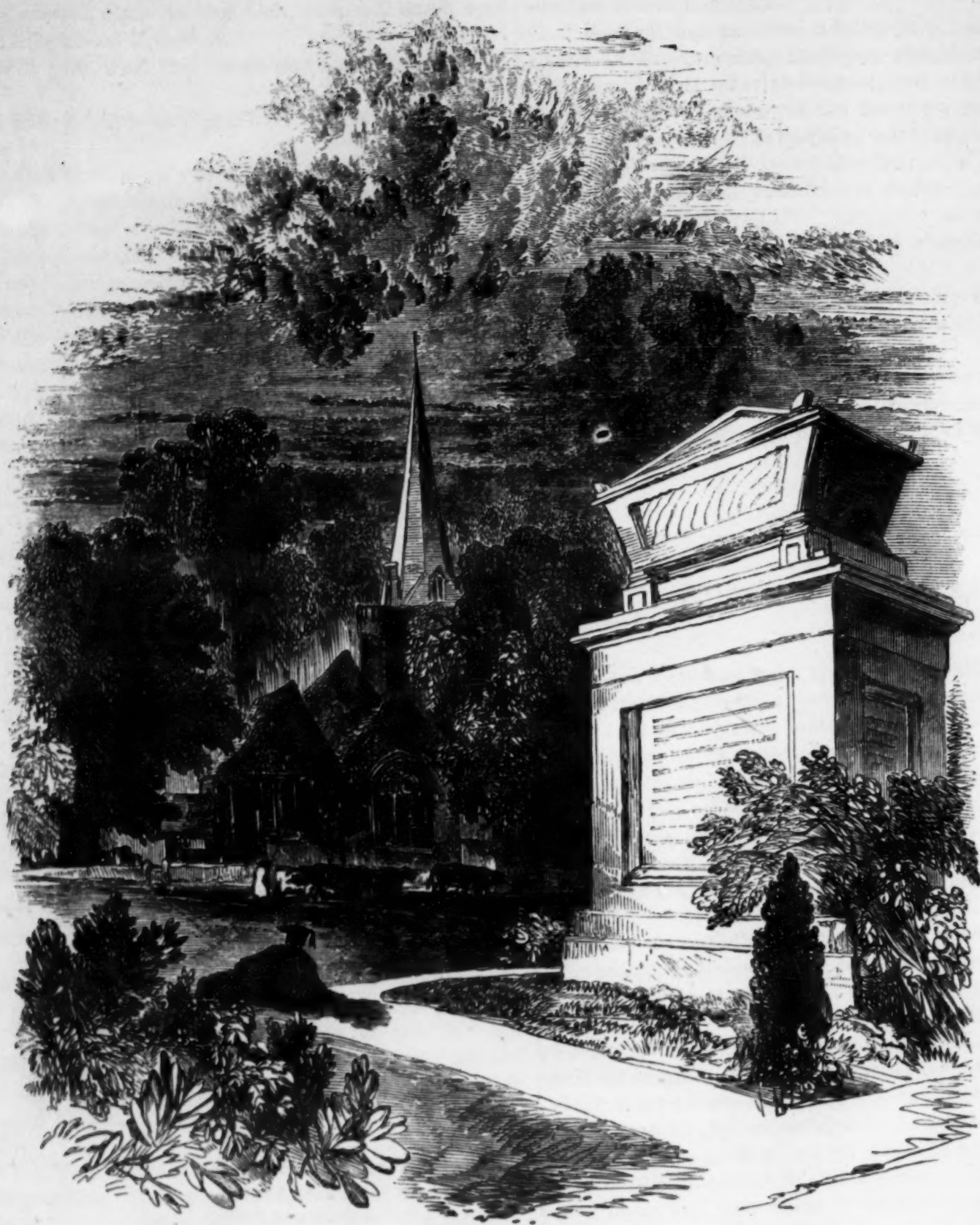
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THE TOMB OF THOMAS GRAY.

THE TOMB OF THOMAS GRAY.

"It was," writes Mrs. S. C. Hall, "an early Sabbath morning, before summer had quite finished her sojourn among us, and when autumn had barely touched the topmost branches of the trees with her golden wand, that we determined on a pilgrimage to Stoke Pogis, and left the pretty hill of Clewer at an early hour to go to church at the place rendered immortal by the poet who wrote so little and so much too. It added to our enjoyment to visit the scenes of the poet's early days on our way to his favourite village—to look upon the old walls within whose sanctuary he imbibed that classic taste, perfected at Cambridge, and the fruit of which seemed the solace of his life. Few spots in England can boast of anything more lovely than the park and lane scenery immediately in the neighbourhood of Stoke Pogis; the church, in its intense retirement, forming a portion, and a most beautiful and brilliant portion, of the domain, does not stand, like ordinary churches, by the way-side or in a village, but, like the church at Great Hampden, amid time-honoured trees, shedding a halo on the residence. All matters at Stoke Pogis are better cared for than at Great Hampden. You drive through a pretty gateway, guarded on the left by the lodge covered with climbers: on the right an embowered path leads to the monument, and the parterre which surrounds the memento of respect and admiration is kept in as perfect order as any flower garden can be; it is separated from the meadow through which the carriage road continues after passing the lodge by a sunk fence, and you see to great advantage the church, with

'Those rugged elms, that yew trees shade,'

backed by ancient plantations. We have never witnessed a scene more suggestive of calm and serious thought. Its effect was increased by the winning voice of the church bell, fraught with its divine message, swelling above the landscape."

And so it is, my dear sir or ma'am, with your young hopeful, prodigy though he be in your fond eyes. Nay more, he has most serious faults—I am not going to argue the question theologically—but he is greedy, selfish—frightfully selfish, thoughtless, self-willed, obstinate, passionate, covetous of his neighbour's goods, and very often quite as ready to tell a naughty story as to speak the truth. This is the fact; there is no denying it. There is another unpleasant fact. You love your boy as the apple of your eye; not for worlds would you hurt a hair of his head, or injure him in any way; were you to be robbed of him by death you would feel a woe too deep for tears; you would feel that—

"Art and eloquence,

And all the shows o' the world are frail and vain,
To weep a loss that turns their light to shade."

And yet if he loses you, if you were torn away by sudden death—if, after playing with him all the morning, you were to be suddenly brought home dead, think you that he would weep, that he would be disconsolate—that he would rend his hair and sit in sackcloth and ashes? Oh, no; possibly a little cloud

The distance from Slough to Stoke is little more than a couple of miles. A white spire serves as the landmark of our journey. We choose the lane that leads to the eastern side of Stoke Park. We continue along the park railings till we reach the church path, which we are about to turn into, when a large stone cenotaph catches our eye. It stands within a neat enclosure, laid out like a pleasure garden with gravel walks, and planted with shrubs and flowers. No jealous locks bar our way—we enter, and read that it is a memorial in honour of Thomas Gray. The monument was erected by the proprietor of a neighbouring mansion—a descendant of the celebrated Penn. The church is within sight of the monument. The church and the churchyard answer to the description given in the Elegy. The church is a venerable time-worn residence; the massive ivy-mantled tower now supports a wooden spire, but it is of modern date. A huge old wooden porch stands on the south side, and serves as an entrance to the church. Not far from it are a couple of yew trees, of vast girth, and the boughs overshadow a broad space; but though evidently of great antiquity, they are very vigorous. Elsewhere the architectural and monumental antiquities of the church might claim a passing notice, but here they must be left unregistered. One simple monument outside the church alone demands our attention. In the churchyard, near the chancel of the church, is a plain tomb which Gray erected near the vault that contains the remains of his mother and aunt. "The churchyard is full, and visited by a quantity of persons," said one of the guides. No wonder, as even the place itself is one of beauty. It is immortalized by the most perfect elegy in our language, and the associations connected with it are of the purest order—

"Memories bright and deep pervade
The quiet scene where once a bard hath thought."

might shade his brow; possibly the awful presence of death around, and penetrating even to the nursery, might chase away for a moment his red lip's sunny smile; possibly he might ask if poor dear Pa has gone up to Heaven, and then there would be an end of the matter, and the new picture-book or the new toy would divert his attention; and you—the author of his being, who toiled and moiled for him, who paved a goodly future for him, who flattered yourself that your form should with his

"Future visions blend,"

will be to him as if you had never been. Truly the Preacher was right, "Childhood and youth are vanity."

In one of his letters John Foster says, "My wife and the brat are in good health. The latter crows, frisks, and indicates the decent symptoms of approaching to something of an intelligent nature, though it is, to be sure, rather a slender sign to be so full of exceeding wonderment at the knocking of a hammer, the ringing of glasses, or a blazing stick." And is it not this very faculty that makes the babe so dear? We love it partly because we can so easily amuse it. One reason of this

I take to be that we—I mean grown-up people—are glad to have an excuse for laying aside a little of our starch, and playing the fool, under pretence that we are playing with the child; just as we may see young ladies caress a child in the most irritating manner in the presence of the other sex, who, perhaps, may feel better able to appreciate and return the caress. We cannot talk to one another as we can to children; we cannot ask one another the absurd questions we ask children; we cannot make before one another the ridiculous grimaces with which we excite childish laughter. Thus children amuse us because we find in their society a relief and an excuse for being young again.

Also still further it may be urged that to us grown old and hoary in the ways of the world, where we may not speak plainly, or call things by their right names, or obey our honest instincts, their straight-forwardness, their unsophisticated yea and nay, their frank rejection of what they do not like, and their plain appreciation of what they do, is both amusing and refreshing. Miss A. marries Mr. B., thirty years older than herself. Your boy hears him thus spoken of. Mrs. B. meets him, and cuddles him, and "how is old Mr. B.?" is his query, notwithstanding. Again, you tell your wife Mr. C. is coming to dine with you; you describe him as a dirty-looking little man. Young master, while consuming his morning's allowance of sop, hears this, and when Mr. C. arrives, his first thing is to repeat the observation which you certainly intended should go no further; how remorselessly children stamp aside all the little miserable conventionalities of life. What a righteous contempt have they for the tricks of society. You cannot even bribe a child to secrecy, for the attempt will but lead to a premature disavowal and your own confusion and shame, and if, as many do, you think it politic to keep on good terms with the children, that you may be on good terms with the misses, thus cultivating the child's friendship for base and sinister ends,—the child will soon find it out. I confess I look on most who try that little game as miserable impostors. I fancy even the mother, the easiest to be deceived in such a case, soon sees through them. Let me here speak of another class of impostors—I mean the people who puzzle children of a little larger growth with questions before company. I was often bothered in that way when a boy by a reverend gentleman of scholarly and port-wine-drinking propensities now no more. He came to dine at ours once a year. He always asked me the same question at a critical moment when the eyes of all the company were turned upon me. I knew the question, I knew when it would come, tremblingly I waited for it, and when it came I always blushing and nervously gave the wrong answer. I to this day owe that revered old pudding-head a grudge, which, if I should meet him anywhere in the next world, I am afraid I shall not forget to pay. The literature connected with this subject might fill a volume. Christopher North writes, "affection for my own children has enabled me to sound the depths of gratitude, gazing at them in their prayers, in their sleep. I have had revelations of the nature of peace, and trouble, and innocence, and sin, and sorrow, which, till they had smiled and wept, offended and even reconciled. I knew not, how could I? to be within the range of the far-flying and far-fetching spirit of love,

which is the life of life of all things beneath the sun, moon, and stars." How fond Luther was of children, and how many were the lessons he learnt from them! The Doctor's little children were one day standing at the table looking intently at some peaches that had been served; Luther observed, "Whoso would behold the image of a soul which enjoys the fulness of hope, may find it in infants. Ah, if we could but await with such joyful expectation for the life to come." Again, "children after all are the happiest." On another occasion when his little son Martin was taking the breast, the doctor said, "this babe and all who belong to me are hated by the Pope, hated by Duke George, hated by their partisans, hated by all the devils; yet the dear child is disquieted by none of these foes—neither is he discomposed by the dread of the evil which these powerful princes and nobles wish to do him. He enjoys his meal cheerfully, and looks around laughing aloud, leaving those who will to grumble and growl." Mr. W. C. Bennet, one of our sweetest of song-writers indeed, has filled a little volume with poems, beautiful and touching, on his "Baby May." She has—and so, dear madam, has yours—

"Cheeks as soft as July peaches,
Lips whose dewy scarlet teaches
Poppies paleness; round large eyes
Ever great with new surprise,
Minutes filled with shadeless gladness,
Minutes just as brimmed with sadness;
Happy smiles and wailing cries,
Crows, and laughs, and tearful eyes,
Lights and shadows swifter borne
Than on wind-swept autumn corn:
Ever some new tiny notion,
Making every limb all motion;
Catchings-up of legs and arms,
Throwing back and small alarms,
Clutching fingers—straightening jerks,
Twining feet, whose each toe works,
Kickings-up, and straining risings,
Mother's ever new surprisings,
Hands all wants, and looks all wonder
At all things the heavens under;
Tiny scorns of smiled reprovings,
That have more of love than lourings,
Mischiefs done with such a winning
Archness, that we prize such sinning."

and so on. Fathers and mothers, had they the power, would all sing in similar strains.

The sleep of a babe, how beautiful it is. Barry Cornwall says,

All gently glide the stars,
Above no tempest lowers,
Below are fragrant flowers,
In silence growing.

Poets ought to be fond of babes and little children. Even old Sam. Rogers, who had a sneer for every one else, had a smile for them. Leslie the painter writes,— "Mr. Rogers was very fond of children. On his visit to us when ours were little ones, his first ceremony was to rub noses with them. 'Now,' he would say, 'we are friends for life. If you will come and live with me you shall have as much cherry pie as you can eat, and a white pony to ride.'" His stories of children, of which he told many, were very pretty,—the prettiest was of a little girl who was a great favourite of every one who

knew her. Some one said to her, "Why does every body love you so much?" She answered, "I think it is because I love every body so much." That old heathen Charles Lamb once gave the "memory of the good king Herod," but there was a screw loose about the poor gentleman. Such a toast must have been given under great provocation, and there are babes and children—not mine, certainly not yours, dear madam—who are enough to try the temper and patience of a Job.

WINNING CONSENT.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

"WILL you promise, Clara?"

"Never!" And the little maiden set her pearly teeth firmly together, compressed her rosy lips till they quite lost the line of beauty, and folded her white arms across her breast in an attitude at once defiant and queenly. "Never, father," she continued, after a moment's pause, and the words were hissed rather than spoken, "never will I become the wife of that old miserly tyrant. Sooner would I die; yes, die by my own hand;" and the black eyes flashed with a fearful light.

"Pretty doings, these," muttered the angry parent. "Things have come to a fine pass, in my opinion, when a girl of eighteen thinks to fool a man of fifty, defies him to his face." Then raising his voice, he said, and emphatically too, "You will go to your room, Clara Havens, and remain there till I call you. Go," seeing that she hesitated, "go, girl!" And he stamped his foot with such energy that the china rattled in the closet.

With a quick, nervous movement the daughter crossed the room; but as she lifted the latch, she turned her head and looked back, and then deliberately retraced her steps.

"Father," the voice was low, sweet, and musical now; "let us not part in anger; let us forget the harsh words that have passed between us. Do, father!" And clasping his hand, she looked affectionately into his eyes.

"I sent you to your room, girl;" but here the stern tones melted into tenderness, and he continued, kindly, "you've tried your old father sorely, Clara."

"I know it," she said, meekly; "yet he will not refuse his child a pleasant good-night;" and she raised his hand and laid it on the rich auburn hair that waved about her forehead.

"Thank you, dear father. I shall sleep sweetly now," and she tripped lightly up-stairs.

"This is dreadful, dreadful," she said to herself, as she stood before her little dressing table, divesting herself of her few ornaments and preparing for bed. "Who would ever have thought that I, Clara Havens, the idol of her old father, would have talked to him in such an unfilial way; bearded him, as a rough boy might have done? And yet I cannot, will not, take back one word. I will not marry that old Wiggins; no, indeed, though heaven and earth conspire against me. Who is he? A coarse, rough, low, ignorant, ugly old fellow, whom, but for his money, my father would spurn from his fire-

side even as a guest, much more as a suitor for his daughter's hand. O, my father, my poor, dear father," and she wrung her hands and paced her chamber, "how can you be so infatuated with the love of gold? How can you sell even your daughter for a miser's hoard?"

Back and forth went her little bare feet across the floor, till at length, fairly tired out, she seated herself beside the open window, and leaning her head on the casement, looked out upon the night. It was a glorious June evening. A brilliant moonlight lay upon the landscape, making it seem like a fairy-land, while from the garden that stretched away to the south there was wafted up the breath of a thousand budding roses. The river that ran to the one side of the old mansion glistened like a broad band of silver set in emerald lines, the low ripple of its waves, as they beat upon the narrow strip of sand, stealing upon the ear like the muffled music of distant chimes. The dense old forest that lay between it and the mountains was beautiful as a picture, with its soft, gently waving shadows and the mottled light that flickered over its fresh green mosses. The meadows, broad and lovely with their rich harvests of grass and grain, seemed like ruffled lakelets with green-breasted billows rising and falling in the evening wind.

Clara gazed long on the familiar scene. Its quiet and its beauty soothed her disturbed spirits, and when, as the village clock tolled ten, she dropped the curtain and laid her head upon her pillow, there was no trace of agitation on her fair young face.

An hour afterwards, her father stole noiselessly to her room. He knew she was a daring, resolute girl, with a good deal of his own firmness in her disposition, and he would not have been greatly surprised to have found her packing her trunk, or writing him a farewell letter. But instead, as he lifted the snow-white drapery that fell about her bed, he saw her there sound asleep, and angry as he had been with her, he could hardly repress an exclamation of admiration at the sweet picture she presented, as she lay there in her fair, girlish beauty, her pure wrapper falling in statuesque folds about her slender but exquisitely moulded figure. Her hair, rich and luxuriant, had escaped from the silver comb that fastened it, and rippled now over the pillow in dark, lustrous waves. Her hands were clasped above her heart, as though she had gone to sleep saying her prayers, while the quiet smile that softened about her ripe, red lips, seemed to say that her last waking thought had been one of joy and beauty.

"My darling child!" And great tears stood in the old man's eyes, and when he bent his head and kissed her, they fell upon her cheeks. Starting as from a pleasant dream, she whispered in low, plaintive tones, "Don't weep, my Fred, I am all your own."

In a moment the father's brow grew stern, and as he dropped the drapery and went out again, he muttered, "It shall not be Fred, though, wilful girl. We'll see who's strongest."

But while he sat and brooded over his dark, unholy thoughts, the little maiden slept on as quietly as though no cloud had darkened her young life, no shadow fell upon her pathway. She dreamed, and her dreams were such as the spring gives to the earth in April, breezy, balmy, flowery, and musical with the blended melody of birds and brooks. She awoke in the morning bright

as ever, and so refreshed by her quiet night, that she felt strong enough to battle friends and fortune. Her simple toilet over, she seated herself by the window and watched the sunrise, and revelled in the glory of the morning, with its floods of amber light, its countless jewelled dew-drops, its clouds of fragrant incense, its soft pearly mists, its rich golden sky, its opening flowers, glistening meadows, and singing birds.

Her father found her there as he came up the stairs and summoned her to breakfast. But when, her young heart full of joy and gladness, she bounded forth to meet him, his cold, dark look struck terror to her, and without speaking, she followed him to the table. It was a quick meal, and Clara was glad when it was over.

"Go back again," said her father, "and do not dare to leave without I say you may."

"And how long must I stay shut up there like a prisoned bird?" she asked with spirit.

"Till you promise to obey me."

"Which means, being interpreted, I suppose, till I will consent to become Mrs. Wiggins. Mrs. Wiggins! Good heavens! The name is enough to scare a girl, were the owner of it a saint fresh from the better land. Mrs. Wiggins! Father, I will stay in my room for ever and ever *and ever*, if need be, but I will never be known by that horrid name."

"You would rather be called Mrs. Fred Ashton, I suppose!" and the old man sneered.

A brilliant blush rushed over the young girl's face, and for a moment she dropped her eyes. Then lifting them, she said, fearlessly, "Yes, sir, I should be proud to bear *that* name, and God willing, I *shall* bear it yet!" and turning, she went back to her room.

Something that was strangely like an oath trembled on her father's lips, but suppressing it, he passed to the front door, and, locking it, and dropping the heavy key in his pocket and bidding his wife watch the back doors, he went out to his work.

And Clara! Did she sit down and wring her hands, and tear her hair, and cry, and sob, and mourn? Not a bit of it. She made her bed, swept and dusted her room, arranged her toilet-table, looked over her bureau, and then sat down quietly to her sewing.

Her father found her busy with it at noon when he called her down to dinner, and when, at two o'clock, he looked in again upon her, he saw her still busy with her pretty needle-work.

"You must watch her close, wife, you and the boys, and do n't let her know that I am gone;" and with the key of the front door yet in his pocket, he set out for a neighbouring town.

For an hour or so Mrs. Havens and little Bill and Jim watched the stair-case, but then, weary and sleepy, the mother dropped her knitting-work and fell into a doze, which ere long deepened into a profound nap. A butterfly with speckled wings drew Bill into the garden on a mad-cap chase, while a bit of string dangling from his mother's work-basket reminded Jim of the trout that gambolled in the orchard brook, and seizing his old hat and diving into his father's desk for a hook and line, the little angler started off, forgetting in his excitement that he had a sister to take care of. She, cunning as a little mouse, had been all the time watching affairs from one of the bannisters, and no sooner was the coast

clear, than she came silently down, bonnet and cape on and a little bundle in her hand, and walked out of the open door, and down the path, and across the meadow, and over the stile, and up a little green lane.

A cottage, new, neat, and tasty, stood at the end, embowered in climbing vines and shaded by two old maples. She paused a moment on the threshold, and her heart went pit-a-pat so strangely that she nearly fainted. Subduing her emotion by a violent effort, she opened the door and went in and passed through to its little kitchen. A young man stood there in the act of nailing up a shelf.

"Fred!"

He dropped his hammer and nail, and turning quickly, exclaimed, "Clara, what made you come? You promised you would wait till it was finished. But what is the matter? You look strangely."

"Fred, I have come to bid you good-bye."

"Good-bye! Why, Clara Havens, are you crazy? What do you mean? Where are you going?"

"To seek my fortune."

"Afoot and alone?" and her lover laughed.

"Yes, Fred. Can't you say, God speed me?"

"But in earnest, Clara, what do you mean?"

"What I say, Fred. My father is resolved that I shall marry old Tim Wiggins, and has shut me up in my chamber till I will promise to obey him. I have run away, and, as I said, am going to seek my fortune."

"Where?"

"In Philadelphia. My mother has many friends there, and some of them, I think, will shelter me in their home till I can earn my own support."

"It's a good idea, Clara, and you're a girl of spirit to carry it out." And then, folding her in his arms and kissing her crimson cheeks, he said, tenderly, "Good-bye, my darling, and God speed you." And picking up his hammer and nail, he pounded away.

Something very much like tears twinkled in Clara's eyes as she latched the garden gate, and went on her lonely way. She had never said it to herself, she had hardly dared think it, but down in her heart had been a something that told her she would not have to go alone upon her journey—that a strong arm would be offered her to lean upon. But instead, he, her lover, her betrothed husband, indeed, had merely said good-bye. Poor Clara! Her heart grew heavy, and her eyes so misty that she could hardly see the footpath.

She went "cross-lots" from the cottage to the turn-pike, not only because it was nearer, but to avoid being seen by the neighbours. As she climbed one of the fences her dress caught on a rail, and an ugly tear was the result. Ever thoughtful, she had put her needle-book into her pocket, and the rent was soon repaired. But the detention worried her, and she hastened on with quickened steps. She had gained the dusty road, when suddenly, on turning a corner, she came face to face with Fred.

"I thought you might like company," he said quietly, linking one of her arms in his, "and so, packing up my Sunday clothes, I started after you."

Happy Clara! Her heart grew light at once, and smiles—beautiful, radiant ones—played over her face. Happy couple! They had loved each other ever since they had first gone hand-in-hand together down to the

old red school-house, and the love had widened, and deepened, and lengthened, until it filled their whole hearts, and they had promised to live the one for the other.

Beguiling the way with pleasant reminiscences and blissful hopes, they passed rapidly on, not halting a moment until five miles lay between them and home. A friend of Fred's lived here, and entering at once into the spirit of their flight, he harnessed a fleet horse into a light buggy, and with a "God speed you," put the reins into the young man's hands. Midnight found them at a cousin of Clara's, a young wife, who, blest and happy in her own new life, was only too willing to aid the fugitives. Tarrying only till early dawn, they started once more on their way, taking the less direct and less frequented road along the Jersey shore. All went well with them till they came in sight of Burlington, but then, just as they were congratulating themselves on the good luck that had followed them, a turn in the road brought them in contact with a light wagon containing three men. A single glance satisfied them that it was Mr. Havens, and in an instant, in a tone of authority, he bade them halt, displaying at the same time a warrant, and pointing to the two constables who sat beside him. Fred, instead of reining in his steed, whipped him up briskly; but it was of no use—there were three to one. The horse was seized by the officers, and Miss Clara dragged from the buggy by her incensed parent. Fred, ready to play the hero in behalf of his stolen bride, drew a pistol, but Clara, breaking from her father's clasp, or grasp rather, ran to him and laying her lips close to his ear, whispered earnestly. Magic words they must have been, for thrusting his weapon into his pocket and gathering up his reins, he whistled to his horse, and drove on with an air that seemed to say, It's a bad bargain, but I'll make the best of it.

Meanwhile Miss Clara, with her father beside her, and the two fierce-looking constables in front, was borne rapidly back to her old home.

"There, girl," said her father, as he pushed her into the room, "I reckon you'll stay awhile this time, if bolts and bars will keep you." And, closing the door, he locked it, and then fastening the key to that which secured his strong box, he went his way. One, two, three days passed, and then one, two, three more, and Clara was yet a prisoner. Regularly as meal-time came, Mr. Havens unlocked the door, and set in a plate of food, and as regularly asked her if she would marry Mr. Wiggins.

"No, sir, never, never!" was the invariable answer.

"She holds out pretty well," he said to his wife on the seventh morning; "shows more grit than I thought she could, though I always knew she was a full-blooded Havens; but I reckon bread and water and solitary confinement will conquer her soon;" and taking up the prison fare, he went to the chamber.

She was not in her usual seat by the window, nor was she in the bed, nor were the pillows and quilts rumpled in the least. She was not in either of the closets; she was not in the room, no, nor in the house. Where was she—where?

Her mother's cheek turned white, and she leaned on the table for support, for there, right before the little

mirror, stood two empty phials, each one labelled—*laudanum*.

"You've killed her, yes, killed her!" she screamed. "O, my child—my fair, sweet child!" And she fell on the floor in hysterics.

Nearly crazy himself, for he did not know till then how dear that only daughter was to his old heart, Mr. Havens aroused the neighbourhood and sent it all, young and old, in search of his missing child. But morning brightened into noon, that softened into evening, and no tidings were brought to him of the beautiful one.

With a last, almost despairing hope, he sent for Fred Ashton. Seizing him violently by the hand, he exclaimed, "Where is she—where is my child—my Clara?"

"It is I who should ask," said the young man sternly. "You tore her from me, when I would have gathered her to my heart as the shepherd does his one ewe lamb. Yes, tore her from me, locked her up, fed her on bread and water, broke her heart, and all because she would not be a traitor to herself. What wonder that she wearied of life! What wonder that she swallowed the deadly draught, and then, half-frenzied, leaped from the window and hid herself! Dying, she feared you even. O, man, man!" and his eyes glared on the trembling father, "Heaven will mete out to you a terrible vengeance."

"For God's sake, do not curse me!" cried the stricken parent. "O, Fred, Fred, find her—find my child. Let me look again upon her face, though it be white in death. And Fred—O, my boy, if she be yet alive, and you can find her, she shall be all your own—your wife at once. Go, go; young eyes are keen, and if you love her as you say you do, you can find her yet."

"And what surety have I, man, that you will keep your promise? You gave her to me once; yes, blessed our vows, and afterward swore she should marry that old miser. Better she should die in the forest, drown in the river, poison herself, hang herself, stab herself, than live to be his wife."

"Boy, boy, you will drive me mad. Here," and he tore a leaf from the family Bible, and catching up a pen rapidly inscribed a few words on it, "here; let this show you I am in earnest; and now go, go!"

Fred read the paper, quietly folded it, placed it in his pocket-book, and without uttering a word went out. All night long they sat and waited for his return, but he came not, nor any message. The long day passed away, and no tidings of the lost one. That terrible suspense, that awfullest ordeal of the soul, how hard it was to bear!

Just at evening a violent storm set in. The lightning flashed, the thunder boomed, the wind rose to a gale, and the rain came down in torrents. The children huddled into the darkest corners of the room, and hid their eyes and stopped their ears, but the two agonized parents leaned against the windows, looking eagerly out, as though each storm-flash would be a revelation.

It was over at last—that terrible cloud-strife over entirely, and the stars came out, and twinkled with pure, clear beams in the deep blue of the sky. But, alas, the star of hope, brightest of all, did not rise for the two

anxious watchers, and with aching hearts they turned away.

There was a hurried footstep on the gravelled walk, a hasty knock, and ere they could answer it, the front door swung open, and Fred, drenched to the skin, came in.

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"Yes, yes, I have found her. *If you would see her alive, follow me.*"

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Slowly, for the brilliant light blinded their eyes, so long in the out-door dimness, they gathered in the picture-look of the room, and its simple, yet fair adornings. They marvelled at it too, for instead of funeral gloom, here was bridal brightness.

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All the nameless æthers of the summer air;

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Hymning—bowed heads prayerful watching sweet
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Of silvery tree-tops, soft unresting quiver,

Telling histories,

Old world mysteries,

Peace and rest assuring ever—ending never.

Of eyes in chuckling brooks that flash so brightly,

Or so slyly,

Or but shyly,

Of chaste wood-nymph, or wild mermaiden sprightly.

Of whispers out the Rose's blushing bosom,

Words to me sweet,

Words from the sweet,

In dreamland she thy messenger, self-chosen.

Thro' trembling raptures, on the lapt soul stealing,

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Hope her new-born future slowly revealing.

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For thou lovest,

And thou knowest,

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THE BATTLE OF THE DICTIONARIES.

"THE Battle of the Books" was said or sung nearly a couple of centuries ago by our English wits. As there is nothing new under the sun; we cannot be surprised to find it revived in America on a smaller scale. At this time, it appears, across the Atlantic there is a fierce battle going on as to the respective merits of a couple of dictionaries. It may be asked—how does this concern the English reader? The answer is, In many ways

We do not go so far as to say that the Americans speak more correctly "the tongue that Shakspeare spake" than we do ourselves. We have heard such an opinion expressed by Americans, but it is one in which we do not share; but a dictionary has much to do with the development and formation of a language—a good dictionary, in all doubtful questions, is a final standard of appeal, and undoubtedly now that Johnson is out of date, or rather that philological discovery has set aside much of what that brave old Tory wrote—it is clear that the best dictionary of the English language is that which comes to us from the other side the Atlantic. Of course the reader, the well-educated and literary reader, knows that we refer to the great Dictionary of Webster, a work which, like Johnson's, was in many respects original; which involved the labour of a life-time; and which, both in this country and in America, has acquired extraordinary circulation and influence. A new competitor for public favour has appeared in the shape of a quarto published by Dr. Worcester. The controversy in America is as to the merits of the respective dictionaries. We decide for Webster. At the same time we admit that the work of Dr. Worcester forms an elaborate, comprehensive, and valuable dictionary of the English language. Dr. Worcester had the advantage of following in Webster's path, and reaping the fruit of Webster's labours. His dictionary is good because Webster's is good. A distinguished German philologist writes to us, "I have had the work itself—the dictionary of Worcester—lying before me for several days. In the etymology, as I had expected, not the slightest improvement is shown. He yet stands exactly on the same ground with Skinner, Junius, Johnson, Richardson, Horne Tooke, and others. Indeed, he is often still worse than any of them, while through his entire reliance on them he makes often a bad selection from them without originality or independence. He has not the least appreciation of what is required of him, and of what the task is at the present time. Hence the book swarms with the most frightful and horrible faults. Almost every article contains more or less that is false, distorted, improper. It is all without system and order, determined by mere sound, and superficial, and still often very far-fetched similarity. Things are confusedly mingled—words related and not related lying near or standing far apart, so that neither in the arrangement nor in the sound does there lie any convincing power for an unlearned reader, even when something of truth is offered.

"For instance, how shall an unlearned person understand that the English growse comes from the only distantly related Anglo-Saxon agrisan, if he has no knowledge of the more nearly related German grausen? In giving several related words the order is habitually reversed. What stands last ought to be first, and what comes first should be last. He takes away and adds according to his own pleasure. If a word, for instance, is at the same time both Spanish and Italian, he either puts down only the Spanish or only the Italian—one knows not why; Spanish gratulacion remains, but Ital. gratulazione is wanting—the Spanish gratulatorio is here, but the Italian is left out.

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"Thus Wieland's remark is proved true, that etymology in the hands of a wise man gives instruction in the most important things, but in the hands of a fool becomes poison and stupidity.

"The word grease, Johnson and Webster, as indeed is clear at the first glance, rightly derive from the French graisse—Worcester does the same, but he places it last, and surrounds it in front with the doubly false Greek term for ointment, and behind with the Gaelic creis, itself derived from the English word. But what has the word $\chi\rho\iota\sigma\mu$, which either intentionally, in order to make it move like, or by a blunder, he writes $\gamma\rho\iota\sigma\mu$, coming from $\chi\rho\iota\omega$, 'I anoint,' to do with English grease, French graisse, from gras, fat, from Latin crassus? And thus times without number. But also in many words the etymology is entirely wanting, because it can only be discovered and traced out by the most experienced etymologist.

"From the preface to his dictionary it appears that Worcester is an unpretending man, and only with great industry gives what others have given before him, without entering on new and difficult fields."

Thus writes our learned German friend. The admirers of Webster need not tremble. Here, in England, we admit his claims, and in America ten millions of volumes of school-books are annually published, all re-

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"Thus Wieland's remark is proved true, that etymology in the hands of a wise man gives instruction in the most important things, but in the hands of a fool becomes poison and stupidity.

"The word grease, Johnson and Webster, as indeed is clear at the first glance, rightly derive from the French graisse—Worcester does the same, but he places it last, and surrounds it in front with the doubly false Greek term for ointment, and behind with the Gaelic creis, itself derived from the English word. But what has the word *χρῖσις*, which either intentionally, in order to make it move like, or by a blunder, he writes *γρῖσις*, coming from *χρῖω*, 'I anoint,' to do with English grease, French graisse, from gras, fat, from Latin crassus? And thus times without number. But also in many words the etymology is entirely wanting, because it can only be discovered and traced out by the most experienced etymologist.

"From the preface to his dictionary it appears that Worcester is an unpretending man, and only with great industry gives what others have given before him, without entering on new and difficult fields."

Thus writes our learned German friend. The admirers of Webster need not tremble. Here, in England, we admit his claims, and in America ten millions of volumes of school-books are annually published, all re-

THE PRODIGAL SON.

No description is requisite for the plate on the other side. The subject is one with which we are all familiar,—the tale is one for all time. Every year we see the same old story realized. We have the youth wasting his fortune in riotous living—then plunged into want—then yearning for the comforts and happiness of home. Happy indeed are those prodigals who have a home to go to; many wake from their dream too late.

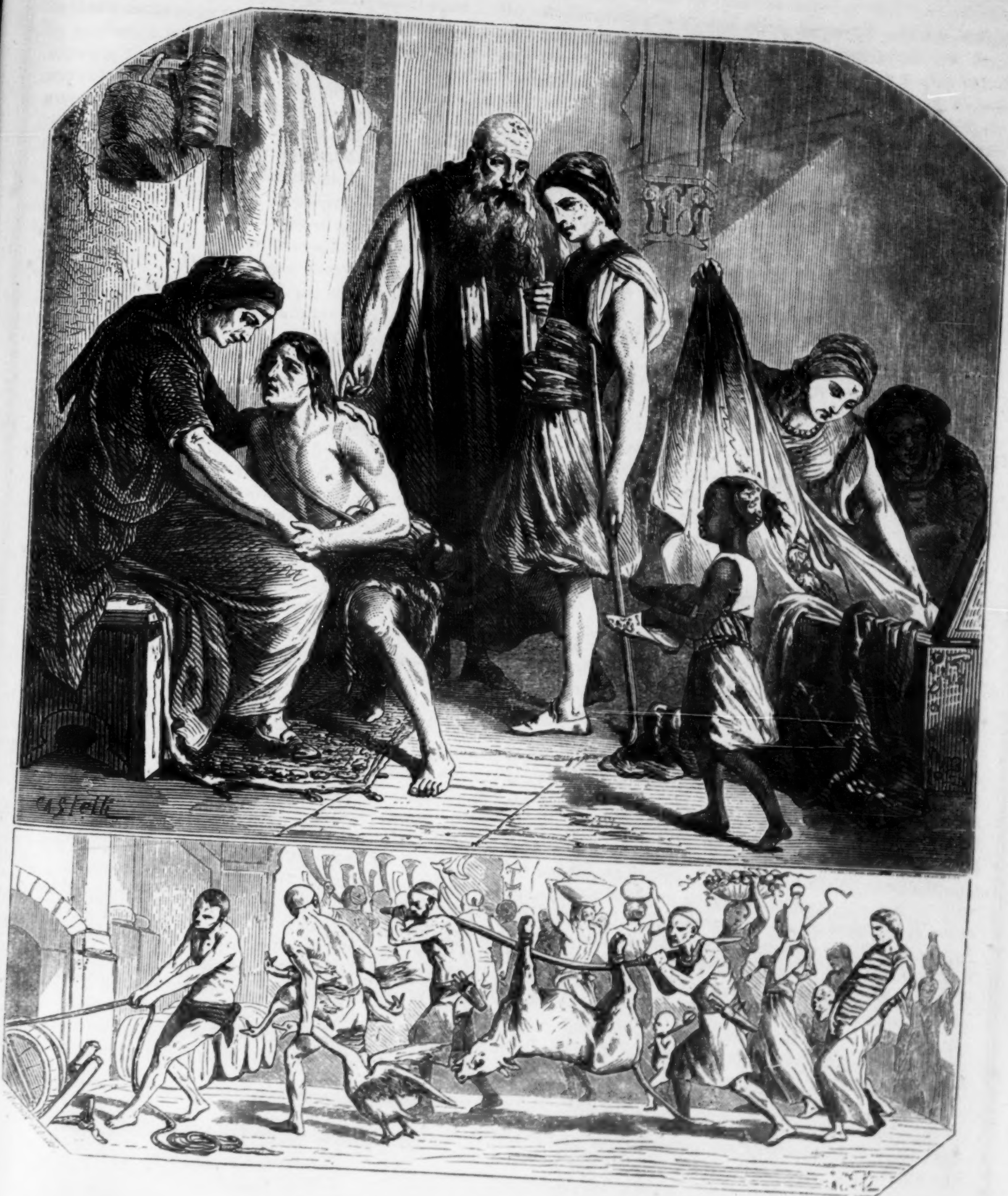
They know better than parents and friends—they will run their gay career—no cloud will ever darken their path—no misfortune embitter their days. Gaily do they drive dull care away. Too late they find how they have been mocked and duped, and that nothing in the world can compensate for the loss of home. The young man may depend upon it that his father and mother are the truest friends he can have.

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editing and preparing Dictionaries, and should, therefore, have acquired great familiarity, not only with the general literature of the subject, but also with all the details necessary to a work of great completeness. He has been assisted in the departments of science and art by gentlemen every way qualified to impart fulness and accuracy to the work, in these respects. Besides, he was able to enter into the labours of other men, to an extent never before permitted to an English Lexicographer. He had access to the great work of Richardson, which is not only distinguished for its learning in the etymology of words, but which is, in fact, a history of the language, marking its progress from the earliest ages until now. And he enjoyed a still higher advantage, in being able to avail himself of the researches of Noah Webster. Dr Worcester does only partial justice to this great work when he says, referring to the first edition of 1828, that it exhibits "great labour and learning, comprising a much more full vocabulary than Johnson's Dictionary, and containing many and great improvements with respect both to the etymology and definition of words." Of the later edition he adds: "This Dictionary has been much enlarged and greatly improved in succeeding editions, by the Rev. Chauncey A. Goodrich, D.D., and has received numerous and high commendations, and has met with great success." We think this praise somewhat stinted, rather than overdrawn; and we think, moreover, that any competent critic will be satisfied, on a careful comparison of the two works, that Dr. Worcester has indirectly, but quite effectually, expressed a higher estimate of the labours of Webster and his successor, in the copious use he has made of their work in the preparation of his own Dictionary.

It is somewhat of a reflection on English scholarship and industry, that we have to give the palm to an American. For years and years we have seen it reported that Dr. Latham is at work on a revised edition of Johnson, and that the dictionary of that ardent old Tory is to be reformed and made fit for the present times. The task is a Herculean one, and we all know Dr. Latham is a veritable philological Hercules,—but in the mean while we must resort to Webster, and, if compelled to choose between him and his rival, must declare that Webster is the man for us. But in parting with Dr. Worcester we would do so on friendly terms. We can quarrel without being angry. Our mother tongue is a language that deserves and repays the devotion of a life. To all honest labourers we feel indebted, and it is an honour to Dr. Worcester to describe him as the author of a dictionary, second only to that of Webster himself.

BUTTERFLIES AND SOAP BUBBLES.

A GERMAN SKETCH.

HERMANN AND ST. ANSCHARI.

"OUT of nothing nothing comes." This is a true saying possibly, possibly only a quibble, but what is perfectly certain is this, that out of next to nothing a great deal comes. That these things are so, the following fable will show; so I say, as once old Phædrus said.

First we must open the doors of St. Anschari on the

eve of the Pentecost festival, not to describe the church, but to prepare our first stage-scene. He who knows St. Anschari with its heaven-aspiring but nevertheless wooden steeple, or, vice versâ, its steeple wooden indeed, but nevertheless heaven-aspiring, needs not ask for a special description here; and to him who knows it not, suffice it to say that any church he knows in Europe will do almost as well. One door of the church is open; inside, on this day, the eve of the great festival, a woman and one or two other persons are busy with sundry dustings and cleanings. The woman, who has been a little disturbed by the games and noise of her little child, a boy of eight years old, has given him a basin, some soap suds, and a pipe, and actually allows the child to blow bubbles not far from the altar, but also not far from the side-door which is open. The caution, however, is given that the bubbles must fly low and burst quickly on the mat near, and not ramble about in the church.

This little boy merits attention: a fair-haired boy with blue eyes, he reminds us of about some thousand other children born in this north country; but there is also in the face, although so young, a look of intelligence which would distinguish him if placed in a class of any other fifteen boys taken at random from the boy-population of the old town. He begins to blow his bubbles, and while the other folk work and clean the church, he amuses himself well.

HERMANN'S FLIGHT.

THE folk who were busy in the church were so exceedingly busy, and with what, perhaps, might be called religious gossip, in addition to their work, that they paid little attention to the boy, who, on his part, never deigned to cast a glance on their Herculean toils. Hermann blew bubble after bubble, and each was more beautiful than the last; in this he saw the altar—in the other the organ pipes and the organ case, and almost imagined that a fairy organ was playing in his bubble; then again in another he saw the tall columns, and beyond all, and more glorious than all, the arched windows gleaming with gorgeous colours. At last he blew a bubble not so handsome as many before, but more compact, and durable, and complete in itself; it attracted the attention of the boy by the bold, free, and off-hand way in which it acted. Hermann had been told that each bubble was to fall and burst on the mat near. This bubble, however, as if disdainful to fall at all, and least of all where it might be trodden under foot, made directly for the little door, and thither the boy followed it, pipe in hand and cap on head, for being a delicate child his mother made him wear his cap in the church, which was even in summer agreeably cool. The boy followed the bubble, which sometimes rose a little and sometimes fell a little, but for a long time did not venture to burst; suddenly, however, without any apparent reason, it did burst, and the boy, not knowing this decided, still for a time went on hoping to find it again. Once on the way the boy thought he might venture still further. Often on returning from school he had taken a long walk with his companions, and the chief ways and road he knew pretty well. So he marched fearlessly on for a considerable distance, soon came to the outskirts

of the town, left it altogether, and trotted on manfully into the open country, which lay spread out before him. The town Hermann always understood as a sort of school, where people had to learn their lesson, and do their work; but the country was altogether a holiday place, and as it was holiday time, why should not Hermann march on and enjoy himself in the beautiful land, brightened by the sun of May?

MILA AND THE COUNTRY-SEAT.

ON that very afternoon on which the boy had been blowing bubbles in the old church, a little girl, Mila by name, had been permitted by her parents about the time of coffee-drinking to play in the large garden adjoining the house, and to run down to the gate that opened on the road to see if her friend and playmate was in sight. She was expecting a playmate from a neighbouring house, but no playmate was yet to be seen; the road was deserted, at least of human beings, but Mila saw a butterfly on the opposite side of the road, and ran across to look at it. The butterfly flew into the field near. Mila, who had often been in the field, followed—butterfly before, Mila behind. Now the butterfly had introduced her to other butterflies, especially to one large and handsome creature. To catch this and carry it to her parents was Mila's wish. She had passed into another field, and from that into a road which she did not know. The butterfly was gone, she missed the gate to the field, and trying to find her way, went always further from her home, and always hoping soon to find it, was always disappointed. She was startled when at no great distance she now saw the houses and spires of old Bremen town, for she well knew she ought not to see them so near. She went on, however, for in the distance she saw some people coming. Two young men came up, laughing and smoking,—Mila had no courage to speak to them. An old man came slowly on,—she spoke, he was deaf. At last two women came up walking quickly,—Mila told her story. "Oh!" said one of the women, "I have just lost my boy; well, this is strange that I have found a lost girl; run back, neighbour, with the little girl to our house. I will go as far as I can, then we will send to the police and tell them we have lost a child, so perhaps to-morrow it will be all right; for it is clear the child is English and cannot explain where she lives." Yes, Mila was an English girl.

THE LOST FOUND.

THE mother went on till twilight darkened, and told every one she met of the fate of her child, but was not so anxious as we might think. The boy often took short walks alone in the town, there was no danger, and he could scarcely go far without being seen by some peasant, and any one in the neighbourhood would have done what he could to get the boy safe to his mother. Besides, he might already be come back. She returned, therefore, and found Mila sitting in her room waiting very patiently till some one would come and keep her company. Mila was sadly off because unable to speak much German, the Platt was quite unknown to her; she had spent a good deal of time in crying and then in wiping away the tears she had uselessly shed. The

little English family in the country had been more excited than the good woman in Bremen, but had not acted quite so reasonably. They beat the bushes all night by torchlight, sent to the neighbouring peasants, and made some very romantic expeditions. Towards morning one of the searchers, the English gentleman, stumbled over a little heap of clothes, and at first hoped he had found his daughter, but was much surprised at perceiving it was a little boy with fair hair and blue eyes, and this child, rubbing his eyes, stared with untold astonishment at the gentleman, the bushes, and the rising sun. Little could be said, less explained, just then, but the child was led to the house and regaled on hot coffee and abundance of bread and butter; then the little boy recovered his senses a little and could tell his story, which the English people could understand tolerably well. "A most extraordinary circumstance," said the English gentleman to his wife, "you shall keep this little boy, a bright child, to amuse you, and I will go to Bremen to-day and warn the police. Our little girl will soon be found."

VISITS.

THE English gentleman had, for affairs of business, settled at first in Bremen, but he and his wife, keeping up their old original taste for a country life, had gone out of the town, and were residing at some distance from the houses and streets to enjoy the fields, the flowers, and the fresh air they so much loved.

Their little girl was found once more, but how? Why, at six o'clock in the morning all Bremen had heard of the strange event, and the father had only to inquire to be informed of the present asylum of his daughter. The woman who had taken care of her was more than thanked, and was told to come with them in their carriage. Then all drove off to the country-house and a happy day was spent.

The children's joy was great, for a large party of friends and of children had been invited there to keep the feast-day. After this an agreement was made that Hermann should come out every week to see his new friends. The lady loved his blue eyes, the gentleman said he was a bright lad, and the little girl felt a sisterly affection for a child whose fate had been so like her own.

One day Hermann met another boy at the house of his friend, and as boys like to talk, they talked together of their sports and their tastes, while Mila sat and listened, and sometimes inclined to one side, then to the other. Mila, however, could only in part understand German, and Heinrich, the friend, had to try and explain sometimes with a few English words he knew. Hermann had begun to like drawing with a pencil. Heinrich laughed at this amusement, and said it was not to be compared with rowing for a single instant. Hermann thought blowing bubbles a pretty game, but Heinrich laughed still more, and said that he had already learned to smoke cigars. Mila shook her head at the notion of cigars, and inclined decidedly to Hermann's view of things.

These three children, thus talking and playing, managed to spend together some happy days, and then indeed years, for now the father of Mila, taking a favourable view of Hermann's abilities, and fearing that the

boy might be quite neglected, sent to a poor school, and in time, perhaps, sink to the grade of a humble workman, determined to help the boy on, and for this purpose sent him to a higher school, provided suitable clothes for him, and on making inquiries of the master, heard that Hermann was likely to become an honour to the place, and amply to repay all the care that had been taken of him.

BIRTHDAYS.

So years passed on, and Mila's fifteenth birthday was approaching. Hermann had prepared his present, Heinrich had also provided one. All the spring and all the summer through Hermann had been indefatigable in the pursuit of butterflies; what he caught he took home to his little room, for he still lived with his mother, and then prepared it, spreading its wing and placing its body on a support. Out of his pocket-money he had managed to buy a little glass case, and in this he arranged the specimens which he had collected of the gay flutterers in the Bremen fields.

Now Mila had already been as diligent, but unknown to Hermann, with her pencil, and many a plant and many a butterfly she had sketched that summer, intending to form a collection some day to be given to her friend.

Heinrich, however, had bought for Mila at a shop a gorgeous trinket—a butterfly of gold and mother-of-pearl fluttering over a flower, and the flower was of silver and held rich perfumes. This was Heinrich's present to Mila, but, much as she admired it, she liked Hermann's better, and waited only for the day when she should be able to give her drawings to Hermann.

The winter was come, and with it soon came the desired birthday. Again these three children were together, and only these three, for many of the wealthier people did not like their children to be friends with the son of the poor widow, and the children themselves would give themselves airs, and speak coldly to him. Heinrich, however, though of wealthy parents, liked Hermann, and Mila liked Heinrich for liking Hermann, and so the three were the best friends in the world.

On Hermann's birthday he was with Mila and Heinrich, and when Heinrich had said all that he meant to do in the world, and how rich he intended to become, and what a grand life he should lead, Mila smiled a little, and thought him conceited, but Hermann sighed and thought that his own life might be sad and very different from Heinrich's. It was then that Mila brought the pictures, and, first showing them one by one to Hermann, asked him if he would accept them, hoping to please him with her labours.

HERMANN'S PLANS.

HERMANN too had plans. The night after his birthday he slept but little. His early days came up before him, and he thought of that afternoon when he chased the bubble and went down the old walls, and still on till he came to the country, and far out on the road had sat down to rest, and then had been overtaken by sleep.

He blew other bubbles now. He would get knowledge. He would ask his kind friends not to leave him, but to

lend him money, which in a few years he would repay. With this money he would go to some German university. There working hard, he would become a clever and very learned man. He might become himself a professor, write books, &c. &c. Then of course he should marry Mila; Mila who had taught him to love, who had taught him to speak English; Mila the queen of his affections. What a noble life he should lead! Heinrich's life was not to be compared with it. Heinrich would collect gold pieces, and they would fly away like soap bubbles. Heinrich, relying on his manly form and his great wealth, would play with many ladies, and they, finding him a butterfly, would themselves like butterflies soon forsake him.

The future is certain for those who are good and brave. So said Hermann, and so he believed. His cheeks flushed with delight and hope. Noble names sounded involuntarily on his lips on that winter night; bright stars were shining, and he had but to lift the curtain from the window not far from his bed, when the infinite universe was unveiled before him as some sublime stage on which a glorious drama is about to be acted.

PARENTS' PLANS.

THAT same night, when Hermann and Heinrich were gone, the parents of Mila sat long talking together, and Mila was their theme.

"If Hermann should consent to enter my counting-house," said the father, "he might, as I have no son to take the business, in time make his own fortune, and then marry Mila. I have no proud scruples. He is a good lad, but I fear he will not do as I wish, and then, of course, I won't have Mila married to a poor German pedant."

"And, for my part," said the wife, "if I could consent that my daughter should marry the son of a poor decrepit German widow-woman, the only compensation would be that she was marrying a clever man—a philosopher—very learned and respected. Now, perhaps, Hermann might become that if you would help him."

"Never!" exclaimed the Englishman. "If he will do as I wish him, well; if not, he is obstinate, disobedient, and ungrateful. I will never speak to him again."

"And if he is mean enough to give up his studies he shall never come to this house again, or see Mila. I can now tell my friends, if they inquire about Hermann, 'Oh, that is a real genius—a lad in whom we take a deep interest; we think he will some day be a great man.' But what could I do if he enters your counting-house? I should be obliged to say that he is a poor lad whom my husband picked up in the road one day; his mother used to clean the old church of Anschari."

"Either way he will not have Mila, it seems."

"Perhaps not. Why cannot Mila marry Heinrich? He is rich, not bad-looking—certainly is not stupid, has no bad companions, and would be by no means a bad husband."

"You describe by negatives: but what is Heinrich?—a rich man, but I much fear he will also be a spendthrift; not clever enough to be a great merchant. However, he is wealthy, and if Mila likes him—"

"Now anything will be better than to have our only child the wife of a comptorist brought up and patronized by ourselves. I never thought of danger, for children brought up together seldom fall in love with each other; but lately Mila has grown a little melancholy, and Hermann is always looking towards her when here."

"It must be seen into. To-morrow I shall speak seriously to Hermann, and ask him about his plans in life."

"Say nothing about Mila," said the wife.

"No, certainly not." And so the conversation ended.

BUTTERBROD.

"YES," said the Englishman, next day, after he had listened to Hermann's statement of his ideas and plans, and wondered at what he called the "check" of the boy, "it is all very fine, but I am a man of business—I have heard you, now listen to me. Become a comptorist! Enter my counting-house and learn to make money; do this, and I shall befriend you. Do something else and we may as well say good-bye at once. I shall always think kindly of you, but our road will be apart." What went on in the boy's mind in the space of a few minutes cannot be represented in words for all; dreams and visions, plans and hopes and fears, seemed to be concentrated and warring there like thunder-clouds, but the love-like reason of the boy kept the storm within bounds, and then very quietly replied, "Then, Sir, I am afraid our roads must be apart." "Good-bye," said the Englishman, and shook hands rather coldly, and as Hermann was leaving he said, "Have you no message for my wife and Mila? You need not trouble to call on them." Hermann's powers of speech were fast going, but he managed to stammer out something about "Love to them both, and his everlasting thanks for all their kindness." Then with dry eyes he was able to march through the streets of the old town, from the counting-house of the rich man to his poor mother's humble dwelling. To his little room we will not accompany him; most know what boundless sources and floods of relief the great mother of all mothers has at command for all her children, when the business world is away and the unfortunate ones dare to open the flood-gates.

The shadow of the tall steeple of St. Anschari was thrown across the whole length of the town, eastward, when Hermann again left his room and descended to his mother's apartment. A neighbour was there, and neither paid much attention to the boy as he entered, for already they were talking of a wedding that was talked of. Heinrich, the heir of a rich merchant, had that day gone to the Englishman's counting-house, and gossip gave the reason that he certainly must have asked for Mila's hand. Hermann, however, asked coldly, as if all were well, for supper, and the mother went to a cupboard, and, bringing out a couple of Bremen biscuits, set them on the table. Milk she had not been able to get, the butter was finished, but there was some good fresh water from the Anschari pump.

"What shall you do, Hermann, now that you have left school?" said the neighbour.

"I shall get a situation as a teacher in some school,

and if I have time to read, and a little money, shall try and get ready for the University."

"Ah, you are a brave lad," said the neighbour, "but who will take you for a teacher? you are so young."

"Nay, I am seventeen years old," said Hermann, "and when I remember some of the teachers, I do not seem to know so much less than they did."

"Oh, as for knowing," said the neighbour, "I'll trust you there."

"Yes, you may well do that," said the mother.

WHAT MUST BE.

WHAT is and what lies before us we notice, but little think of all that must be. The relations and laws of things condition all things, and there is no nook by which any individual can escape into absolute freedom. Terrible it is to have one's life depending on patrons and princes, yet equally so to have society for our patron and prince.

Hermann resigned his patron, who would only help him to follow a path for which he had no inclination, but the next helper, society itself, was still more cruel in its demands. Heinrich went on brilliantly. He had wealth, a sort of renown. He had nothing bad in him, if there was nothing in him for a philosopher to admire. Why did he not take up his old friend Hermann? He had tried once, and offered Hermann money, who disdained to accept a groat, the more so when he learned from Heinrich himself that Mila was to be his bride.

Hermann was a brave lad, and valiantly he fought his way, tiring to unite many different claims. He had read the great authors, and knew something of the divine bubbles they so loved to blow, presenting delicious pictures of the ideal and immortal. The youth loved his mother, and for many years lived with her to help her and provide her with what little luxuries he could,—as to necessities, old St. Anschari's descendants granted those. Then the boy had scholastic duties, and these in time increased.

Now as the days passed on, a man whom all his friends call a fine fellow was to be seen riding side by side with his young bride, the most beautiful woman in the neighbourhood. Heinrich and Mila enjoyed their gay young life, and it matters little what follows. Much they loved life, and much they enjoyed it. Hermann often saw them, but always at a distance; they would never insult him with a visit, and he always avoided them. Yet all that he was trying to conceal was doing its silent work within; soon Hermann was taken ill by over-work, and, desolate in his room, his poor old mother watched him.

So goes the way of the world. Hermann is forgotten now. Few know whether he is alive or dead,—what matters it. Heinrich and Mila are still happy, and their children are each spring amusing themselves with

BUTTERFLIES AND SOAP-BUBBLES.

THE MOORISH SORCERER.

A TALE OF GRANADA.

THE commencement of the year 1565 saw the assembling of a vast fleet under the direction of the Duke of Medina Cæli, Governor of Sicily, for the purpose of subduing, if possible, the noted corsair of the Mediterranean, Dragut, in whom the terrors of Barbarossa had been revived in the inhabitants of the Sicilian and Neapolitan coast. The protection which Charles V. had not been able fully to give to his subjects was still more difficult to obtain under Philip II., and the latter, having suffered through his own subjects by the depredations of the corsairs, was now determined to punish their audacity.

The insufficiency of the duke, the loss of four thousand men by an epidemic, and the loss of several of the ships, by becoming entangled among the flats and shallow waters, while others were wrecked on the coast and became the prey of the Turk, rendered the expedition a sad failure. The second was conducted with far more sagacity. Philip collected a numerous fleet from Spain and Italy, solicited the aid of Portugal and that of the gallant Knights of Malta, and when the armament had reached a force of ninety large and sixty small vessels, he made a more judicious choice of an admiral than before, by appointing Don Francis Mendoza to the command.

The Knights of Malta, formerly the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, expelled from Rhodes by the infidels in the time of Charles V., were now led by John Parriot de la Valette as grand-master. This man, illustrious by his character, his noble deeds, and the ardour with which he had clung to his profession from the age of twenty, added a crowning glory to his name by the zeal and courage with which he defended the citadel of Malta. Calling to his aid the members of the fraternity in various parts of Europe, he collected a body of more than three thousand men. Added to these were five hundred galley slaves, released upon the solemn pledge of faithful service, and the Spanish and Italian troops completed the strength of the garrison.

At the camp of Solyman all was rage and indignation against the Knights of Malta. The galleys of the latter had captured a Turkish galleon in the waters of Levant, laden with magnificent goods for the use of the ladies of the sultan's harem. This cargo was estimated at eighty thousand ducats. Bitterly indeed did the fair creatures mourn the loss of their splendid luxuries, and bitterly did Solyman vow to avenge them. For every tear that flowed from the brilliant eyes of his favourites, he swore to pay back the debt by the death of a Christian.

Under the influence of so worthy a motive, the infidels advanced upon Malta, and the siege of St. Elmo, which cost the lives of fifteen hundred Christians and ten thousand Turks, commenced. For awhile the Turkish standard towered above the fortress, but it was replaced by the Banner of the White Cross, and the Knights of Malta stood once more upon their rock, invincible against the infidels. It was on this occasion that Philip bestowed upon the grand-master a sword and dagger, of which the hilts were of solid gold, adorned with diamonds.

After the cessation of the various civil wars, an edict was published by Philip, forbidding any one to enter the kingdom in the Moresco dress. For a long time the order was punctiliously obeyed, but sometimes it would be broken by those who profess themselves astrologers, and to whom the Moorish costume imparted a show of oriental grandeur and magnificence.

Among the nobles of Granada was Lord de Menezes, a man somewhat advanced in years, and having two sons, Carlos and Alphonso. Some years before an orphan child had been committed to the care of De Menezes by a friend, a Spanish cavalier who lost his life at the siege of St. Elmo.

(To be continued.)

LITERATURE.

Modern Anglican Theology, by the Rev. James H. Rigg; second edition, revised and enlarged. (London: Alexander Heylin.) Mr. Rigg has contributed a well-written and important addition to the religious literature of the age. He is averse to the religious teachings of a school who have become very popular, and who are certainly wonderfully obscure. He traces this school to Coleridge, and hence he begins with the latter—endeavours to get at his meaning, and points out his influence in the writings and teachings of such men as Hare, Maurice, Kingsley, and Jowett. Mr. Rigg belongs to the old school of theology—the orthodox theology of Wardlaw, Pye Smith, and Magee. It is beyond our province to discuss the merits of this or that particular school. We believe in all human systems there must be more or less of falsehood, and more or less of truth. All we can say here is, that Mr. Rigg has written concerning writers in whom we all take an interest; that his book is well worthy of study, exhibiting much careful research and serious thought, and that it is, perhaps, one of the best books on the orthodox side of the question that has appeared.

Every one knows Mr. George Augustus Sala to be one of the most popular and dashing writers of the day. Every one also knows that in these times of universal volunteering a description of "THE GRAND VOLUNTEER REVIEW" from his pen would not only be deeply interesting, but would be sure to command an extensive sale. Mr. William Tinsley, of the Strand, has done good service in reprinting, in an elegant and attractive form, Mr. Sala's account of the grand day in Hyde Park. We imagine every volunteer will procure a copy as a souvenir of the glorious 23rd of June, and to the multitude who were not present this little book will, we doubt not, prove equally acceptable. This second edition contains additional matter, and is a permanent manual not alone of the Review, but of the grand doings at Wimbledon as well.

The Blind Schoolmistress: a True Story; by J. J. (London: Partridge and Co.) The individual who forms the subject of this narrative we are told is worthy of remembrance for her piety and usefulness, and affords an example of energy under the most unfavourable circumstances, not often recorded. The narrative is very

slight, but is written in a healthy spirit. J. J. must, however, write with more power if he would make himself a place in the world of literature.

The History of Methodism in Yorkshire has given the author of "Orphan Upton," "The Heirs of the Farmstead," an opportunity of publishing a dramatic and powerful religious tale. *Farquhar Frankheart; or, Incidents in the Introduction of Methodism into Yorkshire* (London: Ward and Co.); is the title of the book. The author has been happy in the choice of his subject. There are few periods in the history of Yorkshire more interesting. Methodism was an innovation, and resented accordingly. Genteel people did not like it, and sneered at it; the mob did not like it, and grew rough and riotous. If it had not been for the vitality of the doctrine taught, those rough and sturdy Yorkshire men would soon have crushed it at its birth; but if some were strong in opposition, others were strong in favour, and gave themselves heart and soul to it, and so Methodism flourished, and spread all around. The history of all this to one of the same way of thinking is no doubt deeply interesting, and characters would be developed, and incidents would arise, and language would be heard, out of which fiction could elicit a connected and touching whole. Our author has done this, and if it be confessed the dialect to us sometimes is somewhat hard to be understood, it can be urged in reply that the truth and naturalness of the tale is all the more fully embodied and displayed.

Poems, by L—. Third Series. (London: Whitfield, Strand.) Under the modest title of "L—" some one, male or female we cannot say—we suspect the latter is gaining a very respectable poetical reputation. The writer is not of the school of Milton, or Scott, or Wordsworth. Nor does he favour us with vapid imitations of Tennyson and the modern school, but is pleasing, offends no prejudices, and sings, rather than teaches, or inspires. There is nothing spasmodic about L—. Most of the pieces here printed are short and simple, and of a class that always have been, and always will be, popular. The volume is very elegantly got up, and will be no doubt most acceptable to the large class among whom L— has already become a favourite name.

PROFESSOR LIONEL BEALE (Oxford: James Wright) has sent us a pamphlet entitled "Some Points in Support of our Belief in the Permanence of Species, and on the very Limited Application of the Doctrine of their Origin by Natural Selection, suggested by a discussion in Section D of the British Association for the Advancement of Science." Our readers are aware that there was a very animated discussion on this subject at Oxford last month—Professor Henslow taking the Darwinian side, and the Bishop of Oxford the other. Professor Beale argues from an anatomical and physiological point of view, against the theory of Darwin as to the origin of species. His tractate is short, very clear, and weighty. He suggests that we are not in a position to generalise on such subjects; that we do not know enough of the different creatures around us to enable us to come to any conclusion as to the nature of the changes occurring in their formation as it takes place under our eyes, much less as to their origin.

THE MONTH.

HAY-MAKING is over. The fine weather has been a great blessing to all engaged, and has also ripened very materially the growing crops of wheat and grain. The wet has, however, damaged beyond recovery our garden crops. It is to be hoped that the fine days we have lately had have given an impulse to trade, which in all departments has languished fearfully of late. Manchester muslins are being offered very cheap; and in some quarters, where the hands are asking more wages, there is a talk of closing the mills altogether. At Coventry there appears to be terrible distress.

On July 9th the Prince of Wales left Plymouth for Canada. He is accompanied by the Duke of Newcastle. He goes out attended and followed by the best wishes of his future subjects. It is wise to send him to Canada, it will be wiser still to let him travel in America—to bring him face to face with other modes of government. At any rate, travelling anywhere is better for him than being kept in sloth and indolence at home. It is hard to be a prince—to be born to greatness—to have the rewards which by other men are only won by a life-long struggle.—We may add here that the Great Eastern has reached New York in safety. The run, as it is termed, without deducting stoppages to sound, and delays from fog and the gulf-stream, was made in eleven days, two hours; the excitement in New York is described as very great.

On Saturday, July 7th, the grand rifle match concluded. On the following Monday the distribution of prizes took place at the Crystal Palace, Lord De Grey and Ripon in the chair. After a speech from the chairman on the rapid growth and importance of the movement, the prizes were presented. Each recipient was received with cheers, especially the Swiss. Sharp (9th Sussex) received the silver medal, and finally Mr. Ross was presented with the Queen's prize and the gold medal, amidst the greatest applause. Lord Elcho said he hoped her Majesty would continue her gift annually. Cheers were given for the chairman and Lord Elcho, and the spectators, who numbered about twenty thousand, dispersed. The weather was fine, and the ceremony was a decided success. The loudest of brass bands at the Crystal Palace, the following days, seemed a natural sequence. Music and fighting always go together.

The eclipse that took place on July 18th ranked among the most remarkable, as the time of absolute total eclipse was very nearly the longest possible. The breadth of the greatest shadow line possible is about 180 miles, and in this eclipse it was about 130 miles, and its passage over the earth about 7000 miles, and the interval of time from the shadow first touching the earth in California and finally leaving it in Egypt was about three hours; within this space the eclipse was total. The shadow first touched the earth in the North Pacific Ocean, near the coast of Upper California; from thence it passed over North America, crossing Hudson's Bay, Labrador, and the Atlantic. It first touched Spain at the bottom of the Bay of Biscay; passing across in a line from north-west to south-east, over and nearly parallel to the river Ebro. Leaving Spain between Valencia and Tortosa, it crossed the Mediterranean and the southernmost of the Balearic Islands, and entered Africa between Algiers and Constantine, and finally left the earth near the shores of the Red Sea. Although the phenomena of this eclipse in England fell far short of those in the line of totality, yet it was the largest of any solar eclipse that will happen here till the 22nd day of December, in the year 1870; the next, and only one in this century, will be in the year 1887, on August 19th, which will be nearly total.

The value of statistical science has been made so manifest during the last few years that the public cannot fail to take a lively interest in the proceedings of the International Sta-

tistical Congress which was inaugurated by the Prince Consort at Somerset House, on July 16th. The Prince's speech was a most able exposition of the general principles of the science. It is matter for congratulation that the foreign delegation musters so strong. Previous to the arrival of his Royal Highness, a preliminary meeting took place, under the presidency of Mr. Milner Gibson, for the appointment of officers, and the adoption of regulations for the general meeting and the sections.

His Grace the Duke of Argyll has consented to preside at the annual meeting of the Lancashire and Cheshire Association of 120 Mechanics' Institutes, to be held in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, in the ensuing autumn, and to distribute prizes and certificates to the candidates who successfully competed in the recent examinations of 2500 adult male and female members attending night schools in these mechanics' institutions.

Madame Emilie Zulavsky Kossuth died on the 29th ult., at her residence in Brooklyn, New York, aged 43 years. Madame Zulavsky was a sister of Louis Kossuth, and had been in the United States since the memorable visit of the distinguished Hungarian exile.

The whole of the large and valuable collection of drawings, diagrams, plates, preparations, and other articles used by Dr. Lindley in illustration of his Botanical Lectures while Professor at University College, will shortly be sold by Mr. Stevens.

The Thirtieth Annual Meeting of the British Association claims a word of notice. It was commenced on the 27th ult. in the Sheldonian Theatre, Oxford, when the Prince Consort laid down his office as President and resigned the chair to Lord Wrottesley. His Royal Highness, who was greeted with prolonged applause, briefly addressed the meeting, expressing a hope that the interests of science had not suffered in his hands, and paying a graceful compliment to his successor in the presidency. Lord Wrottesley, having been duly installed in the chair, delivered his inaugural address, after which the Earl of Derby proposed, and Dr. Whewell, Master of Trinity, seconded, a vote of thanks to his lordship for his address. The general committee had previously met in the Convocation House, under the presidency of Dr. Whewell, to transact the general business, and appoint the presidents, vice-presidents, and officers for the different sections. On the 28th ult. the sections assembled in the rooms appointed for them, for reading and discussing reports and other communications. The sections were as follows:—*Mathematical and Physical Science*.—President, Rev. B. Price, Professor of Natural Philosophy, Oxford. *Chemical Science*.—President, B. C. Brodie, Esq., Professor of Chemistry, Oxford. *Geology*.—President, Rev. A. Sedgwick, Professor of Geology, Cambridge. *Zoology and Botany*.—President, Dr. Daubeny, Professor of Botany, Oxford. *Physiology*.—President, Dr. G. Rolleston, M.D., Professor of Physiology, Oxford. *Geography and Ethnology*.—President, Sir R. I. Murchison, Director of the Geological Survey. *Economic Science and Statistics*.—President, Nassau W. Senior, Esq., late Professor of Political Economy, Oxford. *Mechanical Science*.—President, W. J. Macquoin Rankine, Esq., Professor of Engineering, Glasgow. On the evenings of the 28th, 29th, and 30th there were *conversazioni* in the University Museum. On July 2nd the general committee met for the purpose of deciding on the place of meeting for 1861, when it was resolved that it be held at Manchester towards the close of August, under the presidency of Mr. W. Fairbairn, and that the Earl of Ellesmere, Lord Stanley, Sir B. Heywood, and Mr. Bazley, be the Vice-Presidents. On July 3rd there was a microscopical *soirée* in the Museum, and the concluding general meeting took place in the Theatre, on July 4th, when the proceedings of the general committee and the grants of money sanctioned by it were announced, the total amount voted being £1390. In a Convocation held in the Theatre, the honorary degree of D.C.L. was conferred on M. Auguste de

la Rive, Minister Plenipotentiary of the Helvetic Confederation; Lord Wrottesley, M.A., V.P.R.S.; and the Rev. Adam Sedgwick, M.A., F.R.S., Fellow of Trinity, and Woodwardian Professor of Geology, Cambridge. Professor Sedgwick was very warmly and loudly applauded.

The sale of the Belvidere Pictures seems to have been most successful. We subjoin the principal pictures, with the price of each, and the names of the respective purchasers. Lot 2. Gaspar Poussin, born at Rome 1613, died 1675. A grand Classical Landscape, with figures on a road on the bank of a river, buildings on a rocky height, and mountainous back-ground. A beautiful and clear example—115 guineas. (Rutley.)—7. Tintoretto (Jacopo Robusti), born at Venice 1512, died 1594. "Venus, Vulcan, and Cupid in an apartment." An admirable example—220 guineas. (Blake.)—9 and 10. Philip Wouvermans, born at Haarlem 1620, died 1668. A *Manège*, or Riding-house, beneath a wooded bank, with cavaliers and horses, a cannon at the top—an upright cabinet picture; with the companion, a *Manège* beneath a wall, with sculptured ornaments above, a farrier and horses, with attendants—180 guineas. (Blewitt.)—11. Paolo Veronese (Cagliari), born at Verona 1528, died 1588. "The Marriage in Cana"—115 guineas. (Emerton.)—12. David Teniers the younger, born at Antwerp 1610, died 1694. "Interior of the Archduke Leopold's Picture Gallery at Brussels." A splendid work—400 guineas. (Ensom.)—13. David Teniers the younger. "Interior of the Artist's Painting-room." Equally fine—440 guineas. (Duke of Cleveland.)—14. Vander Goes (not Himmelinck), painted 1467-80. (Scholar of Van Eyck. "The Stem of Jessie"—200 guineas. Exhibited at Manchester. (Gardener.)—16. E. W. Cooke, A.R.A. "The Goodwin Sands." A life-boat going to the rescue of the crew of a stranded vessel near the floating light. Unquestionably the very finest work of this great artist. Exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1857—730 guineas. (Lloyd.)—17. Murillo (Bartolme Esteban), born at Seville 1618, died 1682. "The Immaculate Conception."—This noble work, by Sir Culling Eardley's permission, is now being engraved in line by Knolle, of Brunswick, for Messrs. Graves, of Pall Mall. It was put up at 5000 guineas, and advanced by 500 guineas at each bidding till it reached the enormous amount of 9000 guineas, at which sum it was adjudged to Mr. Graves. Great applause followed.—18. Claude de Lorraine, born 1600, died at Rome 1682. A grand classical composition—460 guineas. (Colville.)—19. Jan Baptiste Weenix, born at Amsterdam about 1600. A grand landscape—740 guineas. (Morrison.)—20. Sir Anthony Vandyck, born at Antwerp 1599, died at Blackfriars, London, 1641. "Snyders, Wife and Child."—Exhibited at Manchester—1000 guineas. (Greville.)—21. Sir Peter Paul Rubens, born at Cologne 1577, sent as ambassador to England by Philip IV., knighted by Charles I., and died at Antwerp 1640. A lady in a green and white dress, seated in a chair, with an infant in her lap. Before her stands a youth in a crimson dress, a fair girl, somewhat younger, in a black dress, stands next, and in front a lovely child, the daughter of Rubens, in a black and white slashed dress. The figures are represented on a terrace, under a canopy, supported by caryatides, from which a red drapery is suspended. A beautiful landscape, under the effect of twilight, seen in the back-ground. It was put up at 1000 guineas, and advanced 500 guineas at each bidding, till it reached the enormous amount of 7500 guineas, at which sum it was knocked down to Mr. Ward. Great applause followed the adjudication. This portion of the Belvidere collection realized the immense sum of £22,575. Next followed the very celebrated pair of portraits by Rembrandt, the property of the Rev. Samuel Colby, deceased, for whose ancestor they were painted. Lot 22. Rembrandt Van Rhyn, born on the banks of the Rhine, near Leyden, 1606; died at Amsterdam, 1669.—Portrait of Mr. Ellison, minister of the English church at Amsterdam. 23. Rembrandt.—Portrait of Mrs. Ellison, wife of the preceding. The two portraits

were put up together, and fetched 1850 guineas. (Purchaser Mr. Fisher.) The sale concluded with two noble *chefs d'œuvre* by Boucher, painted for the King Louis XV. in 1748. 24. Boucher.—Le Moulin de Charenton: a view of the old mill which still exists in the park of Charentoneaux. In the foreground, a lady and boy near a sculptured fountain, a shepherd and shepherdess, and two children with a goat. A most lovely composition, with the companion picture Les Oiseaux. The two pictures are the perfection of decorative art—1250 guineas. (Ward.) These 25 pictures, with two others of minor note, realized the astounding sum of £25,887 15s. within the short space of an hour and a half.

The high prices of provisions have set people talking and economizing. A correspondence has lately taken place in the columns of the *Times* on this subject. "A Foreign Provision Broker" writes that fortunately America has "supplied us this year with a double quantity of really excellent salt beef, at prices which, when fairly known to the British public, will be most acceptable. Really good salt beef, of last season's cure, can be purchased wholesale at from 2½d. to 5d. per lb., with a large proportion of fine joints. This might be sold in retail at 3d. to 6d., and confer a great boon on the community. The meat is considered quite good enough for our soldiers and sailors, and only requires a fair trial to become an article of regular home consumption." Messrs. John Marquis and Co., the brokers, of Liverpool, say, in a circular, that there is an exceedingly large quantity of this American beef at market, at exceedingly low prices. "It is packed in tierces of 304 lb. each, and is cut as nearly as possible into 38 pieces of 8 lb. each. Meat from light cattle can be had as low as 55s. per 304 lb., casks included; this description contains about 18 or 20 pieces, cut from the ribs, sirloin, flank, brisket, and rump; the remainder is from the leg and shoulder. In a better article the meat is cut from heavier beasts, and with fewer coarse pieces, rising in price, according to quality, to 115s. for the very best, consisting altogether of prime cuts."—Mr. G. Warriner, instructor of cookery to the army, also takes up the subject, and gives the following directions as to the preparation of the beef for eating:—"The American salt beef comes to this country in pieces from 8 lb. to 12 lb. in weight; before being cooked they should be well washed, and soaked in cold water for 24 hours, changing the water three times. For boiling, it should be placed in a stewpan of cold water, and made to boil quickly; as soon as the water boils the meat must be taken out, the water thrown away, and fresh cold water placed in it, with the meat still warm; boil it the usual time, according to the description of joint. Baked or roasted salt ribs of beef: Prepare the meat as above, make a paste of flour and water, cover the meat with it (as hams are done in many parts of England), and bake in a slow oven for 20 minutes for every pound of meat; do not cut it when hot, and it is fit for the breakfast tables of incomes of £1000 a year. Stewed salt beef: Prepare it as above, and cut it into steaks of the usual thickness; have some cabbage or other greens, ready boiled, chop them up, and, with the meat, place in a stewpan with a gill of water to every pound of meat, one teaspoonful of sugar to each pound, and a teaspoonful of pepper to every four pounds of meat; stew gently for two hours, and serve. The flavour of this may be varied by adding either carrots, potatoes, haricot beans, chestnuts, or boiled maccaroni, cut up into pieces about an inch long; and it may be flavoured with vinegar, mustard, or sauce, and, in fact, in many other ways, in order to give a change and render it agreeable. This beef contains much more nourishment than the majority of that which is now sold in the London Market."

The sums required in the Civil Service Estimates for Public Works and Buildings amount to a total of £621,990, which shows a decrease on those of last year. The sums devoted to the mere maintenance, repairs, &c., of palaces in the personal occupation of the Crown are £22,269, of which £12,087 (exclusive of a considerable sum granted for a new

guard-house) is for Windsor alone. Buckingham Palace takes £2024; its chapel, £2400; its mews, £1802. As we understand, in addition to the £12,087 above stated to be for Windsor, there is a further sum of £8745 for the same purpose; but this appears in another section of the account. St. James's Palace demands £4827. Palaces not in the occupation of the Crown require £11,549, in which the second sum for Windsor appears. The repairs and maintenance of public buildings amount to £49,163, being an increase on last year of £1300. Of this sum public offices take £29,111; Chelsea Hospital, £4101. Of all extraordinary charges is the item of £1200 for the preservation of the Wellington Funeral Car,—a mere piece of tasteless military upholstery,—a sum large enough to maintain a group of scholars in a good college, or to erect another statue to the Duke. Public buildings in Scotland have £16,393 10s. 11d. mainly for Holyrood Palace. Royal parks and pleasure-grounds for ordinary costs and expenses take £100,440. The extraordinary expenses for these this year are, £3690 for Battersea Park,—£1000 for Chelsea Hospital Gardens,—£507 for Kennington (!),—£1570 for Kensington Gardens,—£13,593 for Kew,—£708 for Regent's Park,—£2374 for Richmond Park,—£4182 for St. James's, Green, and Hyde Parks,—and £1217 for Victoria Park. At Kew, a lake, five acres in extent, is to be added, with wooded islands, now almost finished, together with a conservatory, or temperate greenhouse. The Houses of Parliament cost £39,597; of which £5669 is for casual expenses and external and internal repairs to those parts of the edifice delivered over to the Department of Works and Public Buildings,—£4333 for works of warming, ventilation, lighting, and wages,—£1000, to the officer in charge,—£5795 for gas,—£3180 for fuel,—£1500 police,—£3350 for furniture,—and £500 for the completion of the great clock,—£3000 for the site of the Speaker's residence, its offices, &c.,—£4000 for the decoration, including the payments for the year to Messrs. Maclise, Ward, and Cope. Public buildings in Ireland take £80,117.

Mr. Desanges has added another picture to the Victoria Cross Gallery at the Egyptian Hall, commemorative of the event which won for Mr. T. H. Kavanagh, Assistant Commissioner in Oude, the Victoria Cross. The gallant civilian is represented in the dress of a native gentleman of Lucknow, and is surrounded by friends and companions, among whom are Sir James Outram and Sir Robert Napier. The former with a burnt cork is seen blackening our hero's beard, while others are affectionately assisting in adjusting portions of his costume.

Galignani states that at a sale of autographs on Saturday, a letter, written, dated, and signed by the hand of Mary Stuart, and addressed to her good and dear mother, Catherine de Medicis, was knocked down at 222f.

Raphael's Apollo and Marsyas continues to excite unbounded admiration in Rome. Among the artistic notabilities who have visited it are Professors Tomaso Minardi, Nicola Consoni, L. Cochetti, G. Sanguinetti, G. B. Canevari, &c., each of whom, on inscribing his name in Mr. Morris Moore's visitors' book, has added some glowing words expressive of his feelings. All declare the Apollo and Marsyas to be one of the most exquisite works of Raphael, as displaying in the highest degree that refined perception of beauty and expression by which Raphael towers above all other painters. No one in Rome dreams of discussing its authenticity, since to hint a doubt would be a proof of the crassest ignorance—*dell' ignoranza la più crassa*. To have seen Raphael paint it, say they, could add nothing to their convictions. It is pronounced worthy to stand with the Borghese Entombment, the Disputa del Sacramento, or any work of the most classical period of the master.

The French Scientific Congress will this year hold its meeting at Cherbourg, from the 2nd to the 10th of September.

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FOUNTAIN AT SANS SOUCI, BERLIN.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

A FOUNTAIN IN THE GARDENS OF SANS SOUCI, NEAR POTSDAM.

IN the course of this month it is anticipated that our gracious Queen will pass over into Germany with her Royal Consort, on a visit to his relations. No doubt—especially under present circumstances—the occasion will be an interesting one. Queens and kings have their feelings as well as meaner folk. It is seldom they are permitted to indulge them. Perhaps—for we are not in the possession of court secrets—the Queen will pay her august daughter a visit at Berlin, and will see how the new home prospers with her child. If this be the case, one of the places which her Majesty will visit, will, of course, be Sans Souci, and for this reason we introduce a view of a fountain in the gardens of that favourite Royal residence.

The Chateau of Sans Souci, not far removed from Potsdam, has, within the last few years, undergone very considerable alterations, and several beautiful fountains have been added. The broad beautiful basin is ornamented with some of the most beautiful fountains to be found in Prussia. Irrespective of the grand central group, which is remarkable for the exquisiteness of the details as well as for the noble design of the whole, there are several smaller pieces famous for their artistic skill, and equalling many of the lesser fountains at Versailles. In other parts of the gardens fountains are to be found, giving a delicious coolness to the place, and adding that charm which water always affords to a landscape. One of these fountains is represented in our engraving. It is secluded from general observation by the tall trees with which it is surrounded, yet the beauty of the design has scarcely ever been surpassed. The graceful form of the urn—the elaborate finish of the bas-reliefs—the simplicity of the pediment, ornamented with winged heads, from which streams of water are made to flow, all contribute to the effect of the whole, and render it especially interesting as a work of art. Small jets of water are made to spring from the basin, falling again like a shower of diamonds. The Chateau itself dates from 1745, when Frederick the Great laid the first stone of the building. He desired a hermit's cell—we all do—where he could leave the world with all its trouble, and unrest, and falsehood, and insincerity behind. Did he find it there? Very likely not. "Uneasy lies the head," says the poet, "that wears a crown."

The grounds attached to the Chateau are remarkable for their beauty and fertility. Courtly writers are put to it to find language sufficiently enthusiastic. The gardeners and architects, it is said, have improved nature. A hill, clothed with the richest verdure, has been broken into six terraces, each composed of a broad rampart and walls, on which the rarest vines are spread. The visitor ascends by six staircases of twenty-five steps. In the spring, when the oranges have not yet appeared, the symmetry of the staircases and terraces give to the picture a very marked and peculiar character; but when the trees are loaded with fruit, and the flowers are scattered all about; when the vines, after the fashion of the Tyrolese, are trained on light and elegant trellis-work; when the bright sunshine sheds its glory on all around, the spectacle is one of the most picturesque that can possibly be imagined. On descending the staircases the visitor is brought to the edge of a magnificent basin, which stretches its silver surface at the foot of this mountain of terraces. In the centre of the lake is a group of mythological statues, casting up a stream of water which surpasses in its height the loftiest of the terraces. The basin is one of the curiosities of Sans Souci; in fact, the interior of the Chateau itself is neither marked by elegance nor luxury, its main interest being founded on the fact that it was once the home of the Great Frederick. People who visit the place care chiefly for the celebrated monarch, and are indifferent to everything else. There is his library, which contains his books, chiefly French, and his manuscripts. In the concert-room there are the desks at which he sat and played the flute. There is the chamber in which he received, for the last time, the Sacrament. There is the chamber of flowers, which served him for a dressing-room. His military costume, in which he was accustomed to exhibit himself at grand reviews, is still shown. A smooth level green stretches behind the Chateau, and there lie buried his Majesty's favourite dogs Thisbe, Ismene, and others. He had a passion for dogs and horses. He gave to his coursers the names of ministers of state, and, alas! for the poor brute, if his biped namesake failed as a diplomatist, the horse fell into disgrace, was sent off into the country, and compelled to perform the common drudgery of a much less noble animal. These are the associations connected with Sans Souci—associations especially interesting to Germans, and the admirers of Thomas Carlyle. Now that all Europe is becoming warlike, fighting monarchs, we regret to write, have a fair chance of becoming popular once again.

THE RIGHT HON. T. MILNER GIBSON, M. P.

A PARLIAMENTARY SKETCH.

BY. J. EWING RITCHIE.

DID my readers ever travel in the east of England?—a part of the world not suggestive of the fact that the wise men came from the East, but nevertheless a land of honest women and brave men—a land flowing with milk and honey in the shape of strong ale, turkeys, geese, and sausages. In the old coaching days, one of the finest sights in London in the winter time of year was to walk along Whitechapel and to meet the Essex, and Suffolk, and Norfolk coaches, all laden, not with live passengers, but dead stock. There were four horses; there was a coachman—perchance, a guard; but no coach was visible—not the ghost of a passenger—one mass of feathers and skins, of all colours, was the coach, all jumbled and jammed together like an omelet, or one of Turner's pictures. There were turkeys on their way to grace the table of a London alderman; there were pheasants, whose sweet fate was to be picked by the dainty fingers of London's fairest daughters; anon out of this mass of fine feathers emerged a goose so corpulent as to remind the gazer of the poet's touching lines:—

“Of all the poultry in the yard,
The goose I have preferred—
There is so much of nutriment
In that weak-minded bird.”

Or again, you saw a hare but yesterday, leaping along in lusty life—which had been shot and dispatched to a friend in town, who, as he ate it—whether jugged, or hashed, or stewed—whether done into soup, or cooked *à la Derrynane*, or roasted, as is the manner of some, with Devonshire cream—would think, not ungratefully, of the donor and of the pleasant week or two, spent in the bright days of summer, under his hospitable roof. Ah, well! the old coaches are gone, but the east still abounds in good things, and is a land rich in agricultural produce; but the people are not a “fast” people, like those of London and Manchester. It is seldom you heard of Chartism there; and as to Socialism, the people yet shudder at the sound. The landlords are Conservative, the county representatives are Conservative, and a Conservative M. P. seems to be as natural a production of the soil as a Suffolk paunch or a prize bullock. In the thickest of this Conservative Paradise is a village called Thebberton, in which was the residence of a Major Thomas Milner Gibson, who in the year 1807, had a son born to him. The father was but little known. I presume he was a country gentleman, and lived after the manner of country gentlemen, when George III. was king; and, undoubtedly, his son was brought up in his own image, and after his own fashion.

The old divines tell us, “Man proposes and God disposes.” You bring up your son to be a miser—he becomes a spendthrift; to be steady, he becomes gay; to be a Dissenter, and he becomes a Puseyite; to revere the memory of Calvin, and he vexes you and confuses himself with Thomas Carlyle. Young Milner Gibson had talent, ambition, and a good estate. Had he been a poor man he would have gone to the bar—been, pos-

sibly, Attorney-General to Sir Robert Peel—for Sir Robert was partial to rising talent—and been lost in the confusion which came upon the Conservative party when Lord Derby retired from office. As a country gentleman, Mr. Gibson felt bound to serve his country; and, as a country gentleman, to stand by his order. Hence, he began life as a true blue. I remember Sir Thomas Gooch, the *Gaffer Gooch* of one of Macaulay's political ballads, warranting him to be a regular Conservative colt; but it is dangerous to hazard anything where women, wine, and horses are concerned. The promising Conservative colt soon changed its colours, and was found running on the other side. This was in 1839, when Mr. Gibson retired from the representation of immaculate Ipswich, and was defeated on again offering himself to his late constituents. Mr. Gibson's principles were changed—his career was not altered. At Cambridge, where he had been educated, and taken a wrangler's degree, he appeared as a candidate, but with little success. It seemed as if the reward of conviction was political annihilation. However, this was not for long. A public-spirited man with money is sure to get into parliament, if not for one place, why then for another.

In 1841, Manchester needed a representative, and Milner Gibson was returned for the seat, which he held with such honour till Manchester in its frenzy was guilty of the absurdity of stoning its prophets. When the Anti-Corn Law agitation came, Milner Gibson was one of its most successful orators, and succeeded in maintaining a position second, and only second, to Cobden and Bright. In 1846 the Whigs, anxious to please the people, and having personal objections to Cobden and Bright, made Milner Gibson Vice-President of the Board of Trade, but the democracy of Manchester grew jealous of the divided affections of their member, and Mr. Gibson resigned the office in 1849. The Corn-Law agitation over, Mr. Gibson, far from used up, sighed for fresh worlds to conquer. At this time the Society for the Repeal of the Taxes on Knowledge was in need of an efficient parliamentary advocate. Mr. Gibson took that responsibility on himself. Season after season he called the attention of the House to the subject. He prevailed at length upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer to repeal the duty on advertisements. In 1855 he succeeded in abolishing the penny stamp on newspapers; and even when we had still war budgets, Mr. Gibson tried hard for a repeal of the tax on paper. Mr. Gibson certainly has not been rewarded for this as he ought. He was indefatigable in the prosecution of the repeal of the taxes on knowledge, and the society was nothing without him. It was Milner Gibson, the member for Manchester, who conferred on it respectability and power, who presided at its annual meetings in the metropolis, who got the public to attend them, who put the facts of the case in a telling way before the House of Commons, and by his tact and *bonhomie* secured parliamentary votes, which compelled the Chancellor of the Exchequer to interfere. The advocates of the repeal of the taxes on knowledge painted a glowing picture of the advantages that should ensue when those taxes were repealed. Cheap newspapers were the want of our times. It was because there were no cheap newspapers that the gaols were filled, and that the public-houses did a great business;

it was because there were no cheap newspapers that, to the dim and downcast eyes of the people, Knowledge

Her ample page,

Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll ;

and it was because Mr. Gibson took up the agitation that it triumphed, in spite of the opposition of the *Times* and the larger section of the press. And yet, when the victory was won, I know not whether Mr. Milner Gibson scarce got thanks ; certainly no public meeting assembled to do him honour, and no testimonial was collected in his praise. He had fought and won the battle of the people, and the people said never a word. It is well that the honest statesman labours for something more enduring than their hollow breath. In the increased supply of cheap literature—in the healthy character on the whole of that literature—in the consequent elevation, mental and moral, of the masses—in the stimulus thus given to the car of progress—Mr. Gibson must alone seek his reward. It was the boast of the late Sir Robert Peel that by removing the shackles of trade—that by bidding commerce be free—that by giving to the men and women of this country cheap bread ; he should have established his claim to be remembered gratefully long after he himself should have passed away. Lord John Russell has more than once greeted with approbation those well-worn lives in which the statesman is represented as filling the land with plenty, and as reading thanks in the nation's eyes. In a similar manner Mr. Gibson may consider that he has deserved well of his country, for a land lying in ignorance, perishing for lack of knowledge, its mental eye dark and blind, can never become great, or noble, or free. Such as Mr. Gibson may even claim the respect of the most timid Conservatives. No one fears a reading public—a public that does not read, may be soon worked up into delirium and madness. At such times the demagogue may be mistaken for a sage, but the reading public sees him to be what he is. The cheap press, like Ithuriel's spear, makes him reveal himself in his true and hideous light.

Let us follow the Ashton M. P. into the House. When he sat with the Manchester party, by the side of Cobden and Bright, he looked little like a Manchester man himself. There was about him far more of the air of the country gentleman and scholar ; and you would imagine that he had got there merely for a chat, as his light, gay air by no means harmonised with the serious appearance of his colleagues. Mr. Gibson always looks good-tempered and pleasant, and has been and is now rather a handsome-looking man ; and not being blessed with large whiskers, has still rather a young and fresh appearance ; but since he has become President of The Board of Trade and one of the Cabinet, he certainly has not improved in appearance. On the night when Lord Palmerston moved his celebrated resolutions I thought Mr. Gibson looked peculiarly uncomfortable and disappointed, and I candidly confess no one likes to be balked of victory in the very hour of anticipated triumph. No doubt Mr. Gibson went into the ministry to repeal the Paper Duties. A reactionary House of Commons, and an innovating House of Lords, however, decided otherwise at the eleventh hour. With brown curly hair, light complexion, well-shaped features, and blue eyes, Mr. Gibson was as fine a specimen of the Conservative colt as you would wish to see, with the frank

and winning manner of the English gentry of the better class. Nothing seemed to put him out ; and even the country gentlemen, who regarded him with aversion,—who considered him as a traitor to their cause,—who remembered how he had been born and bred in their camp, and had now gone over to the enemy,—could not find it in their hearts to be very angry with a man who, after all, had been one of themselves. Mr. Gibson's manner is conciliatory. He belongs to the extreme party, without seeming to be extreme. His voice is pleasant ; it is not harsh, like Cobden's, or passionate, like Bright's. If you differ with him, you don't feel inclined to quarrel with him. Some men in the House are very apt to excite antagonism by the very sound of their voice. Mr. Bright is an instance, Mr. Newdegate is another ; Roebuck makes you feel waspish immediately he is on his legs. It is a pity Mr. Gibson does not speak oftener. Certainly office has a great tendency to make men dumb.

The Cobdenic policy, as illustrated in the person of Mr. Gibson, loses much of its unpopular air. During the Russian war, Mr. Gibson was, comparatively speaking, quiet. He did not prophesy, as Bright did, that, in a couple of years' time, it would land us in civil war ; nor did he, like Cobden, misinterpret history, or write letters republished with-glee at St. Petersburg. Even while heading the crusade for the repeal of the taxes on knowledge, he did not, with Cobden, hold up trumpety American papers as superior to such papers as the *Times* ; nor did he, with Mr. Bright, charge the *Daily News* with ingratitude, because it dared to be independent. Even the *Saturday Review* has dealt gently with Mr. Gibson, and yet quiet, pleasant-looking as he is, Mr. Gibson can do a great deal of damage. He upset Lord Palmerston's first cabinet. To be sure the latter had his revenge, for he appealed to the country and got Manchester to reject her worthiest representatives. As member for Ashton-under-Lyne, Mr. Gibson reappeared, and when the aged premier got Manchester to endorse him as a first-rate liberal, Mr. Gibson accepted a seat in the Cabinet. Mr. Gibson has the credit, deservedly, of being one of the best tacticians in the House, but it is the opinion of some who know a little about these things, that in the ever-agile premier he has found his match.

At the same time that Mr. Gibson may not share the odium of the leaders of the Manchester party, he may not share their praise. He is a courageous advocate of progress, a flattering representative of Manchester, and a man of great platform power ; but he is not, like Bright, a peace advocate on principle ; nor could he have sacrificed everything, as Cobden did, to fight the battle of Free Trade. Mr. Gibson's *débüt* in the House was fortunate : it was on a subject on which he knew much. Some business connected with the Baltic had been occupying the attention of the House. Mr. Gibson had just been up there in his yacht ; consequently, he knew more about the subject than any one else, and he told what he knew in a manner at once to win the ear of the House. On other matters, when he has spoken, he has been equally at home. He hits the feeling of the House in his speeches. He does not seem particularly in earnest, or particularly extreme. He is not savagely severe, or sublimely eloquent. You do not feel that he is trying to make a great speech, and to be quoted as a

second Fox or Burke. Even when he acts the part of the tribune of the people, he has the air of a gentleman, and there is good-nature in his voice, and a merry twinkle in his eye. As long as democracy rejoices in such a representative, patricians need not shrink from it, or old ladies dream of Mirabeau and Robespierre. No noble lord need fear the working classes under the leadership of Mr. Gibson. He, by birth, is a gentleman—was brought up at Cambridge—is the owner of a large landed estate, and if he listens to the manufacturers—and is on good terms with the bugbear of political dissent—and occasionally appears on the platform at St. Martin's Hall, and casts in his lot with Cobden and Bright; it must be remembered that he at least has, even in the eyes of Spooner and Newdegate, a stake in the country, and is of the class who are supposed to be alone qualified for statesmanship, and office, and political rank.

THE UNWELCOME MONITOR.

SOME years ago I was appointed agent for an extensive firm in the city of New York, and was obliged by the duties of my office to travel frequently in the Western States. In those days the means of communication between different parts of the country were much less extended than at present, and in consequence I very often performed long journeys on horseback, concealing commonly large sums of money about my person. For the better security of life and property, which were not seldom endangered in the less populous districts, I invariably made it my practice to go armed, and being naturally of a fearless turn, rather enjoyed than otherwise the sense of danger from which I was never wholly free. One of my adventures—and I met many well worth narrating—involved circumstances which at the time seemed to border on the supernatural, and which, although subsequently explained in part, have always been in a great measure mysteriously inexplicable. No system of psychology has ever yet succeeded in analyzing those occult operations of the mind, by which the imagination is determined to represent on its canvass scenes which are yet enveloped in the impenetrable darkness of futurity. But to my story.

The occasions of my business in the year 183—, rendered it necessary for me to traverse alone the western part of the State of Ohio, and I made the journey, as usual, on horseback. This State, now one of the most lustrous stars in the federal constellation, was at that time eclipsed in glory by many a sister luminary which has since grown dim beside it. The greater part of my route lay through a thinly-peopled region, in which the houses were "like angel's visits, few and far between," and in which I was frequently obliged to put up with accommodations of the very plainest description. One wet, raw, windy day in October I had ridden further than common on a wretched road, which had greatly tasked the powers of my willing horse, and as the afternoon wore away, and still no signs of a house appeared, I began to feel anxious no less on his account than on my own. Just before evening closed in, however, I was overjoyed by the distant prospect of a house, rudely built,

indeed, but as welcome to my eyes as the low-lying shores of Guanahani to the strained vision of Columbus and his comrades. Patting the neck of my jaded steed, and speaking encouraging words to him, I pushed on to the haven which promised us rest after the toil and weariness of the day's exertions. Through the uncurtained windows of the lower story streamed out into the increasing darkness a cheerful light, whose wavering brightness indicated an open fire-place. As I drew near the house I could partially discern through the gloom the shapes of irregular sheds and outbuildings attached to the main structure; but I only cursorily glanced at these, being more intent on reaching the inside than scrutinizing the outside of the edifice. The sound of my horse's hoofs attracted the attention of the inmates, and a man issued from one of the outbuildings, bearing a dark lantern which entirely concealed his own figure, while it plainly revealed mine.

"Can you take care of my horse, and give me food and lodging for the night?" I inquired. "We are both exhausted, and can hardly go further before to-morrow."

"Yes," was the laconic answer.

I dismounted and followed the man as he led my horse into the barn, and having seen him well provided for, we went without an additional syllable into the house. My companion all the while, whether accidentally or designedly, kept the bright side of the lantern constantly turned toward me, and it was not until we entered the apartment containing the fire that I could fairly obtain a sight of him. I involuntarily turned my gaze upon him before even glancing at the room into which I now entered, impelled by an irresistible curiosity for which I was at a loss to account. He was a man of rather more than the average stature, with a breadth across the shoulders I have never but once seen equalled; indeed, so athletic was his appearance that I saw instantly I was but a babe in comparison of physical strength, although at least two inches his superior in stature. His features were not ill-shaped; if it had not been for a low forehead he might have been called almost good-looking; his complexion, however, was dark, and a profusion of bushy beard rendered the expression of his mouth hardly visible. I was just turning my eyes from his face to observe the aspect of my new quarters, when for a second his glance met mine; it was instantaneously averted, but a thrill of horror, loathing, and dismay shot through my frame like an agonizing electrical shock. It was a rather small, black eye (the other being sightless and nearly shut) which had thus powerfully affected me; in its horrible glitter seemed to lurk the concentrated quintessence of devilish malignity. No words can describe the convulsive recoil with which I shrank from that glimpse into the depths of his soul; it was as if the earth had yawned beneath my feet, and in the blackness of the gloomy abyss I had half descried the deeper blackness, vast and ill-defined, of the prince of evil. With an immense effort of will, however, I shook off the influence of the man, and directed my attention to the objects that surrounded me. The room was not large, and was roughly plastered, although dingy and dirty. At one end was a rude attempt at a bar, formed out of unplanned boards, and behind this sat a woman of about thirty, with a wild expression of despair on her face—not impulsive

and ungovernable, but graven in sharp lines on every feature, as if it were the sculptured countenance of a condemned criminal. On one side of the fireplace sat a man with his legs up against the side of the room, looking moodily into the fire, and smoking a clay pipe, black as the chimney-back; he did not raise his eyes once towards me. On the other side sat a dog on his hind legs, a rough, nondescript-looking animal, with a sullen yet honest stare in his eye as he surveyed me, growling low all the while. The furniture of the room was of the rudest kind, consisting of a few chairs and a table, on which lay a large jack-knife, and a piece of plug tobacco; one tallow candle stood near by, with a long smoky wick.

I took a chair and sat down by the fire, and asked if they could give me any supper. The woman arose, and without saying a word set on the table from behind the bar a half-eaten leg of ham, a loaf of bread, and a jug of milk, and then resumed her seat in silence. My conductor sat down near the fire, with his face half-turned away from me, and lighting a pipe, puffed away, likewise in silence. My nerves are none of the most susceptible, but by this time the gloom of the party had thoroughly infected me, and my feelings were not to be envied, as I heartily wished the morrow were come. The one-eyed man rose at last, and went to the bar.

"Well?" said the woman, coldly.

"Brandy," was the reply.

"You've had enough, already," she retorted bitterly.

"You lie," he answered, with a fierce oath. "I've got to stick the hog early in the morning, and I want some more."

"You'd rather stick the hog than kill a chicken any day," exclaimed the woman, passionately, "I hate you, you brute."

"You do, do you?" sneered he. "Give me the bottle, or I'll break it over your head."

"Take it yourself," groaned she, leaving the bar. "I wish you were dead, and me too."

The man took the bottle and drank a long draught from it, casting at the same time a menacing look towards the woman, and shaking his head at her threateningly. The woman shuddered, and covered her face with her hands. I could not stand it any longer, and abruptly asked to be shown to my chamber.

The man, taking up the candle, motioned me to follow him, when the dog, which had been quiet before, evinced signs of great uneasiness, and, after trying to arrest my notice by a series of hybrid noises, halfway between a bark and a whine, seized hold of my pantaloons, and held me fast.

"Curse the dog," muttered the man, with an awful oath, under his breath, and adding, "Do n't mind the cur," he dealt the poor animal such a kick with his heavy boot as sent him flying across the room with a yelp of pain.

Without further delay he conducted me up a narrow flight of stairs into a room containing a tolerably decent bed, a washstand, table, and a couple of chairs. Setting the candle down, he left the room and went down-stairs. No sooner had the door closed behind him, than I noiselessly bolted it, and placed all the available furniture in the room against it, which operations considerably

alleviated the uneasiness of my mind. As I turned towards the table to examine my pistols, I was startled at seeing, in a cheap looking-glass which rested against the wall, the reflection of the end of my money belt, just visible between my waistcoat and pantaloons. I commonly wore this next my body, but on this morning I had accidentally forgotten it till nearly dressed, and had therefore strapped it around me hastily, as I had little time to spare. I recollected with no small disquietude, the opportunity of observing this which had been afforded by the dark lantern; and the enigmatical remark of the woman, the diabolical look of my host, and the suspicious behaviour of the dog, simultaneously recurred to my mind, and contributed greatly to increase this disquietude. My first impulse was not to go to bed at all; but my second was to apostrophize myself under the title of "infernal fool," and following the line of conduct implied, although hardly expressed, in this remark, I took off my clothes, and plunged into bed.

The wild moanings of the wind kept me listening for a while to their gusty music, and enhanced the feeling of awe which I strove in vain to banish from my breast. After an hour or two, however, as everything seemed perfectly still, the fatigue of my journey gained the mastery of all anxiety, and I fell into a state akin to sleep, but distinguished from it by my retaining a consciousness of where I was and how I was circumstanced. I was powerless to move or act, but I seemed gifted with an almost supernatural acuteness of mental activity, by which I took cognizance of the least noise or disturbance. In this abnormal condition I appeared to remain tranquil for a long time, seeing and hearing altogether independently of physical organs of sense, when I became aware in my dream—for it was only an unusual kind of dream—of a scratching noise just outside my chamber window, which was near the head of the bed. This grew louder and louder, until, bursting the spell of inaction which had hitherto bound me hand and foot, I appeared to leap up and rush to the window. All without was hidden in inky blackness, and the candle I had left burning on the table was flickering in its socket, evidently about to expire. With a great effort I flung up the casement, and peered eagerly into the gloom, but I could discern nothing, and as I was on the point of closing the window again, for the wind was high and sent a shiver all over my frame, a large object brushed against my hands, and leaped into the room. I started back, and giving a hurried glance round the chamber, saw, by the latest flicker of the dying candle, the form of the strange-looking dog I had seen down-stairs sitting on the bed bolt upright, and staring at me. The next instant I was in utter darkness.

For some moments, I hardly knew how long, I stood motionless, while a crowd of conflicting emotions swept across my mind; but soon recovering myself, I luckily remembered there was plenty of matches in my cigar case; toward my coat pocket, therefore, I groped my way, and securing them, struck one of them. What was my joy to see, standing on the wooden mantel-piece, a second candle, half burned, but still able to give light for a couple of hours at least! This was speedily kindled, and then, turning towards the dog, I approached the bed. The animal seemed to have no ill-natured de-

signs, but as I drew nearer, turned his nose upward, and gave a low growl, and finding I did not heed his pantomime, but stretched out my hands to seize him, he repeated the action, and took every possible means to direct my attention to the ceiling. Without understanding his desire at the time, I involuntarily glanced upward, and conceive my horror at seeing directly over the head of my bed, the faint but distinct outlines of a large trap-door.

My frozen blood had hardly begun to tingle along my veins once more, when my eyes, firmly rivetted on this mysterious object, plainly perceived it tremble, and commence slowly to open. The dog observed this likewise, and uttering a loud howl, sprung from the bed and out of the still open window. The door, nevertheless, ascended gradually, and just as a furious gust of wind swept by, and with one of its eddies extinguished the candle, a large, heavy something fell with a crash upon the bed. With a gasp and a cry of suffocation I started, and opening my eyes, discovered I had been dreaming; and the sense of bewilderment accompanying my waking did not prevent a feeling of intense relief.

At first I could not recollect where I was, and fancied I must be at home; but a few seconds sufficed to dispel the illusion. Casting my eyes round in an effort to identify myself and ascertain my position, I saw the candle on the table flaring up every now and then in a desperate struggle for existence. Hastily glancing at the mantel, I saw another candle, half burned, which I had noticed when I went to bed. I was now thoroughly aroused, and with foreboding apprehensions, looked up at the ceiling, and, O heaven, in the dimness of the light I saw the regular figure of a rectangle traced upon the plastering directly above me. Every muscle of my whole body was paralyzed by this discovery, and a weight seemed to lie with crushing force upon my chest, and with a spirit now completely overcome by superstitious terror, I lay attempting to summon sufficient resolution to arise, and examine the chamber more closely, when—bark, could it be?—yes—no—yes, there was, unmistakably, a faint sound outside my window, resembling the noise of a dog's claws against the wall. It grew more and more distinct, accompanied at intervals with a low whining, and an occasional short, sharp yelp. No sooner had I become convinced that this was really the case, than my self-possession returned; I got up, put on my clothes, took one pistol in my hand, leaving the other under my pillow, and walked resolutely towards the window.

My candle had become extinguished by this time, and as I looked out into the black abyss of the night, I saw that the clouds, dashed here and there with spots of silver, were breaking up, and that before long the moon would appear. I threw open the window, and at once, as if borne by the gust of wind which rushed into the apartment, in leaped the black dog which seemed so mysteriously connected with this singular adventure of mine. I was now completely my own master; by a vigorous effort of the will I quelled the shadowy fears which besieged my heart, and looked out with straining eyes to discern, if possible, the means by which the dog could thus make his appearance outside a second story window. A transient moonbeam showed me one of

the numerous outbuildings before mentioned, at right angles with the wall of the house, and from the eaves of this all along the side of the house extended a narrow plank, about five inches wide. A thick black cloud obscuring the moon again, precluded further observation, and I turned from the window.

I felt confident that my cigar case was empty of matches, but, to test the accuracy of my dream, I felt for it, opened it, and discovered at least twenty. I struck a light, and, as I expected, there was the dog upon the bed, in the very attitude of the vision. All doubt now vanished from my mind that I had been mysteriously warned of intended foul play of some nature, and I stood a moment revolving in my mind the best course of action. This I speedily decided on. Going up to the dog, I caressed him, and was on the point of carrying him to the window, when—to make my dream more exact a prophecy—he turned his nose towards the ceiling, and commenced whining very low. I instantly seized him, and hurled him out of the window, with some little compunctions at thus treating my only friend in the accursed house, but I could make no delay.

Laying some clothes on the bed in the form of a man, as nearly as possible, and extinguishing the candle, I retired to the farthest corner of the room, and, sitting down in one of the chairs I had placed against the door, with my revolver in my hand, determined to await the issue of events. For half an hour I sat perfectly still, listening to every whistle and sigh of the wind, which blew intermittently through the window I had left open, and straining my eyes, whenever there was a gleam of light, to discern whether there was any movement in the trap-door. At last, when a momentary ray shone in, I saw it partly open, and now I anxiously awaited in silence and darkness for the next development of this awful mystery. Presently I heard a low creaking, as of ropes, then a tremendous crash, the report of a pistol, the sound of heavy feet overhead, and the fall of some dull, yielding body outside the window. The pause which followed these almost simultaneous noises was broken by low groans of pain from the ground beneath my window, and the general murmur of a great disturbance in the lower part of the house. I hastily re-lit the candle, and going to the bed, found a vast stone had been dropped upon the pillow where my head had previously lain. Suddenly remembering the pistol I had left beneath the pillow, with the exertion of my uttermost strength I rolled off the massive stone, and found the pistol discharged.

Instantly the truth flashed across my mind. I rushed to the window, and looking down, saw the woman and the man I had noticed in the bar-room the night before, bending with torches in their hands over the prostrate body of my host, who was evidently in the agonies of death. The ruffian had been waiting on the outside of the window until the accomplice had performed his hellish work, in order to rob my mangled corpse of the money he knew I had in my possession; and the pistol being accidentally discharged by the fall of the stone, the ball had pierced his brain, entering through the evil eye which had given me such a thrill of horror.

At the discovery of this hideous plot, and its awful retribution, my senses threatened to desert me; but, re-

flecting that in such a house I could hardly be safe ; no sooner had they carried the dying man within, than I clambered down outside, took my horse from the stable, and mounted him unobserved. As I passed the house, however, and looked back at the room I had so recently occupied, and which had so nearly been the scene of a far different tragedy, I saw lights in the window. The sound of my horse's hoofs drew the attention of the man within, who had ascended to see what had become of me, and to ascertain the cause of his comrade's death ; and instantly levelling a rifle at me, he fired. As I was looking at him at the very moment, I anticipated his action by clapping spurs to my horse, thereby somewhat disconcerting his aim, and in all probability saving my own life, for the ball grazed my shoulder, causing a scar which remains to this day. Ten long miles had my good horse to gallop before I reached the nearest justice of the peace, and returning as speedily as possible, we found our birds flown, and the house half burned to the ground.

No information in regard to them could be obtained, except that they had lived in this habitation about two years, and had been shunned and feared by the settlers of the neighbourhood. The conflagration of the house was arrested, but nothing was discovered, throwing any light on the matter. The body of the foiled murderer was taken, charred and scarcely recognisable, from the ashes of his dwelling, where he had apparently been flung by his associates as the quickest mode of burying him. Having ascertained the futility of further investigation, at least for the present, we rode away ; and passing through an adjacent wood, the dog which had played so strange a part in this most strange drama made his appearance suddenly on our left, and followed our horses to the village of R—. In gratitude for his efforts to preserve me from destruction, I henceforward shared my own home with my unwelcome monitor.

FURNISHED APARTMENTS.

BY FAIRLEIGH OWEN.

I SUPPOSE there is no one, arrived at anything like an experienced term of life, who has not, at one time or other, been specially interested in some particular item of the thousand and one advertisements every morning set forth in the columns of our daily papers. The "Wanted," and the "Wants," what a mighty variety they form—what strange histories one may read in them.

It is nothing new to say, that by no means the least interesting part of "the paper," in ordinary times, is the advertisement sheet.

If it be true that one-half the world don't know how the other half lives, it is no less so that two-thirds of the community certainly have not the least notion of the wants of their brethren.

A man may sit down to his breakfast, and his favourite paper, a contented and happy being—grateful for his portion of earth, and the fulness thereof ; to arise, at the close of his matutinal repast, a soured and repining mortal.

Of what account are all his possessions ? hitherto reckoned luxuries, comforts, conveniences ; sufficient to his existence—miserable ignorance ! infatuated blindness ! He knew not, till now, half the necessities of humanity : his obfuscated intellect had conceived nought of the thousand and one items which bear an obvious and vital interest for the rest of his fellow-creatures.

Day and night, in and out, has he slept, eaten, and drank in perfect serenity ; ignoring the fact that "Mrs. Penguin has removed from Blank Street to Dash Square," oblivious of the announcement that "Herr Blitzen has come to town," or that "Lavington Amiens is on the road."

Years have elapsed since, with a shrug and ejaculation, he detected the first grey hair—familiar now in his mirror as old friends, whom he has long since learned to meet resignedly, to say the least ; and in the gently dealing hand of time he has even come to congratulate himself upon the Shaksperian contour his brows have gradually assumed ; little recking the existence of the "Indispensable Walnut Extract," the invaluable "Tincture Alexandre," or "The world-renowned Caliendrum," which—as per advertisement lucidly and invitingly announced—"must be seen to be believed, which is like the human skin taken from the head with the hair attached, and is well worthy the nobility and gentry's inspection of this invention of modern art." Miserable man ! who has hitherto existed devoid of the knowledge of boons so precious, and who learns but now the ignobility of grey hairs—the shamefulness of the track which years of laborious study, or keen inquiry, or deep thought, have left.

He is "about to furnish," had made his calculations, deemed them complete, never dreaming of that musical clock indispensable to any one at that stage of human affairs, and which to pass by were to lose for ever a golden opportunity never to recur. He had even contemplated an autumnal tour, unmindful of that stupendous bargain—the fur coat, with collar and cuffs pure minx. Only yesterday he felt so confident in the profitable investment of a little loose cash ; alas ! indecision now seizes upon him—his brain whirls, as before his mental vision floats "Portable Panoramas," "Achromatic Telescopes," "Azaleas Indica," "Humane Beehives," "Helioscense," "Siphonias," "Kamptulicons," and for awhile he is divided between the rival attractions, as per advertisement, of "Aunt Sally 21s.," "Croquets 21s.," or the "Eight Old Prints," the property of that unsettled "party" who is always going abroad, and, at the last moment, making a reckless sacrifice of walnut suites, old wine, old pictures, or faithful domestics.

Our friend may, laying his hand upon his heart, make answer to that solemn query concerning his oats ; upon his conscience lies the memory of no wild seed-time of the grain in question ; the weight of no such harvest bruises him, nor can any "chaff" be winnowed thence to clog the course of his present enjoyment ; but will he come off scathless from that important interrogatory concerning the Perambulators ?—that pertinacious and painfully suggestive demand, which we always feel tempted to turn into a lesson in emphasis, *a la* Lindley-Murrayism of blessed memory—"Do you ride to town to-day ?" this affording a fine play of varied intonation, from the adjuration "*Dō*" to the impli-

cation that you may be given to doubling up somebody else's perambulators.

Escaping these, even the pathetic apostrophe upon the carpet question failing to come home to him, how will he resist the invitations to receive information upon a point on which his own penetration must of necessity be at fault? He has numbered maybe some twoscore years contentedly enough with the services of those organs of Dame Nature's providing; but not another day will he pass—upon his pillow his head rests not again, until he has been rightly informed not only "how he sees," and "what he sees," but "what he thinks he sees."

That these are distinct and separate is evident, at least in some cases. Witness the "lady who took by mistake a cloak, in which another young lady's name is marked, and is kindly requested, &c. &c." The mistaken lady evidently "thought she saw"—which she did not—her own property; and "how" she saw would be less matter for curious inquiry than how she *didn't* see—the owner's name inside, while "what *she* thinks *she* sees?" may be mentally asked by "D" of the "disconsolate F," to tempt a return to a course of experience in all probability already not by any means too pleasant. But these have, evidently to their cost, never learned early in life the proper application of "a stamped envelope," by which simple medium they might have at once become possessed of the true character and disposition of "the person," and whether he, she, or it, is really the "whom to marry" by fate appointed.

Oh! Sir Cresswell Cresswell! what labour might you not be spared by the timely use of a few stamped envelopes? how often would be avoided more unpleasant than even "chessboard arrangements," and "pairings" less comprehensible than that of the "Arabic numerals"—whatever that may be—and doubtless far less profitable or pleasant; since, though both are in the end productive of "sections," the grand mistake of the former "pairing" is generally its possessing far too little that is "common to both."*

I have known people who really put their faith in advertisements, regularly consult them, accept them *bona-fide*—choose their tailor, hire their servants, marry a wife, buy their furniture, pick their excursion, physic their families, and bury themselves—all through the medium of the advertisement sheet. It is a fact.

Others again there be who have no faith, who totally ignore the existence of that which they denounce as "humbug, and take in." For myself, I confess to a belief in the advertisement, but in a certain manner, even as one of those clues in the labyrinth, or minute wheels in the machine; one of those undefinable odds, hazards, or coincidences, which go far to make up the great scheme of life.

I don't say but there may be persons who have taken the very house they "saw in the paper," and have found it a comfortable residence, free of dampness, ghosts, bugs, rats, back-taxes, or bad smells; that there are those who have bought the very article, borrowed or lent the very money, hired the very person, taken the very business, of which they were notified through the medium of the advertisement, and enjoyed pleasure and profit therefrom, I would not take on me to

* Vide Times Advertisement May 25, 1860.

deny; all I can say is—I never did. Yet do I regard the advertisement as a valuable auxiliary, whether in the search after merit, in the satisfying of a want, or in the unravelling of a mystery.

What but that paragraph, inserted by my old friend Gobemouche, not so long ago, led to the apprehension of my *ci-devant* pupil?—though, unfortunately, *not* that of my watch, flute, meerschaum, and richly-bound prize books, which, in absence of mind—as he confesses—he packed in his carpet-bag, together with the affections of poor little Betsy, our parlour-maid—smoothest, sleekest, and most fluent of the "eligible young men," swarming at the magic "Wanted," of my friend.

Was it not the course of my research into the antecedents of the "decayed gentlewoman," so mildly desirous of superintending "the worldly affairs of the middle-aged," &c., which led me, all unsuspecting, to the whereabouts of my faithful and long-lost St. Bernard? But for that visit to the Watteau auction, into which I had been beguiled by a tempting advertisement, during a solitary and forced sojourn in town, might I not still be a captive at the feet of the too lovely Julia, still proudly clanking my chains. Poor fool! blindly unconscious of the cruel truth—of the faithless—but no more! is not the past buried for ever? And Julia!—memory, be still!

Yet I have patronised advertisements in my time, to be sure I have. The pleasantest friendship I ever formed came of an announcement I had inserted concerning some rare birds I desired to match.

That notice of mine respecting an improvement in tanning brought my brother acquainted with his present wife, and it was nothing in the world but a few lines upon a method of detecting flaws in precious stones that led to a fresh claimant setting up to my aunt's property, and my losing the snug little piece the good soul had left me—just the turning of a phrase in the will!

Answered advertisements I have too—for houses, teachers, servants, bargains, lodgings, and so forth; but it was always the same. Calling on the agent I have been advised of a residence far more suitable than the one in question; I have declined engaging the principal to become the employer of his or her friend, relative, or acquaintance, and—a street or two off the one designated in the advertisement—have found apartments, eligible enough in every respect to induce me to forego further search.

But of the last a word or two. It has become a fashion of late to write about London, its scenes, its habits, and its life. I wish I could derive half as much gratification from any other fashion of the day as I have from those vivid and energetic pen sketchings which week by week are given us in one journal or another, of our blessed smoke-dyed old city.

There will be plenty left to

"Babble of green fields,"

when our best have done their best with this rich mine of storied memories—of sweet and bitter moral.

Not unworthy the treatment of such pens is the insight into the peculiarities of London interiors gained in that wearisome experience to which I have alluded—seeking apartments. Who that has shared in it does

not remember how he started with a list of imperative requirements as to locality, price, convenience, aspect, &c. &c., and how, one by one, he has been forced to concede each in its turn; how, under the effect of the repeated stream of eloquent and forcible asseverations, professions, and denials, he has found his original ideas undergoing a thorough revolution—distance ceasing to be a matter of miles, and cleanliness by no means positive, subject rather to comparison, and of many and various degrees. How, too, seeking to unite certain desiderata, he finds the self-imposed area of choice gradually enlarged, and, pausing to ease a blistering foot, mentally queries whether it can be strictly called within an "easy" walk of Temple Bar, or whether he shall be able to "do" the distance four times in the day in the corresponding number of half-hours. We have known in the course of such a quest the ultimatum of the morning, "five minutes from the Circus," to terminate at 5 p.m. somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Regent's Park. Such is the strange fascination of the pursuit, and of the attempt to reconcile certain requirements, till we find its utter futility, and, in despair, accept what Fate seems to send us.

It is curious to note the different type of furniture, of the rooms, their belongings, their atmosphere, in the various neighbourhoods. You will, in the distance only of a half-hour's walk—nay, of a few streets, find a distinction as great as though a day's journey marked it.

You shall find in Camden Town, in Kentish Town, at Islington, a race of chairs and tables, of footstools, bedsteads, sideboards, that knows not the West. Kensington, or Brompton, nay, courtly Pimlico, great in gentility yet singularly moderate in demand—even that not rashly nor in haste to be complied with by him to whom the golden stream cometh not lavishly—these look askance upon the hard polish and fresh-glued seams, the new-smelling carpets and table-covers, the rawness of the smart journeyman apartments of the more northern suburb. How well one recognises the shining gilt frames with yellow net covers, the gaudy prints, the feather-flowers on the mantelpiece, and wiry shavings in the grate, with its black unsightly fender and dumpy fire-irons. The horse-hair covered couch, with its inevitable reminiscence of the hay field, the chairs cane-bottomed and of sticky nature, the red and blue albums and annuals set round the table, the model of the alms-house ("my husband's work" be sure) in the midst.

Then the bed-room, all crackling chintz and stiff muslin, and garish sunshine, with the looking-glass conveying a dire reprimand to vanity, for who having encountered the reflection of a distorted visage will care to hazard a second? the drawers that will not open, or do it with a sudden jerk that sends you on your back, and in the closing involve an amount of knee jamming and pushing painful to contemplate. The new stairs that creak, the new bells that will not ring, the new locks that will not fasten, the new bolts that will not shoot—the sight, and sound, and smell of newness pervading all, who has experienced and does not remember? Lucky if he have escaped that chimera of young house-keeping—the new baby, engrossing every member of the household, to the total oblivion of your diurnal wants.

Welcome by contrast even the faded dowager splen-

dours of the western suburbs before mentioned, with their poor attempts to reconcile dignity with thrift, and profit with *gentility*—watchword of the old school. Be it remembered I am supposing certain restrictions to bound our inquiries. Of course there are luxury, and ease, and attention in perfection to be had all over the civilized world, even in apartments—for a price.

You, who have not so long been a housekeeper, your recollections will help you to the sketch. The prim drawing-room, with its well-worn carpet, finely darned in a hundred places you never spied; the five horse-hair-bottomed chairs, the couch to match, soft indeed, not with springs, but age; the straight-legged table with its handsome flowing cover, old-fashioned, but of so tasteful a pattern—green and gold; the small one between the windows, where lie, in dustless but undisturbed repose, the Bible and the Prayer-books, the little chess-board and its beautifully carved armies, red and white, of native workmanship, "real," as are the porcelain vases and cups upon the mantel-piece, into which you so irreverently persist in thrusting your cigars, despite the delicate hint you daily receive in finding them deposited on the hob. The bookcase, with its glass doors lined with faded silk, and its treasures of the Shakspeare, the Milton, the Johnson, and Goldsmith, the "Plays," and Blair and Tillotson, the drawers below filled with ghostly old-world music, of the Inceledon and Billington school, with here and there a faded flower that crumbles to dust as you touch it, and a time-stained letter-rack, of a period when letters were weighty matters, and to be paid for, an annual or two, destitute of covers, and the cribbage-board.

Your instinct tells you there is a piano in the apartment, but courtesy gives instinct the lie direct, for the instrument is locked, and on it are displayed in dignified unoccupation, the urn and the lamp, with the brass-bound desk and work-box of Tunbridge ware; the "Broadwood" stands degraded to all the uses of a side-board, whether in consequence of its musical capabilities having departed, or, as the younger of your pale slim landladies would tell you with a sigh, on account of it having been a favourite with poor dear Maria.

Poor souls! with their meagre sombre-clad forms and passionless faces. You remember how, as in some freak of early rising, one morning you encountered a lank form, all curl papers and limpness, with large smutty gloves upon its hands, which scudded out of sight on your approach; how, during breakfast, your bed-room was always "done," as by fairy work, no maid being visible; and how, by eleven a.m., the black silk rustled, and the watch-chain and hair bracelet, and little flat ringlets, all put in an appearance, in admirable ignorance of all menial duties, to question about your dining at home; and how often the impulse was upon you to send back the dish of chops, with your respects, to the lean-visaged maidens, and dine off bread and cheese—but meat did not agree with my sister and myself—"such sad digestions."

Poor ladies! they saw far less sin in a lie than in those three terrible words "can't afford it;" and would sooner have forfeited health than gentility.

But, to quit the suburbs, in London proper what a field of curious observation is opened up in the course of our inquiry.

What snug retreats up quiet courts, and down no thoroughfare streets, of whose existence till now you had not dreamed; what social promises of home when that gas shall be lighted, fire in that grate, the soft couch wheeled to the rug, the curtains drawn; quiet as a country churchyard, yet not a stone's throw from London's great highway, whose ceaseless roar only reaches you like the faint whirr of a distant mill-wheel.

What glimpses of domestic histories too you catch, even in the brief visit. I remember being so taken on one occasion with the cleanliness and compactness of some pleasant apartments, that I had all but concluded the bargain with the young lady who showed them, a smiling kindly-visaged girl, who apologized for "Mamma's headache" preventing her appearance—we were on the last stair, when from the kitchen below I heard mamma abusively screaming for her daughter in tones so unmistakeably suggestive of something stronger than coffee, and more dangerous than headache; that, making a scape-goat of coals or latch-key—I forget which—I declined, the poor damsel's evident confusion confirming my suspicion.

Turn from Piccadilly and Coventry Street, with their pretentious abodes and extravagant demands, into the neighbourhood of Soho; you seem to have gone back an age. But for such an occasion as the present you might live and die in London, and never dream of what you now become acquainted with.

Here is a vast echoing staircase, with its massive bannisters and fluted hand-rails; when these were set a different neighbourhood lay about the great lofty house. What hands have glided down them, what hurried feet, what stolen interviews, have passed over those wide dusky landings! They did not dream who first inhabited these spacious low-ceiled drawing-rooms, of the base uses to which these should one day be put. The smutty-faced maid or panting one-eyed landlady who preceded you, would start, could one of the first inmates be made visible to her, not less than he to gaze from what was his favourite window and mark the change.

Those old wainscoted rooms, with their long deep cupboards, their heavy doors of communication from room to room, with their large brass locks, and massive finger plates, their high awkward grates, and great open chimneys. What is it that impresses one the moment one enters them? It is a feeling indefinable. The house is respectable, the inmates quiet; there is no lack of comfort apparent—yet what is it that bears in upon you the conviction directly you set foot inside—"I can't live here?"

I saw such a one only yesterday. There was the huge high-backed leather sofa, the arm-chair, the table green baize covered, the ample inkstand black, with wafer glass and wax and taper, the mantel-shelf above my head of wood, and carved with the history of Ruth, the high brass fender, with long andirons at the side; the faded old—old Turkey carpet, the long green curtains worked with gold at the border, looped with black tassels that the faded hangings almost rivalled, the straight, prim cheffonier, with silked doors and broken brass ornament in each; the little oval mirror above, with candle-branches at its sides, and on the walls grim pictures of pig-tailed officers and hooped dames, patched

and powdered, with sad solemn eyes, as if rebuking you for trespassing on their domains. Then the adjoining room, with its high four-post bed and yellow damask hangings, its black spider-legged table and oval swing-glass in large square frame, the great dark presses one upon another, treasures in the eyes of the landlady, but horridly suggestive to a timid mind of hiding-places, and tantalizing to one whose wardrobe is, to say the least, limited.

The landlady was civil, and her terms not unreasonable; what was it then that made me congratulate myself as I stood in the street again and took a long breath of fresh air? It was not the idea of those who must have so often passed in and out of the heavy oak door, with its massive knocker, run up and down those dim staircases, to be carried down at last. It was not death, —there have been deaths at Mrs. Clearstarch's cheerful little boarding-house since I was there last, yet I shall pay her a visit this season; it was not want of cleanliness, all was clean enough. So it was in the next, with its splendid hangings of scarlet and blue, its nodding Chinese figures, and embroidered footstools, its stuffed parrot and jay with blue glass eyes, and china cups and plates, vouched for as having belonged to "Queen Anne or Lady Jane Grey;"—and the next, where was the little German woman with the neat white cap and two babies;—and the next, where the bed stood in one corner of a room so spacious that it looked like a mere trifle dropped behind the long red baize curtains that hung before it, and where the old woman told me Louis Napoleon had slept while he was here, and where I felt certain I should not sit at my desk two minutes without going to peep behind the curtain to see if there might not be another self-murdered, perhaps, lying there, so weird and ghostly and silently watchful seemed the aspect of the place.

One place I called at where the woman, after ushering me up two pairs of stairs, left me to look for the keys, and remained so long that I—with that strange sensation of choking, soundless, dead oppression prevalent in all these places—began to wonder whether she would ever come, whether she had gone away, locked up the house, left me in it alone, whether it might n't be all a dream. She came, however, and with a funereal face told me her husband had gone out and taken the keys. I dare say she lectured him on having lost her a most eligible lodger, but I would not have stopped in the house an hour to have been made its sole possessor.

All of us must have felt that strange heavy gloom, that indescribable something, that presence of the past, which hurries you away, which is on you close, from room to room, and from stair to stair, nor quits you till you stand without the door, and hasten, as I did, to a region of to-day.

We cross but a street or two, and should look in vain for the peculiarities which just now surrounded us, though we are met by some quite as striking in their way. These yellow damask hangings and covers belonged to the Duke of B—; the small towel-horse was made to the express order of her Grace; this odd diamond-cut mirror came from Venice, and has a history; these china cups have kissed the scandal-loving lips of some fair gossip of Pekin or Canton; and the eyes of a sovereign have dwelt with admiration on those

chipped and cracked, but still beautiful, vases. The carpet may have cost fifteen shillings; it is new, gaudy, red and green; your chamber crockery is of the coarsest; that the view from the back window is but a dead brick wall is of less consequence, since the windows are so dirty you cannot see through them. The couch, of elegant shape and damask-covered, is so grease-defiled and stained, you might have left the room in disgust, but that the workmanship and design of a small table between the windows, laden with tasteful ornaments, has caught your eye. Incongruity is here the order of the day—one half the needless luxury sacrificed to order and cleanliness would give comfort. The clue to much of this is, many of these people furnish from sales, buy cheaply, and often more largely than with discretion. But you are by this time weary, and thoroughly bewildered with the multiplicity of your inquiries. Returning home the other evening, I actually met the congratulations of a friend with the words "coals and washing included," when I should have said "twins," and for "as well as can be expected," unconsciously substituted "what is the rent?" So you pause. The staircase is shabby, but the landlady seems obliging. She is stout and smiling, dirty and handsome, as are her numerous family; neither she nor they have ever been out of hearing of city bells, yet if you met them in Devonshire you would cry, "Ah! what health and complexion the country does give!"

You may have to call yourself hoarse when you need anything, for there are no bells, yet the children will run a mile twenty times a day for you. Should you need breakfast any time before ten, you will need to get it for yourself or out of the house; for they lie late here, and will not put themselves out of the way for you. But you may leave your cupboard unlocked, and the dust will gather on sugar and preserve pot, nay, even the brandy loses that habit of facile evaporation which has hitherto warned you of your carelessness. It's likely, if you do not remind them of the fact, your books will not be dusted from one rent-day to the next, but *en revanche*, you may go in and out, do what you please, have what you please, or go without what you please, and you will be conscious of no prying eye noting the same. You who have gone so far in these experiences, know what that means. Queer things one meets with in Apartments. I remember one morning, sitting with a window open which gaze upon a courtyard (I had not been many days in the house), overhearing a colloquy between my landlady and her husband, which caused me some surprise at first.

"Well, love, did you get the men?" asked she.

"No, they would neither of them do—both had moustaches," was the reply.

"And Benson?" interrogated the wife.

"Why he's growing a beard, he's no good!" lamented the spouse.

"Dear! dear! how tiresome!" returned the lady, "but did you ask Jones and Gibbs?"

"La! mother," cried one of the daughters from within, "why Gibbs has got a beard, and Jones is growing a moustache."

"Drat the men! what will you do?" exclaimed the mistress; and I heard no more, nor could conjecture, though the inquiry broke my slumbers, what manner of

occupation it could be in which the hirsute adornment nature has bestowed was an insufferable objection.

But I was enlightened. I read in those days hard, and seldom left the house, save for a turn in the adjoining Square before bed. I like to sleep with my head high, and had complained to my landlady of a deficiency in that respect.

Coming in one night, I found this remedied, even beyond what I required, and displacing the pillows to adjust the abundance, I discovered to my horror that my temporary bolster was composed of a roll of black hammer cloths, belonging to funeral coaches.

Then flashed upon my mind what I had heard; the fact was that my landlord was an undertaker. I knew there was a shop of some kind, but had never inquired what, and the private entrance of course admitted me.

Some of my readers will laugh, perhaps, when I say that the unwelcome addition to my bed was quickly deposited outside the door; my objections were met in the morning with calm wonder by my landlady; as she remarked, "people was n't all alike, for her part, such things did n't trouble her; this jacket and all her children's were made out of old palls."

But I doubt the patience of my reader is exhausted, though the subject is far from being so. Yet it is good to quit in time, and we part for the present.

THE MOORISH SORCERER.

A TALE OF GRANADA.

(Continued from page 221.)

THE Spanish Cavalier, impressed with the belief that he should not survive, charged one of the Knights of Malta to seek out his motherless child and carry her to his friend, De Menezes. The brave knight had nobly executed his trust, and the young Isabella was reared with the two sons of her guardian, who were but a few years older than herself.

Between Alphonso and Isabella an attachment of the tenderest kind existed. Nearer her age than Carlos, and possessed of an amiable disposition, which prompted him to all kind and generous deeds towards the little orphan, his image became the idol of her thoughts. Lord De Menezes himself looked on with an approving smile, and when at length Alphonso, at the age of twenty, declared his wish of marrying Isabella, the father gave the blessing he asked, and rejoiced that one whom he had loved as a child would now come into that relation in reality.

In the whole kingdom no man could be found who united in himself more perfect qualities of mind and person than Alphonso de Menezes. Tall and finely formed, with a face of great beauty, a kingly eye, and a wide and noble forehead, his was indeed an exterior which might well justify the admiration of the young and innocent girl. But when to these were added the superior graces of the mind, and the noble sentiments of a heart that beat high at great deeds or melted into sympathy with sorrow and suffering, what wonder that Isabella loved as maiden seldom loved before?

To Carlos, however, the unhidden affection between

the two was a source of the most bitter emotion. He, who had checked his own violent temper and guarded his proud and revengeful thoughts, lest the expression should trouble the happiness of Isabella, could not endure that the prize which he desired should become his brother's, and a fierce and haughty rage took possession of his soul.

Isabella could not tell why she grew so uneasy in the presence of him whom she had ever called her brother; but whenever he appeared, she felt a trembling at her heart, and a sudden subsiding of all joyful emotions. The beautiful songs which were ever welling from her lips in hall or chamber, or orange bower, were checked at the sight of Carlos, who now seemed to follow her footsteps continually. No hour, devoted to love and Alphonso, remained free from his intrusion, and he would not retire from her presence until the lateness of the hour forbade even the favoured lover to stay longer.

Alphonso often found the dark eyes of Isabella swimming in the tears which Carlos wrung from her, but good and generous as he was he could not suspect his brother of attempting to supplant him in her affections, and he laughed at her fears and kissed away the drops that accused Carlos of wrong. The father suspected nothing, and often talked to his eldest son in a way that made him suffer both sorrow and rage, of the good fortune of Alphonso in securing for his wife a being so beautiful, so good, and simple-hearted as their own Isabella.

Already the orange-blossoms were budding that were to adorn the brows of a fairer bride than Granada had ever boasted, when Alphonso suddenly disappeared. No clue whatever could be traced of him, and the only supposition was that he had been accidentally drowned.

No heart ever wholly gives up a being thus lost, and even Isabella cherished a faint hope that some mysterious agency might restore the absent lover. De Menezes smothered his own deep grief in attempting consolation to the bereaved orphan. Carlos alone affected to believe that no accident had occurred, and that the absence of Alphonso was a wilful forsaking of his bride. It was not in his power to induce any idea of that nature to enter the hearts of the father and Isabella. They knew too well the strength and nobleness of his affection, and exonerated him from all purposes so fraught with baseness, so contrary to his own noble nature.

In Granada where the Moors once built magnificent palaces, and where that of the Moorish kings yet stands, although partly destroyed to make room for the Alhambra, there was still an obscure corner where a few of that nation found a home. Poor, miserable, and illiterate, they yet possessed a chieftain. Incapable of governing themselves, they had placed their interests in the hands of one of their countrymen. Lewis Basa had carried away a Moorish girl who was betrothed to one of the leaders of her tribe, but who could not resist the handsome countenance of a lover who, to the somewhat aged prince, was as "Hyperion to a satyr." Flight was inevitable, and Basa chose rather to inhabit the decayed portion of Granada, and dwell upon the former grandeur which its history described, to gaze on the works of his proud ancestors, which, before the siege of 1492, were

the wonder of Europe, than to bury himself in the dim solitude of the Sierra Nevada, which he had intended to do.

In the obscure quarter which he had inhabited, he had, one day, been surprised to see a Spanish noble, who seemed stealthily to examine the dingy premises which were the abodes of the scattered tribe. Basa's first thought was of Aguilla, his handsome wife, and he hastened to hide her from the prying eyes of the cavalier, by bidding her take her children to a house at some distance and lock herself within its walls until he should come for her.

He then turned to the stranger, who entered into conversation with him, affected to condole with him upon the decay of the ancient grandeur of the Moors, and expressed a hope that old differences might some day give way to better feelings.

"Philip of Spain will not always rule, perhaps," answered the Moor, sullenly, "and the Moresco habit may one day be seen in the streets of Granada, side by side with the Spanish cloak."

"True," replied the stranger courteously. "Such would be my wish and that of others, who, I know, feel indignant at the cruelty he once manifested toward your nation."

Thus soothing the suspicions of the Moor, and apparently forgetting that he was placing it in the man's power to denounce him as talking treason, the stranger contrived to impress him favourably, and a few more visits having passed, in which Basa could see no design upon his wife, but a decided aversion to her being present at their interviews, he became eager for his coming.

One morning the youngest child of Basa, the little three-year-old Amuretta, in her eagerness after shells, was drawn to the very edge of the water. A wave was rolling inward, and the frail form yielded to its pressure. In a moment it would have been too late. The child did not see her danger, but the strong arm of the strange cavalier was around her and brought her, dripping and senseless, to the shore.

The father was frantic at the sight of his pale blossom thus borne down by the heavy wave, but when she revived, his gratitude knew no restraint. Amuretta was the darling of the rough unpolished Moor, and even the mother did not show so much emotion as he did at her preservation.

"Pretty shell!" was the child's first word, as the faint pink hue came into her cheek, and in the little hand a frail, delicate sea-shell was found tightly grasped through all that almost death-struggle.

"Now, then, sir, command me! I will do your bidding, for the sake of my darling. I and my men are yours."

The stranger bent his lips to the ear of the swarthy Moor. The words he uttered brought a flush to the cheek and a frown to the brow.

"I did not think, my lord, that I should hear a proposal like that from your lips; but never mind! I am bound to do your will, by my own promise, and as the man is doubtless your enemy, and would do the same by you, I will aid you all I can."

Still the Moor trembled. He had been bold, reckless, a marauder, a chief of lawless, outcast men, but he was unstained by any deeper crime, and this one looked

monstrous to him. The stranger offered him gold, and he dashed it to the ground. "For gratitude, not gold!" he said, "I take away a life to pay you for the precious one you gave back to me!"

Even the stranger shuddered at the words he uttered, and turned away as if irresolute. But after a brief space, he looked up and said: "Well, Basa, I accept the gratitude you feel. I know that it would be impossible to bribe you with gold; so let it be a bond between us."

"And this man is your enemy, my lord?"

"He keeps me from my love. Is not that enough?"

"Enough for me."

"Well then, away with squeamish fears."

In an apartment of the Menezes' palace, the father of the two young men, worn down by the mysterious disappearance of his son, was talking earnestly with Isabella. She—a pale, drooping flower that had not smiled since the day on which the orange-blossoms were budding for her bridal—was answering him with tears.

"Isabella," said the old man, "Carlos loves you. Why is it, now that six years have passed since Alphonso's death, that you cannot bear to hear of this without a shudder?"

"I cannot. I have no power to love him. My heart is buried within Alphonso's grave."

"For my sake, Isabella! But look, child! Here comes the inquisitor, Manfredo."

"The inquisitor? Father, what can he want with us?"

A sallow, low-browed man entered the room by one door, just as Carlos came in by another. They met.

"This is well, my Lord Carlos!" said Manfredo. "The Moresco woman who came up to the city last evening, from some unknown quarter, wishes to see you."

"For what?"

"Her husband has been seized on suspicion of having gone back to the faith he had abjured, and has referred us to you, as witness for his fidelity to the holy church."

The woman, who had quietly crept in behind the inquisitor, now came forward. Carlos looked at her.

"I cannot serve you, if I would," he said, gravely. "I never saw you before."

"I thought so," said the woman, bitterly. "Think a moment. My husband's name is Basa."

"I never heard of him," repeated Carlos, yet a strange pallor was on his lip, and the big drops stood upon his forehead. By a violent effort he recovered himself, and after a few moment's reflection, he told the inquisitor that the woman was right, and that her husband was a good Christian, begging him to have him released. De Menezes urged the woman to stay and take some refreshment, but her anxiety would not permit her to eat.

"I shall not taste food again until Basa is free," said Aguilla, but she lingered near Isabella, as she passed out to the garden which bordered on the seashore. With a fierce glance after Manfredo, she took a little poniard from her bosom.

"I had hard work to keep this from coming out, lady, while that man was here."

"Hush! Are you a woman, and say such things?" asked Isabella.

"You know not my wrongs, lady. That man, the agent of the inquisition, imprisoned me five years ago, with my sweet children. There was no bed, no fire, not a ray of light, save when they brought a lamp for one moment when giving us the hard, black bread which kept the breath in us. O, lady, it was dreadful! I shudder even now when I think of what I suffered in that hideous den."

At that moment, a tall man passed the garden gate. His appearance disconcerted Isabella. She believed that he was seeking the woman. Perhaps it was her husband, escaped or released, for she perceived that he wore the Moorish dress.

"Do you know him?" she asked.

"No; he is some Moresco chieftain, perhaps, who hides among the mountains. He wears the Moorish dress forbidden by the royal edict."

Isabella dropped her veil, but Aguilla accosted him as he approached, to tell him of his danger.

"You mistake," he answered. "I am a Christian."

The woman saw that it was he who misunderstood, and she begged Isabella to speak to him.

"We are friends, sir," said the trembling girl. "If you wish for concealment, Lord de Menezes will gladly shelter you. Or if you have been wronged, he is so generous, and the Lord Carlos is so brave, that no suffering would plead to them in vain."

The stranger seemed evidently agitated. He could only bow his thanks and say that he desired no assistance, and with a reverent air he left their presence and walked up the high road, leaving Isabella almost as agitated as himself, yet not knowing why the Moor's presence should have stirred her so strangely.

The morning after this arose with the red light of an autumnal sun. At the foot of a mountain whose steep sides formed the connecting link between Granada and the Sierra Nevada which made the background of the picture, two men were walking slowly together and talking in low tones, as if they feared listeners in that lonely place.

"Look, Basa! yonder is your house."

"It is indeed in sight. My woes are ended, though thanks to you as for other favours. My little darling—my Amuretta! had it not been for your preserving arm, would now have been sleeping in the coral caves. How can I thank you?"

"Basa, your debt is easily repaid."

"How, sir? Command me."

"He whom you killed was beloved by her I hoped long ago to have wedded."

"And you are not married? My lord, you told me otherwise."

"I know it; but now I own the truth, and require further aid from you."

Basa looked dissatisfied, but begged him to go on.

"This, then, is what I would have you do. The lady is a lover of the marvellous, and believes in the ministry of spirits. With your help I will contrive a scene in which music, and incense, and strange voices will excite her imagination. Dressed as a Moorish astrologer, or sorcerer, you can tell her mystery enough, and when

the mummery has passed away you must contrive that the picture which I bade you take from the dead man, shall be left where the smoke has evaporated. That will assure her of his death, and she will not listen to me until she is so assured."

"But you told me, my lord, that the lady loved you, and that his return would bring death and dishonour upon you—upon her. Knowing the falseness of this I cannot do it."

"Fool! you who killed for hire must now have scruples to do this!"

"Pardon me, my lord. I did not kill for hire; I served you from gratitude only. Besides, *I knew not then that it was your brother!*"

Carlos turned pale as death. He drew his breath with difficulty. "Who told you?"

"He told me himself. I could not kill him when he said that. I saw your likeness in his face, and although he bade me take his life when I told him that the lady whose portrait he wore loved you only, still my hand would not do the work. Thank God I did not."

"Basa, you *shall* aid me now."

"I cannot, sir. Your servants would know me. Let me not appear in this. But one thing I will do. There was a stranger in the woods last evening, gathering herbs in the moonlight. Manfredo's agents were out questioning him. He was a Moor, and as they sounded him in your name, to know why he lurked in your domain, he answered haughtily, 'Tell the Lord Carlos I am one who can bring the dead to life.'"

"Where does he live?"

"Yonder, beside the brook, in a small dell. They call it the Giant's Cradle. A mountain-ash covers his roof, and hides the hut from sight."

"Well, then, I go to seek it; farewell."

"Farewell, sir, you cannot miss it."

Carlos was not long in finding the hut. The Moor was visible, and requested him to state his business. He told him that he loved a lady who would return his love if she could be satisfied of the death of another to whom she had been betrothed. Until then she would not wed him. He had a picture of her in his possession, which she had given to her lover, "but which," said he, "she does not know that I have. You can call up the dead. Of course there will no form appear, but when the smoke of the incense shall have passed away, this picture will give evidence to her that his spirit has left it there. Everything shall be ready. I will prepare the music, the altar, and incense. Here is the picture, and here is your gold."

He passed out of the hut. The Moor flung down the money indignantly. He gazed with passionate tears upon the picture, which he then hid within his vest, while from a box he took another picture, representing a man lying in a wood, with three Moors standing over him. Securing this also beneath his garments, he proceeded to the palace, and was ushered into the presence of Lord de Menezes, his son, and Isabella. A strain of music, soft as from an *Æolian* harp, rose upon the air. Isabella trembled and pressed close to her guardian.

"My lord," she said, "I would fain have been spared this mockery."

"Do you not believe, then, in spirits, lady?" asked the Moor.

His voice thrilled through her very soul, and to save herself from observation, she said no more, but awaited calmly the result. Again his voice shook her with strange emotions, as he called upon the spirit of Alphonso to appear. A long pause followed, then renewed callings for Alphonso. Then it was that Isabella protested against the unholy ceremony, and insisted on being allowed to depart.

After she had gone the Moor renewed the invocations, adding that if he was really dead, they desired him to bring that which he held closely when dying, but if still living, to give some token of the past.

Suddenly the altar took fire and the bright light shone upon the picture. It was that of the wood scene, where the three Moors stood above the prostrate man. In one of the faces, Carlos recognised Basa.

At this moment the door was forced open and Manfredo appeared with the officers of the Inquisition. They seized upon the Moor, accusing him of sorcery, while Carlos, who had been in apparent stupor from the moment that he had seen the resemblance of Basa in the picture, joined the cry, and hurried the servants to take the Moor to the dungeon, while Lord de Menezes sought Isabella, fearful of the consequences of the scene upon her weakened nerves.

"It must be true, Isabella," he said to her, tenderly, "our beloved Alphonso is no more."

"Believe it not, dear lord."

"It was no mortal trick, my child. The face was that of Alphonso. He was disarmed and overpowered, but still he clasped something to his heart—"

"It was my portrait, father. I gave it to him secretly before we parted."

Carlos interrupted her, bringing in the keys of the dungeon, and saying that Manfredo had intrusted the wizard Moor to his keeping.

"That is well. But, Carlos, how do you account for the speeches which the sorcerer made? Surely he looked at you when he talked of guilt."

"Nay, father, I cannot tell. The sorcery is too much for my comprehension."

"Well, at least the picture may guide us to discover the villains who murdered Alphonso."

"Now God forbid!" said Carlos, in a voice too low to reach his father's ear. Meanwhile, Isabella had secured the keys of the dungeon. The thought had struck her that the Moor, although acting a sorcerer's part, might bear some tidings to her of Alphonso's life or death; and stealing out, unobserved, she hastened to the door of that awful cell. A small lamp assisted her to find the lock, and in a moment she stood on the cold damp flags. It was long before the dim light showed her the inmate of the place. At length she saw him lying on the stone bench that served him for a couch. The overshadowing turban of the magician was laid aside, and the hair, soft and curling in its black luxuriance, was thrown aside from the noble forehead. She held the light close to him, but the right hand was covering the face. In the left, Isabella saw her own picture, and shrieked at the sight. The prisoner started and withdrew his hand from his face. O the inexpressible joy of that sight. It was Alphonso himself! ° ° The return, so blessed to Isabella, brought penitence to Carlos, but the memory of his guilt wrought

his death. Alphonso forgave him, but Isabella could never look upon his face again, even when dead.

They were wedded without pomp, in a few days, and but for this one sad and painful remembrance, were happy.

REMARKABLE SOLAR SPOTS.

OF late the surface of the sun has been covered with numerous clusters of spots, greater in number than have been noticed for some years past. This phenomenon occurs at various periods, but with no regular interval of appearance or departure. Some years they are seldom visible on the solar disc; at others, as at the present time, they appear in such variety as to excite attention. M. Chacornac, of Marseilles, observed on the 26th of June, in this year, a group of spots, occupying, he estimates, in angular extent, not less than one-fifth of the sun's radius. This observer, who has devoted himself for the last twelve years to this department of astronomy, and has registered the configurations and dimensions of the spots, states that at no previous time has he witnessed their appearance in such numbers. In the neighbourhood of London, with the atmospheric changes to which the metropolis is subject, they are clearly visible in an ordinary pocket telescope, and we doubt not they can be seen with the naked eye. In an instrument of the smallest kind, protected by a coloured glass next the eye, a dozen spots may be plainly perceived. On the 29th ult., at 3 p.m., the sky being clear, through a five-foot achromatic telescope, of nearly four inches aperture, with a power of 40, the configurations of the spots presented a pleasing appearance. In the centre of the solar disc a small cluster of spots was visible, and on the south-eastern margin (in an inverting telescope) and in that neighbourhood, two very large spots, surrounded by a cluster of other spots of much smaller dimensions, were visible while the sky remained clear; and when, a few minutes afterwards, dark clouds rapidly obscured the sun, the spots could at times be detected as the light shone out again. This subject possesses in itself much interest, from the every-varying nature of the lessons it teaches—viz. that great changes are continually taking place on the surface of the sun as well as on the other bodies of the solar system. A few particulars at this time may be interesting.

Galileo, in 1610, was the first who noticed the solar spots, and after him Scheiner, who considered them to be inferior planets revolving at no great distance from the central luminary. On the other hand, Galileo and Hevelius thought they were scorice, floating in the inflammable liquid matter of which they imagined the sun to be composed. Many opinions have been given as to the cause of the spots, all more or less differing from each other. Dr. Wilson, of Glasgow, at the close of the last century, endeavoured to explain the cause of the spots by supposing the sun to consist of a dark nucleus, covered only to a certain depth by a luminous matter, not fluid, through which openings are made at certain times by volcanic agency, thereby permitting the solid nucleus of the sun to be seen. The subject was closely

investigated by the late Sir W. Herschel, in a series of observations on the sun from 1779 to 1794. He conjectured the dark spots to be mountains, which, from the slow revolution of the sun on its axis, and its great attraction on bodies placed at its surface, might be more than 300 miles high, and yet stand very firmly. In some observations in the year 1792 he was of opinion that the dark spots were the opaque ground, or body of the sun, through which, when broken or interrupted, we view the sun itself. He also supposed the sun to be surrounded by an extensive atmosphere, composed of elastic fluids, more or less lucid or transparent, and of which the lucid ones furnish us with light. The atmosphere he supposed to be not more than 2765, nor less than 1843 miles in height. He likewise thought there were two regions of solar clouds—the inferior one being opaque, like our own atmosphere, while the superior was the depository of light, which it darts forth in vast quantities in all directions. Some astronomers have imagined the solar spots exercise an influence on the weather and the temperature of the seasons. In 1807 the heat of summer was intense, and the spots of vast magnitude, while, in 1823, the temperature being cold and wet, the sun exhibited no spots. There cannot be any question that much may be said on both sides of the subject. In 1783 the crops were fertile, and the solar spots very numerous; a dry fog enveloped the greater part of Europe, and was followed by the earthquake of Calabria.

The size of the solar spots excites our highest astonishment. In 1843, M. Schwabe, of Dessau, measured a large spot occupying a space 77,000 miles in diameter, or ten times that of the earth. Sir W. Herschel, in 1779, measured a spot not less than 50,000 miles in diameter, visible to the naked eye. Sir J. F. Herschel, at the Cape of Good Hope, in 1837, observed a cluster of spots occupying a space about equal to the sixth part of the sun's diameter—an area of 3,780,000,000 miles. They are subject at times to sudden changes. The Rev. Dr. Wollaston was once viewing the sun in a reflecting telescope, when a spot appeared to burst into fragments, like a piece of ice which, when thrown upon a frozen pond, breaks in pieces, and slides in all directions. This has been noticed by other observers. The late Rev. Dr. Dick on various occasions, noticed as many as 150 different spots, particularly about the year 1836. The smallest spot discernible on the solar disc cannot be much less than 500 or 600 miles in diameter. When a spot has been observed for any length of time, it is found to change its place on the surface of the sun, and from being visible first on the eastern side, changes its place to the western edge, and disappears, after being visible for a fortnight. From this circumstance the sun has been proved to rotate on its axis in a direction from west to east in about 25 days 10 hours. Every part of the solar equator thus moves at the rate of 4532 miles in an hour. In the course of time the photographic experiments which are now being rapidly made, as to the nature and physical properties of light, will determine whether or not the opinions of Herschel and others were well-founded.

THE MOATED GRANGE.

TENNYSON'S poem of Mariana has been the original which our artist has studied. Shakspeare wrote of "Mariana in the Moated Grange." A poet read the line, and a poem was the result. A sister art has been invoked to appeal to the eye, as the poet to the fancy. Tennyson tells us—

"With blackest moss the flower-pots
Were thickly crusted, one and all,
The rusted nails fell from the knots
That held the peach to the garden wall,
The broken sheds look'd sad and strange,
Uplifted was the clinking latch,
Weeded and worn the ancient thatch,
Upon the lonely Moated Grange:
She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said—"I am aweary—aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

On the other side the artist has embodied the spirit of the poem we have quoted. It is well that this is done, such old houses are rare in these days of the steam ship and the railway, and the thoughts that shake mankind.

THE KENSINGTON POTTERIES.

ONE of the dark spots of London was a district too well known as the Kensington Potteries. It was a place of refuge for the destitute—a collection of miserable huts and pigsties, where lived animals of all kinds, and men or women but little better. In this dark district a great work is going on. Some people have got it into their heads that even the outcasts of our race are worth seeking after and turning back. Experiments lead to knowledge. In the natural world by means of them we discover general laws; the same truth holds good where we have the mind to deal with. Women, children, when the most degraded, the most repulsive, the most, to all human calculation, irredeemably lost, may be won, as a rule, must be won, by gentleness, perseverance, and patient love. Mrs. Bayly has given us a fresh illustration of this in the report which has just reached us of the Norland and Kensington Potteries' Infant and Ragged Schools.

In 1858, it appears, the schools were opened. At present there is in operation a Girls' Ragged School, conducted entirely by fifteen young ladies, voluntary teachers, who have most kindly devoted themselves to the work, and meet the children twice on the Sabbath, and two mornings and one afternoon in the week. On Sunday afternoon there are frequently one hundred girls present, and on week days the average attendance is about fifty in the winter, but less in the summer. Many of these girls have turned out well, and have a penny bank, in which £6 10s. 2d. was deposited in four hundred and seventy-seven payments. The Boys' Ragged School is under an efficient master, who has been engaged for four evenings a week. The attendance varies from about sixty in the winter to fifteen or twenty in

the summer on week evenings, and from one hundred in the winter to half or a third of that number on summer evenings. In connection with this school also a penny bank was established in February last, and twenty-four boys have deposited £1 6s. 5d. A boy came to the treasurer's house late one evening, and asked for 3s. to be returned to him. On reference to the book, the treasurer found he had deposited 3s. 7½d. and telling him so, inquired why he wanted to draw so much out. "Why, sir," said he, "I broke a pane of glass to-day, and they do n't know as I did it; but I want to tell 'em of it and pay for another." "That's right, my boy," said the treasurer, giving him the money, "honesty's the best policy. Always recollect that, and you are sure to get on." Some time ago a boy who had attended the Ragged School died. A number of his companions agreed to subscribe what they could; so putting their halfpence together, the sum amounted to 12s. 6d., which they gave to the poor mother to assist in defraying the expense of the funeral. In the Infant School there is an average attendance of from eighty to one hundred. Sixty members form the nucleus of a Band of Hope. A Mutual Loan Society flourishes, carried on entirely by working men. The number of members at present is eighty-six, and about £150 has been on loan among the members. The net profit of the first year was between £9 and £10. About two hundred mothers have joined the Mothers' Society. Much need of it was there in the Potteries. The committee wishing to get at a lower class of women than usually attend this meeting, commenced, during last winter, an Afternoon Mothers' Class, which has been attended by about thirty women. The habits of many of these had been of the lowest description, and as a proof of their utter incompetency for the solemn duties and responsibilities that devolved upon them, it may be mentioned that at one gathering, at which twenty-seven of these mothers were assembled, it was ascertained that amongst them they had lost between fifty and sixty children. The ignorance they manifested upon the most simple and common duties of life induced the belief that upon most of the graves of these little ones might have been justly inscribed the epitaph, "Died from its mother's ignorance of God's natural laws." A Bible woman is also employed as a domestic missionary; and, besides, there is the Notting Dale Rescue Society, commenced on the 18th January last, at a tea-meeting, to which fourteen or fifteen men were invited, the result being that five signed the pledge of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks, and the rest said they would consider about it. It was then agreed that they should meet one evening every week, and at the next and each following meeting a considerable addition has been made to the number of members. Mr. J. B. Gough on Saturday evening, June 30th, delivered a stirring lecture in this room to a crowded assembly of the working people of this neighbourhood. It was attended with the most happy results, and at the close of it thirty-one men stepped forward and signed the pledge, so that this society now numbers upwards of one hundred members.

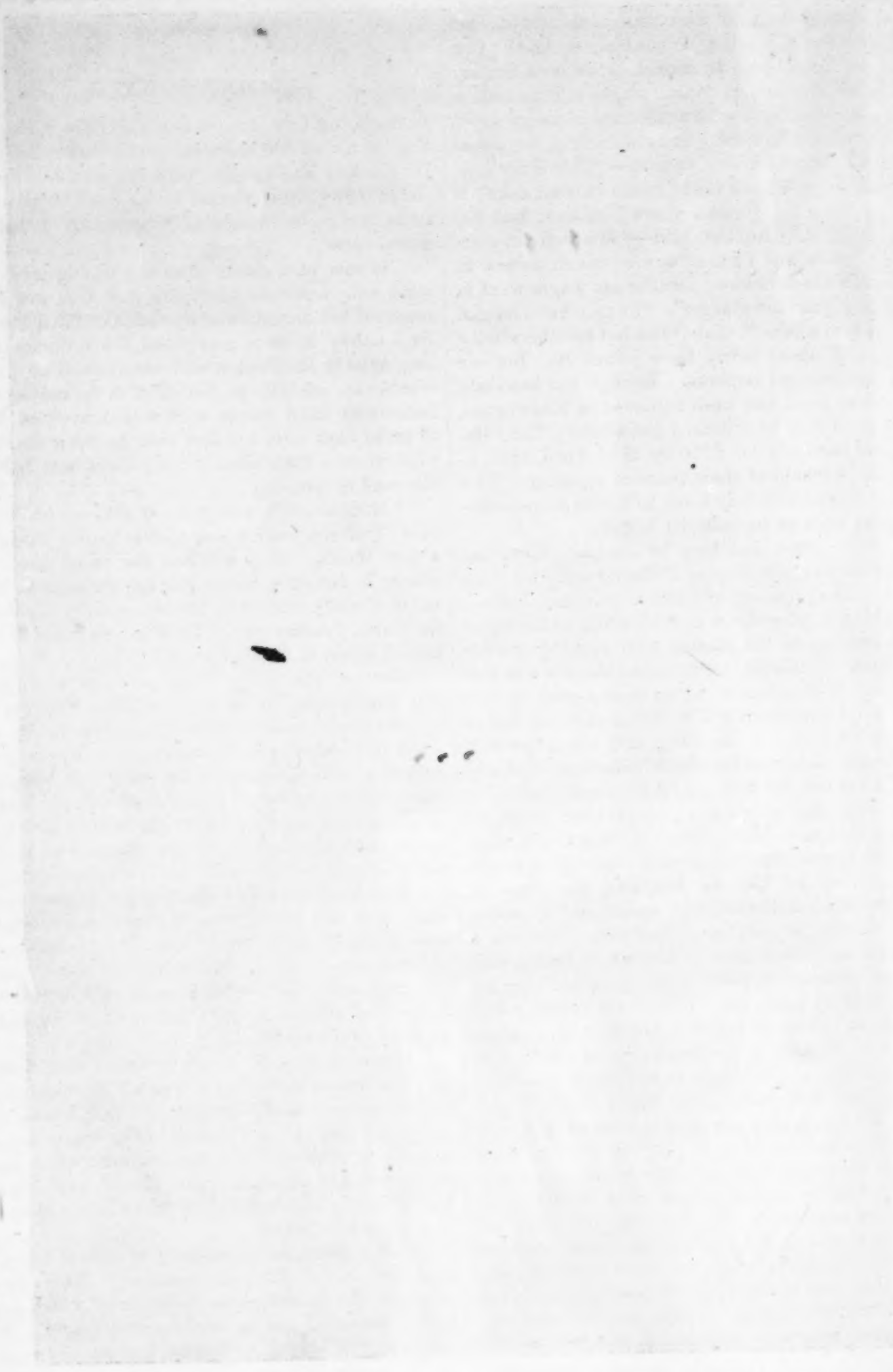
When it is remembered that the majority of these men, up to the time of their joining this society, were continually in the habit of drinking to excess, and in consequence never attending a place of worship, their



THE MOATED GRANGE.

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homes miserable, their wives and children wretched and unhappy, and since they have taken the pledge a marked improvement has taken place, we may be well thankful for the existence of such a society. An instance or two which came under the notice of the city missionary may be recorded as evidence of the complete change effected in families where this principle has been adopted. One man had not been home to dinner sober on a Sunday for twelve months, and in certain stages of intoxication was like a demoniac; now he is reformed in every sense. The wife says—"We hardly know ourselves, we are so happy now." Another woman said—"This is my husband's birth-day—I have made him a currant cake; it is the first time for sixteen years I've ever had the means of doing it." Another said—"We've been married thirty years, and I never saw so much money in my husband's hands before; most of his wages went in drink till he signed the pledge." The men have formed themselves into a benefit club (none but members being admitted), and about thirty have joined it. But we need not continue our remarks. Enough has been said to show what good has been achieved in Kensington, and what good may be achieved elsewhere. The committee plead earnestly for £350 by 22nd April, 1861, to purchase the freehold of their place of meeting. Sure are we our friends will help them, and thus help to continue a good work so successfully begun.

One other lesson also may be learnt. What has been done in the Kensington Potteries may be done elsewhere. Languishing in their homes and halls—vainly seeking a refuge from ennui, finding in the frivolities and fashions of the passing hour nothing worthy of their time, or talents, or energies, there are at this time thousands of ladies to whom such a work as that proposed will be not merely a welcome pastime, but, as regards themselves, an elevating and noble pursuit. Such a pursuit is also one for which ladies are peculiarly suited. We are not about to repeat the usual platitudes about the influence of woman; our readers know as much about that as we do. Praise of woman is the last refuge of the lowest platform speaker desirous to secure our applause, denied him for anything else; but for work of the kind indicated, and desiderated by social reformers, woman is peculiarly qualified. She has a right to visit her poorer sister in distress, to reason with the drunken husband, to point to the little babe pining away for want of fresh air, clean warm clothing and nourishing food, to say to father and mother, Make home comfortable. All this is confessed on every side to be woman's mission, and the right to fulfil it is one of the most sacred and inalienable of her rights. Mrs. Wightman, Mrs. W. Fison, now engaged in promoting female sanatory organization, Mrs. Bayly, and several other ladies, have shown, by their own experience, how easily this mission may be carried on, and how usefully this right may be employed. We believe, too, there are many ladies of whom the world never hears, engaged in the same beneficent work, but their numbers need enlarging, their zeal stimulating, their energies reviving. To all such we will appeal. People who become temperate become thoughtful, economical, industrious, religious, obedient to the laws of health and happiness; and a nation of such can fear no enemy.

SUNDOWN.

A NOVEL.

By EDWARD COPPING, Author of "*Aspects of Paris*," &c.

[Continued from p. 181.]

CHAPTER XXVIII.

IN declaring that Ruth was but slightly indisposed, and that in a very few days he would restore her to health, Dr. Lanfrey had spoken with the confidence of a physician who judges disease by its mere physical indications, and never dreams of penetrating to their hidden moral cause.

He saw at a glance that the young girl was in a weak and depressed condition, and that low fever had rendered her nervous and hysterical. This was enough. Dr. Lanfrey at once prescribed the ordinary remedies employed in such cases, and entertained no doubt they would exercise their proper effect in the customary time. Indeed, so filled was he with this conviction, that two or three days after his first visit he drew George aside to announce that already the patient was half way on the road to recovery.

"Mademoiselle was in a low nervous condition," he said; "all she needed was a little gentle stimulant and a few tonics. You will see the roses return to her cheek, M. Georges, before you see the autumn blossoms in the Neuilly nursery. There is not the slightest cause for alarm, I assure you. Your fair cousin will be quite herself again in another week."

George was really much relieved when he heard this intelligence, for he could not help thinking that he himself might count for something—though he scarcely knew how—in the indisposition from which Ruth was suffering. Now, however, his mind was completely at ease, and, strengthened by the assurances of Lanfrey, he again became convinced that his cousin's illness had its origin in purely physical causes, which were yielding to medical treatment the moment it was applied.

Ruth soon showed, indeed, by her improved appearance, that the predictions of the young medical man were likely to be promptly realized. Something of the old freshness of colour returned to her cheek; her appetite improved; her strength manifestly increased. The tonics and stimulants were taking effect exactly as Dr. Lanfrey said they would.

It was curious, however, to notice that these mere physical remedies brought about a physical cure, but left the moral malady untouched. Ruth's bodily health had improved, but her mental health was as far as ever from being restored. For that no prescription had been drawn out, the physician who should have ministered had forgotten his cunning, and now in the hour of need was powerless to save.

Ruth's dejection necessarily manifested itself now, however, in a different manner. With returning strength the sensitiveness disappeared which had just before rendered her so nervous and tearful. She fell into a sort of stupor, a physical and moral torpor, such as frequently follows undue mental excitement. Her senses seemed to be reposing, after the too great strain to which they had been subjected.

During the progress of convalescence, she sat day by day in the drawing-room, sometimes idly gazing out upon the garden, at others closing her eyes and falling into a species of trance. When in this latter state, her mind wandered among fantastic shapes and insubstantial scenes, and yet retained a half consciousness of what was passing around, so that the real oftentimes blended with the imaginary until it became impossible for her to distinguish the boundary line by which they were separated.

She was half aware of the lethargy which had stolen over her senses, but had no power to shake it off. What she principally needed was rest, grateful rest after the turmoil of disappointed hope and neglected love through which she had passed.

In time, however, her mental life began gradually to re-awaken. She listened now to what was spoken near her, and caught something more than a mere blurred and disfigured echo of its meaning. She noted too the persons who came and went, speculated upon their appearance, inwardly commented upon their bearing and manners. Her mind could not yet grasp everything that came before it, and accordingly the impressions she formed of actual occurrences became so interwoven with mere fancies that she was often puzzled and startled by the incongruous aspect they presented.

One circumstance much occupied her the moment she became capable of comprehension. It was the almost constant presence of Dr. Lanfrey in the room where she sat. Every morning he was there, sometimes, as she thought, for an hour, sometimes for several hours, not speaking to her, or attending to her, and yet, as it appeared, engaged in some sort of occupation.

In her feeble mental condition she was utterly unable to divine why he came so often, and stayed so long; and as the subject at last began to harass her, she beckoned him towards her one day, and sought for an explanation of the mystery.

"Am I very ill that you are so often here?" she asked.

Something of a blush passed over Dr. Lanfrey's cheek, though he tried to disguise it under a smile. He was about to reply, when Hester came from the recess behind Ruth's chair in which she had been talking with the young medical man, and spoke for him.

"You have been very ill, Ruth," she said, "but you are much better now. Dr. Lanfrey has ordered you to be kept quite quiet; so you must not ask questions. Go to sleep again, there's a good girl."

Ruth was too weak to offer any resistance, or to appear other than satisfied with the evasive answer which had been made her. She closed her eyes, therefore, with passive obedience, and fell back into the dreamy state which had now become habitual to her.

But the question she had asked returned again and again to her mind, with the strange persistence with which unimportant subjects often thrust themselves upon us during convalescence, and all her curiosity was once more aroused. In vain she tried to guess why Dr. Lanfrey so constantly remained near her; why he was close to her every morning, and again by her side at night. She could not explain the cause, but she felt that a reason was involved in this circumstance which she, above all things, must penetrate. Was her mind

merely wandering, or had the instinctive affection of her nature been re-awakened by impending trouble?

Her thoughts were still perplexed with this subject, when the sound of voices startled her one morning from dreamy meditation, and quickened her drowsy senses into unusual activity.

"Hush!" she heard Hester say. "Hush! she is dosing."

A responsive whisper at once issued from other lips as if to indicate obedience.

Ruth looked up. Hester was standing by the table in the centre of the room, and Lanfrey was by her side. She had in her hand a letter, or what seemed to be one, which she was reading to herself.

"A love letter, I suppose?" said Lanfrey, in a gay and bantering tone.

"Oh, of course," she replied. "Some more silly poetry. He regularly sends me six or eight verses every morning. They are dreadfully foolish and stupid, and grow more and more so every day, but I am compelled to read them."

"Compelled?"

"Yes; the poor fellow would grow distracted if I did not. It's the least I can do by way of requiting him for his labour."

"Ah! I am afraid you do so from far tenderer motives."

Moi! Quelle idée. Cela m'amuse. He is so young and so simple! His enthusiasm and romantic sentiment are really studies for me. I make use of them for my novel. How can you suppose I entertain more than a mere sisterly regard for my cousin?"

She looked at him as she spoke, with an expression that sent a glow of passionate ardour into his face, coming as it did from the very depths of her large and brilliant eyes. He said nothing in reply, but seized her hand and imprinted upon it a dozen hot and eager kisses. Then placing his arm round her waist, he gently led her to the recess, where they talked in a low, hushed whisper, only audible to themselves.

Ruth turned aside. Her mind was already fatigued and perplexed by the brief conversation she had heard. She soon relapsed, therefore, into her usual state of lethargy, trying in vain to give definitive meaning to the scene which had taken place. It seemed confused and unconnected, as though a knowledge of other circumstances were necessary in order to understand its full significance.

She had sat in this state for an hour or more, not actually slumbering, and yet not fully awake, when the sound of voices once more startled her, and caused her to look up again.

Hester was standing in exactly the same spot as before, and with the same letter in her hand. Lanfrey, however, had left, and his place was supplied by another. Fred was the new comer.

"Hush," said Hester as before, "she is dosing."

Fred signified obedience by a gesture of attention, and then said, in a timid tremulous voice—his pale cheek growing paler as he spoke—"Do you like the poetry?"

"Very much, indeed; but then I always like your poetry. It is exceedingly pretty, well written, and full of real feeling. You improve, too, every day."

"It makes me so happy to hear you say that."

"Does it?"

"Yes; for I would give the whole world to please you."

And poor Fred spoke in deep earnest tones, that showed how strong was the passion which urged him to this avowal.

"Ah! that's very easy to promise, but very difficult to perform," she replied, in the gayest and most airy manner possible. "Fortunately, I am never likely to take you at your word."

"But I would really do anything, dear Hester, to please you."

"Well, and what have you been doing this morning?" she inquired, turning away from his impassioned gaze.

"I did not feel capable of writing anything, so I merely took a stroll on the *Bois*," Fred replied, with the deepest dejection.

"Oh, that was dreadfully idle. The idea of your not being capable! You are going to write me some more verses soon, I hope."

"Oh yes, if you would like to receive them," he said with sudden animation, eagerly clutching at her words.

"Why, of course I should, cousin. How can you doubt it?"

"Do they *really* please you, then?" he inquired, in the old tone of anxiety, which indicated utter mistrust of his own powers.

"Have I not told you so again and again, cousin? How incredulous you are becoming! What other proof can I give you of my sincerity?"

She looked at him as she spoke with the same expression that had shone through her large and brilliant eyes only an hour or so before, and held out her hand. Fred took it with shrinking diffidence, and covered it with trembling kisses; then casting a last look of supplicating tenderness upon her, he said adieu, and quitted the apartment.

Hester turned aside directly after his departure, and her countenance assumed its usual cold expression of passionless beauty.

"Twelve o'clock," she said, looking at her watch, "and I have not yet written a line of my novel. What a bore it is to have a foolish love-sick cousin near one!"

And she in her turn quitted the room.

Ruth started to her feet and looked around. The chamber was empty and quiet, the faint trickling of the gold-fish fountain alone disturbing its stillness. Was it a dream she had looked upon? Were the forms which had passed before her eyes mere phantoms?

She gathered together her wandering senses by a great effort, and steadily passed in review the scenes which had just taken place.

Evidently they were obvious and literal; the actors in them were living forms. Here was no fancy—no mental vision; and yet Ruth felt as though she had been long slumbering, and was only now awakening to reality. What was this trance in which her senses had been lying through so many days? She touched herself as though to be assured of her own corporeal being, and looked into the glass to see if the grave-clothes were not around her body.

Ah! it was all evident now! She had slumbered

on in selfish sorrow, the world around her fading into a dream, and her dream taking deceptive form and shape to lure her from reality.

Here was Fred—the dear Fred—pouring out the wealth of his affection upon a stock and stone; offering his love to a beauty-statue; prostrating himself in soul-humility before a marble heart;—and the sister who should have watched over him, who should have held forth her hand to save, or at least to warn, had made no sign—uttered no word, but left him to fall and perish.

Illness and unchecked melancholy had so affected Ruth, that at first these ideas took a weird and fantastic shape like the hallucinations of fitful madness. But in a short time, as the native strength of her intellect re-assumed its sway, she saw her brother's real position, and comprehended the full and bitter disappointment to which his affection was destined.

All Ruth's sympathetic penetration and womanly discernment returned to her now. She saw that Fred was fondly, passionately in love with Hester; that he was devoting to her his whole heart and mind in unceasing adoration. She saw also that Hester cared nothing for him; that she trifled with his affection, and yet encouraged it while receiving homage from another. When poor Fred awoke some day from his delusive dream to learn this bitter truth, would he be able to stand up against the cruel blow his hopes and longings must receive.

On the instant, as these ideas passed through her mind, the last lingering remnants of her dejection were torn from her, as by the rude hand of physical action. She was again the earnest, watchful, and loving little Ruth she had been in other days. Her heart was again in her own keeping, and it throbbed now with all its former force and freedom.

George had paid the penalty of his neglect. Even he was unheeded now. The dear brother must be saved before all.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"FRED," said Ruth to her brother, when he came into the *salon* some hours later, "are you engaged to-night?"

"No," he replied, "I was going with George and Hester to the *Français* to-night, but I don't much care for the piece to be played, so I mean to stay at home."

"Oh, I'm so glad to hear that. Come and sit with me, then, will you? It's a long time since we've had a pleasant chat as we used to have in old days."

"Yes, you have been so unwell lately that we were not allowed to talk with you at any length, for fear of exciting you too much."

"Ah, but I'm better now, Fred; quite well, in fact, and we may talk without fear. Come and sit by my side, there's a dear, good old brother. I've so many things I should like to say to you."

Fred, touched by the unusual tenderness of Ruth's manner, came and sat at her feet on a little stool, and took her hand in his. As he gazed up affectionately into her face, with the old loving glance of other days, she was pained to see how pale his cheek had grown, and how worn and anxious was his look.

"Well, Fred," she said, gently playing with his

hand, "our holiday is almost over. In another month we go back to Sundown."

He started when the familiar name fell upon his ear as though it had awakened a host of painful memories.

"We promised Aunt Susan, if you recollect," she went on, "to return at the end of September, when you had completed the studies interrupted by your illness, and now it is the 31st of August."

Fred felt his cheeks flush at this allusion to the pursuits he had so long neglected; but he offered no comment upon Ruth's remark.

"Have you made much progress lately, Fred? It is a long time since I heard you speak of your atelier. You have not utterly deserted it, I hope?"

Fred grew confused, and his glance fell. For the first time in his life he was afraid to look into his sister's face, and meet the reproachful expression he knew was seated there.

"I have not done much lately," he said in very humble tones, for he felt suddenly ashamed of the vacillation which had borne him away from his artistic studies. "To say the truth, since my illness I have felt no enthusiasm for painting, and have given scarcely any attention to it."

He was too conscientious to withhold this truthful admission, though he had not yet the courage to explain in what manner his time had been occupied.

"I'm sorry for that, Fred," exclaimed Ruth, with real disappointment in her tones, "you were making such rapid progress before you left Sundown. A little diligent study here was all you wanted to become an artist. And you know, Fred, nothing is done without study. Look how George works! and see how successful he has already been! Why should you not be the same?"

She wished to stimulate her brother—to rouse his dormant energies, and thus open out a path to his ambition which, if persistently pursued, might lead him away from his unhappy passion.

For a moment he was fired by her words, and the consciousness of his own talent throbbed through his mind. But then he thought of Hester, and the fascination she exercised over him checked the beatings of his heart, and sent a chill through every fibre of his frame. The reaction had again set in, to which he had always been subject. Self-dissatisfaction had once more seized upon his mind, and as despondency took possession of him he grew pale, and the momentary light which had been kindled in his eyes was extinguished.

"No, no," he said in his old gloomy tones, "I shall never gain any success; I am fit for nothing—I can do nothing. I wonder sometimes why I was born."

"Fred!" exclaimed Ruth, in a tone of affectionate reproach, "Fred!" and she tried to fix his eyes.

But he steadily bent his glance upon the floor, and would not look in her face.

"I am fit for nothing," he again said; "I wish I was dead."

He drew his hand completely away from his sister's as he spoke, rose, and paced the room. But Ruth would not let him thus escape her. She also rose, gently took his hand, and gazing with deep affection full into his face, said very softly, "Fred! Fred!" The words and the glance were too much for his overcharged and sensitive

heart. He looked for a moment as though he would resent her loving kindness, then threw himself into a chair, and burst into a flood of tears.

"Ruth! Ruth!" he said at length to the fond sister kneeling by his side, "don't be angry with me, darling. Forgive me for what I said just now. If you only knew how unhappy I am, I'm sure you would pity instead of blaming me."

"I do pity you," she said, as she gently caressed his hand, "but it was very wrong of you to speak so unkindly. Tell me what has happened, dear Fred, and why you are so unhappy."

"It is nothing. I am weak and foolish—that is all."

"No, no, Fred, you are not; but you are suffering cruelly. Tell me what it is makes you so sad. You used to have no secrets from me once. It is unkind of you to refuse to trust me now."

He could not resist the gentle reproach contained in this earnest appeal, but confessed at last the passion that was torturing his heart.

"I am in love with Hester," he said in a broken voice, "wildly, madly in love with her. Oh how I wish we had never met."

He rose as he uttered these despairing words, and paced the room in an agony of tumultuous feeling. Ruth did not follow him this time, for she felt that now the avowal was made which had cost him so much effort, it would be better to let him recover some of his lost composure before speaking to him again. She sat down on the sofa, therefore, and waited as though inviting him to come and place himself by her side. He seemed to understand this consideration, and to be touched by it, for in a few minutes he responded to her mute appeal, and took the place prepared for him; and then at last he spoke in subdued, but agitated tones.

"O Ruth, if you only knew how deeply and how fondly I love her! If you only knew the long hours of anguish I have passed pining to render myself worthy of her heart!"

"My poor dear brother!"

"For she does not love me, Ruth. I feel it—I see it in her every glance; I hear it in her every word. Do what I will, I cannot render myself worthy of her. I have passed whole nights thinking of her, studying how to please her—how to raise myself to her own high level; but it has been all in vain. I am still as far from her as ever, and so I shall always be. Oh that this weary, weary time would end!"

"Fred, dear Fred, do not talk thus. You must summon up all your strength, and shake off this sad passion. You must leave this place—you must leave Paris—you must leave Hester. You must travel—anything, anything rather than remain here to suffer as you are now suffering. Come, let us go away together! Let us return to dear old Sundown, where we were so happy; let us return to Aunt Susan, and comfort her after our long absence. Let us quit for ever this city, where we have both been so unhappy, and where fresh sorrows seem in store for us."

"No, no; it is too late," said Fred, with gloomy despondency, "I could have done so once, but now I cannot quit her. She has become my only thought—my only hope. Life would be a void were she not here to fill it with her presence."

"O Fred, Fred, this is madness! You know not what you say—you know not whom you love. She has no heart—no feeling. She sees the passion she has excited, and encourages it only to trifle with you. It is she who is unworthy of you, not you of her."

As she spoke these words with all the earnest tenderness of her nature, Fred's manner underwent a complete change, and the dejected expression which had hitherto sat upon his face gave place to a look of sternness and cold determination.

"Ruth," he said, in tones of almost harsh severity, "Ruth, do not speak thus. I will not hear one word against Hester—not even from you. She, at all events, is free from blame. If I have become so unhappy in loving her, at least it is not her fault. She has always been kind and good to me, and would pity me more than any one did she know what I have suffered for her sake."

"O Fred," replied Ruth, chilled to the heart by the cruel coldness of his manner, "you do not know her, indeed—indeed you do not. She is playing with you, my poor brother. Her heart is another's."

The paleness which just before had spread over Fred's face, imparting to it a fixed and marble aspect, was instantly succeeded by a crimson flush, as the hot blood of jealousy and anger dashed impetuously into his cheeks.

"Ruth," he said—his voice now was no longer calm and cold, but full of heat and passion—"Ruth, you will make me hate you if you talk like this."

"Indeed—indeed, I have spoken truth. I tell you what I myself have seen—what you also might see if you did not love her so fondly."

Fred started up, and paced the room as though shocked by the persistence with which she maintained a cruel and calumnious assertion; then by a great effort calmed his manner, and addressed her in the same cold tone as before.

"This is mere jealousy," he said; "you do not like Hester, and therefore you speak thus against her. I did not think you would have acted so unworthily."

"O Fred, it is for your sake I speak, not for my own. If Hester had a true woman's heart she would not let you languish near her while she gives up her affection to another."

Something in her simple yet earnest manner seemed at last to strike him, and to fill his mind with the conviction that she was speaking from no merely personal motive. With the sudden eagerness of one who strains forward to listen to painful news, he turned, therefore, towards her, as though determined to learn the worst.

"Tell me, Ruth," he said, "tell me whom she loves."

He paused, and looked stedfastly at her, waiting for the answer she would give. But his manner was so stern that, for the moment, she feared to speak.

"Tell me," he repeated in calmer tones, though his bloodless lips still trembled, "tell me who it is."

She gently took his hand, looked up into his face, and said in a low voice, "Dr. Lanfrey."

The words seemed to pass through Fred like an electric shock, for he started, and disengaged himself from his sister by a purely involuntary movement that showed the full force of the nervous excitement by which he was possessed. Strangely enough, however, the an-

nouncement did not, with this exception, occasion him so much emotion as Ruth had expected. It took him so completely by surprise that mere astonishment was the only feeling which at first had play. He sat, therefore, perfectly still and calm, simply repeating the name to himself half-aloud, as though endeavouring to form from it the ideas it ought to have suggested. It was but for a very brief period, however, that this deceitful lull continued. When Fred had had time to grasp in its entirety the information Ruth had conveyed to him, a tempest of passion swept over his heart, and he paced the room with almost frenzied agitation.

"It is false," he said at length, clenching his hands, and almost stamping as he spoke. "It cannot be. Hester would never be so cruel or so deceitful. It is you who have invented this to render me even more unhappy than I was."

"Fred, Fred, do not speak so unjustly, or you will break my heart. You know I love you too much to make you unhappy. Come and sit by my side, and let me tell you all."

But Fred was beyond all entreaty, even from his dear sister. While he imagined that Hester, though inaccessible to him, had not yet given her heart to another, a sense of his own unworthiness was the predominant feeling in his mind; now that the shadow of a successful rival had been invoked before his eyes, that feeling had utterly vanished, and he was pricked and goaded by the sharpest pangs of baffled love, jealousy, and maddening irritation.

"It is false—it cannot be," was all the reply he gave to Ruth's affectionate supplication, and he continued to pace the room as before.

She felt his strong and heavy sorrow more acutely perhaps than she would have felt her own, and she knew that his words and his actions were now almost beyond his control. So she approached him—tenderly and gently approached him—to try once again the charm of her soothing words, and her sisterly caresses.

"Fred," she said, putting one arm on his shoulder, and looking up into his face, "you will come and sit by me now, will you not?"

Never had Ruth spoken in a sweeter voice—never had her words so audibly vibrated with the love she bore her brother. But of what avail was love in that wild tempest of rage? Excited—maddened as Fred was, the plaintive gentleness and entreating affection of Ruth served only to sharpen and intensify his irritation.

"Leave me to myself!" he exclaimed, as though a bitter curse were issuing from his lips. "You have made me mad!"

And pushing her rudely from him, he rushed from the room.

Poor Ruth, enfeebled and shattered by her recent illness, stood for a moment without power to move, looking upon Fred's retreating form; then falling upon her knees, and with the tears streaming from her eyes, she prayed long and fervently for the poor brother upon whose heart such a dark shadow was heavily resting.

(To be continued.)

LUBECK AND THE HANSEATIC LEAGUE.

IN those middle ages, towards which the heart of Young England so passionately yearns, men who would not fight or steal—who would not live by plunder or pay, found themselves in no very pleasant position. They were looked on with contempt; big, blundering barons thought them very fair objects of attack. Consequently, those who wished to live honestly, to sell and get gain, were compelled to unite together for their own protection. It was true then as now that Union is Strength. And, in order that they might not be deprived of the rich goods they brought from Italy for the supply of the north of Europe, the merchants of Hamburg and Lubeck joined in an association which ultimately became the proud and powerful rival of kings and emperors in arts and arms.

The origin of the term Hans has been disputed. The common opinion is, that it is an ancient German word, signifying protection. In this sense we find the word in English charters of the time of King John. York and Dunwich, among other clauses in their charter, had one granting them a Hanse, or the liberty to be a society, or corporation, and a merchant guild. The precise date of the origin of the Hanseatic League is somewhat obscure. In 1241 the treaty was formed between Lubeck and Hamburg, for clearing the road of pirates and robbers between the Elbe and the Trave, and the river, from Hamburg to its mouth, of the same nuisances; but before that time Lubeck had formed an alliance with some of the Baltic towns for the same purposes. It was a standing rule of the Hanse League that no city should be admitted into the confederacy but such as were either situated on the sea, or on some navigable river adjoining. Another standing rule was, not to admit any city into their league which did not keep the keys of their own gates, and did not exercise civil jurisdiction themselves, yet they were permitted in other respects to acknowledge some superior lord or prince. This prince, however, was compelled to take an oath to preserve their privileges entire. For a protector they chose the Grand Master of the Teutonic Knights, who had conquered and settled in Bremen, and whose government was in some respects similar to their own. In process of time many cities joined the league. They were divided into four classes, the chief of which were Lubeck, Cologne, Brunswick, and Dantzic. In 1262 we find them widely extending their trade. They adopted Bruges as one of their principal places of trade, for a reason that the increase of naval science has rendered now of little worth. According to Dr. Anderson, whose painful, as Carlyle would call it, and voluminous Historical and Geographical Deduction of the Origin of Commerce contains a mass of facts the reader will find nowhere else, "the Hanseatic League began to resort to the city of Bruges, in Flanders, and soon after to make it one of their four great comptoirs, from which circumstance Bruges greatly increased in riches and commerce, for the bulky commodities of the nations within the Baltic Sea—such as naval stores of all kinds, and iron, copper, flax, hemp, timber, &c.—beginning to be well

known to the more southern parts of Europe, by means of the numerous shipping of the Hanse Towns, became an object of demand in the other parts of Europe. But the direct voyage, in one and the same summer, between the Baltic and the Mediterranean Seas, and back again, being thought in those times hazardous and difficult, the mariner's compass not being yet known, a middle or half-way station, or port, became very desirable, to which traders of both seas should bring their respective merchandize in summer—viz. the naval stores, &c., of the northern parts, and the spices, drugs, fruits, cottons, &c., of the Levant and Spain and Italy, by the ships of Venice, Florence, Pisa, Genoa, &c.; also, the wool, lead, and tin of England, and the wines and fruits of France, &c.,—there to be lodged as a market for the reciprocal supply of the rest of Europe. Of all ports whatever the ports of Flanders were the best suited for such a half-way station or *entrepôt*, more especially as the long-established manufactures both of woollen and linen, equally necessary to all nations, were now flourishing there in the highest perfection. To Bruges, therefore, most nations sent their merchandize, and brought from thence the produce of other nations which they had need of, so that this famous city soon became, as it were, the general magazine of merchandize for all Europe, and the country of Flanders in general, as well as Bruges in particular, became from this circumstance extremely rich and populous." For three hundred years Bruges retained its commerce and good fortune. Subsequently it declined, and Antwerp usurped its place.

In 1266, the Hanse League traded to England. Their factory was called the Steel-yard, situated somewhere between Thames-street and the river. They had many privileges. After three years of war, a peace was concluded between the Hanse Towns and Edward the Fourth, 1445, from which we may conclude that the naval strength of the English was inferior to that of their enemies; and one of the clauses shows that, even at that time, the vote of Parliament was considered more powerful than the word of a king. The clause ran as follows:—"For the greater safety of the merchants and people of the Hanse Society, King Edward agrees to grant his charter or obligation in the strongest terms, and shall, also, get it confirmed by act of Parliament." The whole of the treaty testifies the power and importance of the Hanse Towns. They were to remain undisturbed in the possession of all their immunities and privileges. They were not to be subject to the Lord High Admiral's court or jurisdiction, but were to have two judges allotted them by the King for determining disputes in maritime affairs; it was also agreed that they were to have Steel-yards at Boston and Lynn; that a debt of £10,000 sterling, contracted by the King, should be defrayed out of the customs and duties on their merchandize, till the whole sum was paid. In Henry the Eighth's time they offered to put the King in possession of Denmark; and it appears Henry actually paid them part of the purchase-money, but prudently declined paying any more till he saw whether they had the power to perform their part of the contract. In 1552 there was a great outcry against them, on account of the damage they had done to the English nation. The charges against them were, that they defrauded the customs by taking under their own names, as they paid

little or no duty, great quantities of the merchandize of other foreigners, not entitled to their privileges—that they frequently exceeded the bounds of the immunities granted them by the King—that they traded in a body, and, by that means, undersold and ruined other merchants—that having for the last forty-six years the sole command of our commerce, they had reduced the price of English wool to one and sixpence per stone—that they had, in the preceding year, exported no fewer than forty-four thousand woollen cloths of all sorts, while the English merchants together had exported but eleven hundred—and, lastly, that while they were excluded from aliens' duties, all their exports and imports were made in foreign bottoms, which, in the political economy of the day, was a very considerable loss to the nation. The less trade is interfered with by the Government, the better it will flourish; but the age of the Hanse merchants was one of monopoly and privilege, and in England they enjoyed their share of both. The Privy Council came to a resolution, declaring "that the liberties and privileges claimed by, or pretended to be granted to, the said merchants of the Hanse are void, by the laws of the realm." Rapin adds, that Parliament laid a heavy duty upon the merchandize exported and imported by the Steel-yard Society. At the same time their commerce at their other comptoirs—viz. Novgorod, Bergen, and Bruges—declined. They lingered on in England till 1597, when the Emperor Rudolph having ordered the factories of the English Merchant Adventurers in Germany to be shut up, Queen Elizabeth retaliated by ordering the Steel-yard to be closed. The Hanse Towns thought, by persuading the Emperor to act as he did, they would have compelled the Queen to reinstate them in the possession of the privileges of which they had been deprived under Edward VI. If such was their aim, they were singularly unfortunate in the method they adopted for its attainment; they could have but little understood the imperious character of our virgin Queen.

The Hanse merchants transacted most of the commerce of the middle ages—they were the Goldsmids and Rothschilds of their day. Kings went begging to them for loans; they were equally famous in war: before their hosts fled two Norwegian kings. Copenhagen they twice stormed and sacked. In 1348 they deposed Magnus, King of Sweden, and gave his crown to his nephew, Albert, Duke of Mecklenburg. In 1428 they equipped a fleet of 248 ships, containing 1200 soldiers. At one time eighty-five towns gave strength and fame to the League. With money, with intelligence, with energy and zeal, they were in the day of their power and pride what Great Britain is now.

The historical portion of our subject has been of necessity long. Of Lubeck, with its old houses, and pictures, and churches—one of the most interesting towns in the north of Germany—we now speak. It is no longer a fortified town; the old ramparts are converted into public walks, and the city is clean and cheerful. It has never thriven, so the Germans tell you, since it expelled the Jews, who, nestling in Hamburg, helped to make that great city what it is. The grass even grows in its streets, yet withal it is a quiet, pleasant, ancient place to visit. The streets are broad and straight; the houses are built of stone—a great number

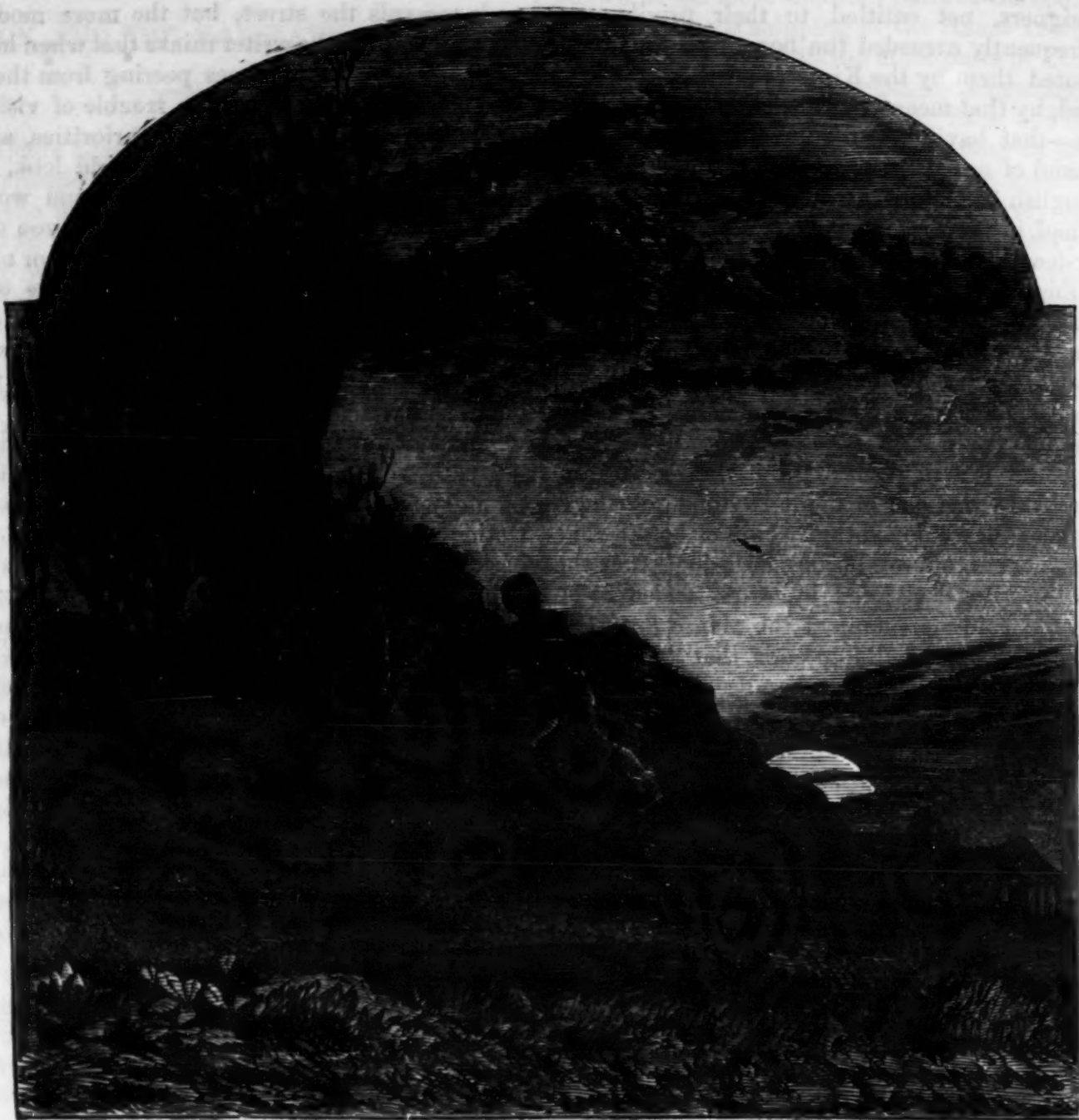
of them are in the old-fashioned style with the gable-ends towards the street, but the more modern are in better taste, and the writer thinks that when he was there he saw many pretty faces peering from the windows. The churches will repay the trouble of visiting them. They are full of paintings and curiosities, and have in their interiors a weird and old-world look, as if they were built and resorted to by men and women long, long passed away. In one they show you a Holbein's "Dance of Death"—whether the original or not I cannot say—and there are pictures of the place of torment, with portraits of real personages in those regions of despair, painted with all the minuteness of the school, and with all the grotesqueness of the age in which the painters lived and wrought. Besides the cathedral, which contains valuable paintings and remains of antiquity, there are five parish churches, of which that of St. Mary (Marienkirche) is celebrated as one of the finest Gothic churches in Northern Germany. Lubeck has besides a gymnasium or school, several charitable institutions, a school of design, a Roman Catholic chapel, and a Calvinistic church. The senate-house, an ancient Gothic building, contains the hall where the deputies of the Hanseatic League formerly met. About half-a-dozen miles from Lubeck lies Travemünde, a pretty little town on the Baltic, which is the port of Lubeck. We were there in the bathing season, and then it was very full. Altogether, for its size, Travemünde, on the mouth of the Trave, is a gay and lively place. Great people go to Travemünde. Steamers ply thence to St. Petersburg, Copenhagen, Hamburg, Amsterdam, and Stockholm. Small steamers convey passengers up the river to Lubeck.

EUGENIE.

SHE I met on Margate jetty
Was a subject fit for Etty.
He who painted Judah's daughter,
As she roused her tribe to slaughter,
Only could have told us how
Those dark eyes divinely glow.

Night came, and there I stood alone,
Listening to the North Sea's moan,
Not for me the coming morrow
Could bring relief from sudden sorrow;
I must go, and she 'll forget me,
Though we met on Margate jetty.

The moon sloped down into the sea,
The cold salt spray washed over me,
To my ear there came a cry—
As of some one standing by—
"You old fool! your dream give over,
You've a wife, and she a lover!"



GLXS

THE SLAVE IN THE DISMAL SWAMP.

In dark fens of the dismal swamp
 The hunted Negro lay !
 He saw the fire of the midnight camp,
 And heard at times a horse's tramp,
 And a bloodhound's distant bay.

Where Will-o'-the-Wisps and glow-worms shine,
 In bulrush and in brake ;
 Where waving mosses shroud the pine,
 And the cedar grows, and the poisonous vine
 Is spotted like the snake ;—

Where hardly a human foot could pass,
 Or a human heart would dare,
 On the quaking turf of the green morass,
 He crouched in the rank and tangled grass,
 Like a wild beast in his lair,

A poor old slave, infirm and lame ;
 Great scars deformed his face ;
 In his forehead he bore the brand of shame,
 And the rags that hid his mangled frame
 Were the livery of disgrace.

All things above were bright and fair,
 All things were glad and free ;
 Lithe squirrels darted here and there,
 And wild birds filled the echoing air
 With songs of liberty.

On him alone was the doom of pain,
 From the morning of his birth ;
 On him alone the curse of Cain
 Fell like a flail on the garnered grain,
 And struck him to the earth !

LONGFELLOW.

THE SHADOW IN THE HOUSE.

BY JOHN SAUNDERS.

AUTHOR OF "LOVE'S MARTYRDOM," &c.

[Continued from p. 204.]

CHAPTER XX.

A DREAM AND AN AWAKENING.

GRACE ADDERSLEY was not what would ordinarily be called a "dreamer," and she would have been the last person to recognise herself in such a description. Yet now, a few words from Mrs. Dell, and one single glance at that lady's face, and from thence to the face of Archy, had told her that she had been dwelling for many weeks together in one of the most consummately aerial structures that ever deluded the fancy of a human being; and that she had done so without the remotest suspicion of the brittleness or fragility of the tenement, or of the sudden crash that would some day envelope her in its ruins.

She knew it now; and that first awakening was itself more like a dream than the actual illusion that was passing away. But when she had left Mrs. Dell and Archy—had once fairly got outside the door—she started along the corridor with the bound of a wild panther seeking in a paroxysm of hunger for some coveted prey: but she recollected herself before any eye could note the change; and she was rewarded—for another door opened, and Mr. Dell appeared. He spoke to her jestingly upon some casual topic, and she answered with a felicity that, in the existing state of her mind, had something truly heroic. But he unconsciously tried her still further. She had, for her own reasons, drawn him into a habit of speaking so unreservedly, that even the topic of all topics—the one nearest to his heart, and which never far left his heart, except when invited forth by the person more directly concerned, or by his fair cousin—the traits of his wife's character, had been sometimes the subject of remark and sympathy between them. He could not help, just now, in his quiet, half-unintentional way, describing to her a little incident that Grace could not afterwards distinctly remember, but which seemed to the fond husband so full of simple beauty and individuality of character, that he dwelt upon it, and seemed to think Grace would also like to dwell upon it, with unusual unction. Grace even bore this, and acquitted herself so thoroughly to his satisfaction, that he left her radiant with pleasure, and glowing with brotherly affection for the friend and cousin whom he now more than ever valued. And again she started off, eager for, almost fiercely demanding, solitude. There was, however, to be another interruption—her mother waited for her in her favourite room, and began her usual personal complaints; which, of late, Grace had listened to with a patience and considerateness strangely at variance with her old habits while she and her mother remained under the sun of South America. But Mrs. Addersley had not come to-day merely to satisfy a selfish personal mood; she had brought with her a rich present, a shawl of almost fabulous value, that she had hoarded up for many a year, often exhibiting it to her

daughter's longing eyes, but never—or rarely—wearing it herself, and always silent about its ultimate disposal.

"Grace, dear, do you know why I have brought this to-day?"

Grace looked—she could not answer, and her fierce expression seemed to indicate, "How dared her mother, of all persons in the world, just then stand in her path?" Mrs. Addersley had not seen that look for more than a twelvemonth, and she did not care to recal the scene when she had last witnessed it. But though she felt uncomfortable, she went towards Grace with some little show, perhaps some little reality, of affection—threw the shawl about her shoulders, saying, as she did so—

"There, Grace, it is yours at last! This is your twenty-seventh birthday."

"See how I thank you for reminding me!" was the daughter's reply, as, with gleaming and furious eyes, she snatched off the shawl as she might some poisoned garment, threw it on the floor, walked right across it, and left the room.

Poor Mrs. Addersley trembled, but did not dare to resist this treatment. She took up the despised garment, tried to wipe off the faint dust-marks that Grace's feet had stamped there—it seemed indelibly,—folded it up with a sigh, went to the window, and there saw Grace descending the external stair, cross below the black cedars, and disappear in the avenue of Grey Ghost Walk. Mrs. Addersley did not feel in the least disposed to follow her, so she went back to her own room, and applied herself to her usual resource for trouble or tedium—fancy needle-work.

Grace went down the avenue with a somewhat quickened step, but with no other external sign that could have led an observer to suppose anything unusual the matter. But her whole manner changed when once she knew she was beyond the range of any eye or any ear: for Grey Ghost Walk was too straight, and so peculiarly shrouded by trees close at hand, and by high walls a little further off, that a wanderer there might rely upon the most absolute solitude, unless the first glance around showed that others had come previously on a similar quest. Grace, therefore, seeing no one, knew there was no one near; and when she reached a little mound she dropped upon it, heedless of the undried dew of the grass or the oozy soil beneath, and tried by shutting her eyes, and pressing her hands to her head, to quell the raging tumult that had broken loose within. In vain! In vain! The bonnet was presently thrown off—the crowning beautiful plaits of hair were clutched at convulsively and set free, and as the tresses flew wildly and sweepingly about in the strong breeze, the arms, half bare—for the sleeves fell low from the shoulders—rose desperately up towards the sky, tossing to and fro:—and then there was a low laugh, and the form fell back upon the mound at full length, and shook again, again, and again, with that horrible inexplicable mirth.

Not a word did she speak; self-control was yet paramount—but paramount as a sovereign on a day of carnival, when he sees and is obliged to submit to the licence of his own slaves. Presently she got up, her bonnet unheeded, her hair dishevelled and forgotten, and walked to and fro, as a beautiful panther might walk that had lost its liberty, and was measuring in

succession every one of the bars of its cage to see against which she should make the first desperate rush.

But she does not find what she seeks—physical relief; relief from the swelling, suffocating, maddening sensation about the throat, that stops all thought, and drives her, consciously, to what must be a ruinous exposure. Her blood is boiling like a dammed-up stream just broken away from the mountain heights, and which can find no quiet passage, but chafes, and whitens, and circles, and rages uselessly, amongst the black, jagged, immovable wall of rocks. To and fro, minute after minute, for a length of time that she is utterly unable to measure, she thus paces; until she fancies herself better, calmer, and then she again drops down upon the damp sward, hoping to think.

And thought does come back to her. She hurriedly feels for something in her pocket, and the strong, quivering, restless hands, which now seem animated by an almost independent life, presently bring forth a little morocco case. They open it slowly, as with a sense of some kind of pleasure once more beginning to grow, and with a sinister light upon that half-beautiful, half-devilish face. The case is unclosed, and two cards are drawn forth, photographic portraits of a man and a woman. It is needless to ask whose portraits they are. Their present owner had begged them in one of her demonstrative moods of affection for her cousin and for his wife—Grace's own dear, dear friend! Aye, and she does now value them more than ever. She places one, —the man's, upon the grass carefully, and with a sort of wilful tenderness; she then holds the other before her, and gazes at it—longingly, clingingly, frenziedly—till the beholder's own excited eyes begin to fancy they see the presentment shrink from them as the original had shrunk on that memorable day in the studio, when, under cover of the personification of the ballad, for the benefit of the painter, she had been able, for a single instant—a precious one—to let forth, before both husband and wife, the real feelings that animated her.

And still she gazes upon the portrait of Mrs. Dell with a reckless abandonment of herself to all the furious passions that possess her, and which, as they mingle and concentrate, change into one burning, irresistible stream of the deadliest hate. The sight of the portrait seems to break the long spell of silence; and Grace murmurs to herself, in tones now seeming to be as deep almost as an organ-voice in their rich profundity, and now so high, harsh, and utterly unlike their ordinary flute-like music, that Grace would listen to them appalled, were she just now capable of playing the part of a calm self-observer.

"So: it was then the dream of an idiot after all! And it is she herself who came to waken me, and I have not thanked her—but I do thank her! aye, in my innermost soul! Could'st thou but know how much!

"I have failed egregiously,—no doubt of that. Perhaps she knows it too, and in her condescending playfulness does not wish, unnecessarily, to provoke me by the display of her triumph; she might think me dangerous perhaps. Why dangerous? Look on me! Answer if thou canst! Why dangerous? Did I suggest danger? Revel! Love! Write! Win him more and more! Win the world if thou canst! But beware that no conqueror steals in at the last hour to brush thee

aside with a laugh, and take possession of all thy hardly earned fruits! Thou art warned! Beware! He was mine—shall be mine again! Let this kiss which I give him, before thee, burn into thy soul, in pledge of the truthfulness of my words. Again—and again! May it burn into thee, as the sight of thy hangings about him—thy detestable caresses—have seared and eaten their way into my heart.

"Oh, this is well! I to threaten! I!—the puniest warrior that ever fancied it had enveloped itself in irresistible mail! I! who have dreamed of triumph and success, while walking mincingly and simpering along the beaten way to the most ludicrous failure that ever rewarded, as it deserved to be rewarded, the folly of idiotic self-conceit. I have woven at the toil night and day, my tools and my enemies have walked into it just to amuse me, poor child!—have waited for me to give the signal at my own time, and when they move at last, it is I alone who am enmeshed, and who might have been, who deserved to be, the sport of all mankind! But no, no, they have kindly spared me that exposure, and I will reward them. Smile your last, fair one; look round on the world and on the beauty that bewitches you; sigh as you often do sigh, I will be merciful and not laugh the while; but quick, have done with this leave-taking. There! there! there!" and as she spake, each word seeming like a blow upon the sward, she tore the photograph bit by bit; and then hunted hungrily for the largest pieces that she might again tear them: still retaining the whole in her hand. And then she rose, and seemed about to scatter the fragments on high, that the breeze, which had been growing for some time in sound and power, might disperse them whither it pleased, if only it bore them from her loathing sight.

But ever guarded in her worst moments by an instinctive caution, she repressed the impulse, when only a few morsels had escaped; and she sought for these with a strange patience and pertinacity, saying to herself the while,—

"One bit might tell the tale." She soon regained them; and then, with a small ivory paper-cutter, the only instrument she could find, she tore up a tuft of grass, and began digging eagerly in the dank soil below. When she had thrown out several handfuls of the earth, she paused, and began to drop the bits of card, one by one, from as high a point as she found allowed them to fall accurately into the cavity. While thus engaged, she again muttered to herself—

"Why does that priestly mummery come into my thoughts now—'Ashes to ashes! Dust to dust!'—Well, she may, perhaps, like it, and sleep more comfortably in consequence!" And thus she dropped the whole into the place she had excavated; and when she had finished, she looked round to see that no piece had escaped her; and she fetched some twigs, and fastened them across the little white heap, so that no movement of the turf above should disturb them; and then she covered the twigs with soil and pressed it down with her closed and jewelled hand, harder and harder, while she gazed furtively round to be sure she was still alone. And then she threw in more soil in a loose state to receive the roots of the tuft she had torn away, and which she now replaced; and after that she brushed off with

her handkerchief the light particles of mould that clung to the blades of grass until they all looked as fresh, green, and unsullied as the rest. Then she sat a moment, further removed, to look at the tuft, and to judge if it appeared different from the surrounding surface; and she did not feel quite satisfied until she had risen, walked away, and returned to cast a "casual" glance (that was her idea) on the spot. And then she smiled in self-consciousness; a low sinister smile it was; and it said, "I am myself once more—Grace Addersley." And now the pacing to and fro recommenced, though in a less excited manner than before. And the tones became more even, though still there lurked a painful dissonance amid all their honey-music.

"I have failed—she has succeeded—is succeeding still—meditates greater successes. Yet she is very inconsistent—pity no true friend tells her so! Why in all this earthly delight she has—and this immortal glory she prepares for—why does she weakly seek to win pity for her odd fancies? Why does she think, as she has more than once said, she shall die early? These are not fitting tools to play with, Mrs. Dell: believe me, they are not. Die early! what a strange fancy for so young a creature! Poor thing! She lacks experience, she tells me. It is so hard, she says, for a woman in these conventional days to realise what life is, and what it is capable of. Would she thank me to teach her, I wonder?" She paused, looked round in every direction, then let her thoughts return in silence to her. And she was long immovable, looking at that little tuft; and when at last she roused herself, she glanced about with a strange uneasiness, as though roused with an idea that thoughts themselves, unspoken thoughts, might possibly be heard by some species of living things. Her flesh crept for an instant as she fancied she caught the rustle of invisible forms passing and touching her. But she laughed as she recollected herself.

And then she took out her watch—stared a moment incredulously at the hands, put it to her ear, and said,—

"Is it possible! Well, it is for the last time; no more self-forgetfulness now!" And then, having no glass, she arranged her hair with an elaborate carefulness, re-crowning herself with those fair, soft, light-hued plaits as though she were a queen, about to receive, or be presented to, some mighty potentate; and she felt her face all over with her hands; but again laughed at the absurdity of attempting thus to discover how she looked: besides, she felt sufficiently within her that which told of the deadly whiteness that must be covering her without; so she resolved that no one should see her until she had regained her colour, quiet, and elasticity, in her own room.

Peace had come—such as it was. Once more she felt able to do whatever her spirit resolved on; and before she reached the end of the Walk and was advancing below the cedars, she felt the blood had come back to her cheek. Then she heard Mr. Dell call to her from the lawn, but she appeared not to hear; and got out of his sight as speedily as she could. She ascended the winding stairs with a stealthy step such as she had never before known; and she looked with a kind of fascination on the green tufts between the cracks of the stones as she passed; for each seemed so like the one tuft she had just left behind.

CHAPTER XXI.

ANOTHER VIEW FROM NORMAN'S MOUNT.

IF Grace had stopped when called to, as she passed from the seclusion of Grey Ghost Walk back towards her own chamber, she would have noticed that Archy was with Mr. Dell on the lawn, and have learned that both were desirous to consult with her on the letter that had just been received from Mr. Payne Croft. As to Archy, he had a still stronger secret motive: he yearned to say a word,—or if that were impossible, then to give the word's equivalent in a look, or a pressure of the hand, that might intimate to Grace that Mrs. Dell had spoken truly,—he was cured. He thought she would not only be glad herself to know that he had thoroughly righted himself, but that she would make Mrs. Dell know it to! He wanted them both to feel satisfied that when he returned to Bletchworth, after the journey he was about to take, they might dismiss all fears of him, and that all might meet under less restraint than would otherwise be possible. It was in effect an impulse of gratitude: and Archy was grieved, as Grace disappeared from their view, that he was unable to acknowledge to her the debt he owed.

But if Grace had known of his wishes, and had given him an honest answer, it would have been to ask, who was he—a stranger—to appeal to her thus? Her interest in him was as absolutely dead as if it had never existed. Already a whole lifetime of emotion seemed to divide her from the state of mind that had alone caused her to think about him, his story and career, his character and wishes.

Archy, however, remained in happy ignorance of the change, and continued, therefore, during his chat with Mr. Dell to look wistfully from moment to moment toward the spot where he had seen her cross, hoping she would again appear before them.

Yes, he was undoubtedly cured. Mrs. Dell, by her decision, frankness, and sympathy, had called forth all his better qualities, and shamed away the worse. Archy dated from this exquisitely painful but most wholesome hour of discipline the beginning of a true manly life at last. He began now to work at realities; and to give up the unprofitable business of aerial castle-building.

Mr. Dell saw the change, though, fortunately for Archy's future peace of mind, he had no suspicion of the cause. He attributed the young man's reviving spirits to the receipt of the letter, and to the prospect it opened of re-establishing his character, and he believed, not altogether incorrectly, that Archy's overflow of grateful feeling was intended as an acknowledgment that he had of late somewhat forgotten the friendly ties that bound them. So, in losing his friend for a few days, Mr. Dell was very glad to think he had probably recovered him for a lifetime.

Archy held the letter in his hand, and looked at it again and again, as they wandered about, putting occasionally a question concerning it.

"May I ask who this Mr. Payne Croft is, who writes so kindly about me?"

"A rising barrister on the Western Circuit, and an old friend of mine. But, between ourselves, Archy, I will acknowledge to you my suspicion, that it is not at all to please you, and only in a very moderate degree is

it to please me, that Mr Payne Croft goes out of his way to make you this offer."

"Indeed! you surprise me."

"Very likely. Archy, don't let my whisper be again whispered further on, or you'll plunge me into a pretty mess with the ladies. Payne Croft was much struck with my cousin; and though I suspect he has said nothing, for he is a sly, cautious fellow, who won't speak till the very hour of doom comes, yet I see in this letter evidence of a latent desire to keep open his connection with Bletchworth."

Mr. Dell looked at Archy, and gave a pleasant, low, cheery laugh, as he glanced in the direction of Grace's room; and then sauntered with him along the white shell-covered paths of the lawn, pausing occasionally to enjoy the fragrance or the beauty of a tall standard rose, or to luxuriate, with a painter's eye, on the glowing and harmonious tints of the varying beds of flowers.

"Let's see," he continued, while critically scanning a magnificent blossom of a newly-opened yellow Persian rose, "where is it he says he will meet you at Chatham?"

"At a little public-house, close by the one that I used occasionally to frequent, and which was called the 'Jolly Soldier.'"

"And you say the Sergeant sometimes visited the 'Jolly Soldier' also?"

"Yes, after he first met with me there, and began to draw me into talk."

"Then the clue that Payne Croft thinks he has got seems to lead him alike to the 'Jolly Soldier' and to the Sergeant. Well, success to your joint campaign. Keep close,—away from the 'Jolly Soldier' mind,—as he bids you, till you understand his game. Ferret the vagabond out, but don't unnecessarily rip up the past and very painful story. The best thing for you would be, that the innocence of Martin Todd should be openly acknowledged, and no one know or care for the result to Archibald Cairn. And, failing that, the next desirable thing would be for you to obtain some real, though not open, proof of your innocence, which might be forthcoming at any future time, and be unquestionable when produced in the event of any hostile attack being made upon you, grounded upon the old misfortune. But in this noble society of ours there is such a damaging influence often exerted by a fact, through its mere existence,—I mean a fact that every one acknowledges to be clear and unimpeachable as to its moral harmlessness, but which almost every one at the same time shrinks from too closely associating with in their own proper persons and interests, that I advise you strongly not to be too chivalrous in your self-assertion. Don't throw aside unnecessarily the shield that your fictitious name has given you. Don't insist fanatically in the person of Archibald Cairn for the right of remedying the wrongs done to Martin Todd. Be guided in all such matters by Payne Croft. And indeed, for that matter, you must: I promise you he won't be played with, or dictated to. Once in his hand, you must let him guide all. But you may trust him: especially in this,—he will do as much as any lawyer possibly can do in his professional capacity to understand and to be considerate of the feelings of a gentleman, while fighting his battle with all the weapons that his legal lore has enabled him

to accumulate, and with all the practised skill of fence that experience and love of his vocation have gradually taught. I like Payne Croft—for a lawyer. And you will like him too—if you do n't forget my qualification."

"And—and—as to Mrs. Dell's lessons in my absence?"

"Oh, a little rest will do her good. By the bye, Archy, did you ever wonder why I did n't myself undertake that task?" As Archy *had* wondered, he could n't help saying so, thus challenged.

A half-blush rose to Mr. Dell's face, and he was not so successful as he wished to be in trying to carry it off by a cough, as though something were troubling him in his throat, an insect or a bit of the rose-petal that he had been dallying with on his tongue. So he said with a smile,—

"Well then, I'll tell you. I knew very well that I should only make-believe if I attempted it," and there he stopped, and said no more. But Archy understood perfectly well how easy it was to be making believe to give lessons to Mrs. Dell; and did n't need to wait for further confidences, which he could neither desire to receive, and which certainly Mr. Dell would be the last man to bestow. In truth, the latter would not have spoken at all, but for a sort of uneasy impression that people at home must wonder that he, who was so well fitted to impart to Winny the knowledge she most needed, did not accept the duty. It may even be owned that there was a kind of excusable selfishness in his wish to enjoy uninterruptedly with his wife the delight of a free communion with her intellect as well as with her heart, and to leave to others the details of furnishing that intellect with needful aids. But if that feeling was blameable, it sprang from the one blameable part of Mr. Dell's character, a thirst for enjoyment, which too strongly modified his willingness to labour; a keener sense of the wealth and vividness of life than of life's responsibilities; a more active participation in the instincts of affection than in the logical duties that naturally pertain to them or grow to them.

But that little question and explanation has done more than relieve Mr. Dell's mind from a slight embarrassment, it has tested Archy, and found him worthier than before. He has found he can take a real interest in the husband's love for his wife—a love that has been now so unwillingly and unobtrusively, even while so frankly, acknowledged to him; and though he feels and believes—perhaps rightly—that he shall never look upon any other woman in the years to come as he had looked upon Mrs. Dell, yet he also feels, and partly acknowledges to himself, that life is not to be treated as the mere arid desert henceforth that he has been anticipating; that there are yet precious friendships to cultivate, noble duties to be fulfilled, and a mother—too long forgotten—to be reinstated in her old faith in her son. And Archy, reviewing all this, begins to yearn for work—for domestic peace, and to know that he has turned his back for ever upon temptation.

Does Mr. Dell, with that quick penetrating glance of his, which always seems to be able to slide under the edges of everybody's facial mask and scan the exact state of things below,—does he know what has been, or does he guess what may be, passing in the secret chambers of Archy's heart? It looks very like it, for just

when the latter holds out his hand to say "Good bye," Mr. Dell observes—

"Oh, well remembered, Archy! when you come back I want to talk to you about a project I have in view. Norman-Mount farm will be vacant at Christmas. I want you to look out for a good tenant for me."

"Yes, with pleasure!" answered Archy, but somewhat abstractedly, for he could not help asking himself, "Did Mr. Dell remember that he, Archy, had often said to him, in days gone by, that if he had not so early in life been urged on by his parents to be a student, or if—in spite of that—he had possessed capital, he would, after his father's death, both for his mother's sake and on account of his own love of rural life, have turned farmer? Nay, that he had said to Mr. Dell, then only the heir to Norman-Mount, not its owner, as they stood on the height, and looked down over the farm—"And that's the place I would have!" Had Mr. Dell forgotten this? Most likely; but Archy had not. While education had been the business of his life, gardening and farming, in a small amateur way, had been his hobby; and his skill and scientific knowledge had more than once been noticed by the great agriculturist of the neighbourhood, Mr. Staunton. But Archy sighed now as he reflected that such a farm would need capital, even if Mr. Dell were inclined to trust him with it as his tenant.

"I suppose, Archy, your own tastes don't incline that way?"

"They might; if it were of any use; if, for instance, I had a thousand pounds or so to speculate with."

"What if you were to manage it for me for a year or two, just to see how you get on? You could n't hurt me much if you failed, while, if you succeeded, I should have secured a trusty tenant."

"You mean——?"

"That I would in that case let you rent the whole."

"But the capital?"

"The capital is in it, and there needs no more. I should make you pay me good interest till you could pay me off."

Archy dared not trust his ears—they must be deceiving him! Still less could he venture to raise his eyes to Mr. Dell's face, remembering the recent scene with his wife; so he only murmured in a broken voice, which he vainly tried to steady, as he gazed on the ground—

"Wait till this matter is cleared up—till—till you have seen me more practically deserving of your—goodness, he would have said—but could only advance half way through the sentence. But he thought of his mother, and how he might repay her for all she had suffered if such an arrangement could be carried out. But he was, himself, sick of mere words—promises, and he felt the necessity of growing more chary of, that he might give more truth to, his demonstrative gratitude. Again he yearned to be at work—to be realising something; to be able to look back, and see that he had worked! Ah yes, from that eminence—once reached—he might venture to hope for, to build upon, to enjoy, a future! At last he said, in a tone and manner implying at once so much more dignity and self-restraint than Mr. Dell had ever before noticed in him that it arrested his attention by its novelty—

"Mr. Dell, I cannot now thank you for this properly. And I do not, for many reasons, feel justified, at present, either in accepting your offer or in holding you in the least degree bound to it hereafter. But if, when I return, and have had time for mature deliberation, and have consulted my mother, I should conscientiously feel myself able to undertake the farm, and you would permit me to say so—"

"But are you sure you would like it?"

"I do not think there is one other thing in the world to get bread by that I should like so well."

"That's enough. Off then to Chatham, and success to you when you get there!"

CHAPTER XXII.

UNKENNELING THE FOX.

SHALL I tell the impatient reader—if such a one now turns these pages—why I have dwelt so long upon the details of Archy's mind and fortune, while mightier issues wait for development? It is, then, that I think the world is too often impatient, too often selfish in its dealings with men whom it calls "weak." If there be one principle more than another rife with the seeds of moral evil, social strife, and spiritual atheism, it is that principle which runs like a poisonous underground river below the whole fabric of our civilisation, and which says—not in words, it is too cunning for that, but in acts, and in theories which justify and stimulate the acts—that strength was given the strong to prey upon and profit by the weak; that weakness was permitted to ensure an ample supply of legitimate victims for the strong. It is only wonderful—and it shows how the natural instincts may be corrupted by long misuse—that men can ever conceal from themselves the inherent baseness of such a creed, or the terrible lengths to which they have permitted it to be carried. Nobleness, generosity, self-sacrifice, human brotherhood, or, to sum up all in one word, Christianity—are these indeed but empty names?—or worse, the tinkling cymbals with which some enthusiast, from time to time, charms and deludes himself, while simply amusing the more cunning world? Are there really tracts of life in which it is good to do good, and yet other tracts in which it is good to do evil? May we determinedly pursue our own interests without a moment's care as to how our actions will affect the interests of others, and may we at the same time legitimately insist—This is civilisation—this is love—this is the true meaning of the Divine Master! Woe to him who dares to say otherwise!

It cannot be denied that Archy has shown great, frequent, and, what many minds must think, hopeless weakness. Undoubtedly it would have been hopeless, if those around him had only thought so too; that belief would have effectually despatched him. But Mrs. Dell was not one of those cast-iron legislators of society, neither was Mr. Dell. They might have failed, and so have suffered a disappointment that more prudent people would have taken care to shun; they may fail yet, and if so, must find consolation from the knowledge that the failure is not due to them,—has happened in spite of them. But if they are successful, let their practical creed—which springs from their hearts, but is defended by their heads, and sanctioned by an old-fashioned ho-

mily called "The Sermon on the Mount"—have the full benefit of the success.

On the appointed day, and at the hour indicated in the letter, Archy walked into the little back parlour of the "Barley Mow," at Chatham, which was situated about a hundred yards or so from the "Jolly Soldier." Strangely nervous and uncomfortable he felt. He trusted, however, that no one would recognise him; and he looked so different now—so quiet, unassuming, and gentlemanly to what he had looked as the gloomy, haggard, discontented soldier in his private's dress, that it would not have been easy for any one who had not had a tolerably intimate acquaintance with Martin Todd to identify him in his present dress and appearance, which had all the effect of a disguise.

As he entered the room, he saw a gentleman, not very young, with an acute, deeply-lined face, brilliant eye, and rather close-cut hair, busily engaged writing at a table. He looked up, on hearing the door opened, and said, scarcely stopping his pen—

"You are—?"

"Mr. Cairn."

"Thought so. All right. Sit down."

And he went on writing, and for awhile took no more notice of Archy, who on his part supposed he saw Mr. Payne Croft, but could not be at all sure. As Archy watched he was reminded of Chaucer's lines—

"Owhere* a busier man than he there n'as,†
And yet he seemed busier than he was."

Not the least trace of the gentleman who was so shy and so reserved among the ladies of Mr. Dell's party was here visible. Like Helen McGregor, Payne Croft had now got his foot on his native soil—business, and he was self-possessed, imposing, and consequential. When he had at last finished his occupation of letter-writing, and closed up and stamped some eight or ten letters, and put them in his pocket ready for the post, he began to speak a little more freely, and with something like a smile; and then—to Archy's surprise, who had felt rather qualmish at his treatment—came to him, held out his hand, and gave Archy a cordial grasp.

"I'm a busy man, you see. Couldn't have come here but that I knew I could manage my own affairs and yours at the same time. Very glad to see you; now to work—read that." And so saying, he put into Archy's hand what appeared to be a scrap cut from a newspaper.

Archy read, and, need I say, read with the greatest surprise and alarm—if it be remembered how all the sensitiveness natural to his character had been revived and stimulated by his recent life at Bletchworth—

"We are informed that ———, a young soldier who was drummed out of his regiment at the ——— barracks for general bad conduct, including a case of theft, is collecting proofs of his innocence, which at the same time implicate a non-commissioned officer of the regiment. It is said, though we cannot pretend to decide with what truth till we know more of the evidence—which, it seems, is about to be laid before the proper authorities—that the officer in question had tried to make use of the young man's ability as a penman for

dishonest purposes, and when he found the latter resist, had trumped up the story of the theft to get him turned out of the regiment with disgrace: an attempt in which it seems he only too well succeeded. We shall watch the *denouement* with some interest, and let our readers know the result."

"And this has appeared in print—publicly?" faltered Archy.

"Yes, I wrote it myself, and got it sent to a small local paper that was apparently languishing for want of news. This was news, I take it."

Archy stared, and said to himself—"News indeed! What! expose everything thus to the enemy at the outset?"

Mr. Payne Croft looked at him a moment with the sort of placid enjoyment that he always felt in looking through half-shut, but only therefore the more self-concentrating, eyes on those whom his tactics alarmed; but time was precious, so he rapidly cut short all Archy's wonderings by a word or two of explanation.

"There are two men here, whom I want specially to influence—the man who lost the sovereign that you were charged with stealing, and whom I have already seen for a minute or two, and the Pay-Sergeant, to whom you believe you owe all your trouble. I sent a copy of that paragraph to both, as from a friend, with a request for a meeting."

"Yes?" said Archy, assentingly, but also inquiringly.

"Both men, I hope, are coming to see me this morning. I have n't many hours to spare, and am determined to get to the bottom of the business while I stay."

"Both coming here?"

"No, no; that would be bad generalship. The Sergeant looks for me at the 'Jolly Soldier,' and as to the other—oh, here he comes; mind, I suspect he *can* speak, but won't: dreading a fate like your own. Hush!" Mr. Payne Croft ceased: a soldier entered, looked uneasily round for a moment, and, seeing Archy, was about to retreat, but that Mr. Payne Croft's laugh stopped him.

"Why, do n't you know your old comrade, Martin Todd? Todd has n't forgotten you, I see. Do n't be afraid, man—he is n't too genteel, though he looks so, to shake hands with a brother soldier." Archy could not, for the life of him, tell what to make of all this; but he fancied Mr. Payne Croft wished him to appear cordial to the fellow, so he advanced, holding out his hand and saying—

"Why, Morgan, is that really you?" Morgan, in a sullen, stupid sort of way, allowed his hand to be taken, but said nothing, and sat down in a dark corner. He there waited to hear what Mr. Payne Croft had to say. That gentleman first addressed himself to Archy.

"When I came here, yesterday, I sent a copy of that newspaper cutting to our friend here, and told him that he would see from the paragraph that an important movement was going on, but that before it affected him I wished to learn whether he was—what you said you believed him to be—an honest man, and no party to the fraud that had been committed. I asked him therefore to meet us here, and I added (but that, I dare say, did not at all influence him in coming), that while we

* *Oewhere*, anywhere. Tyrrwhit gives it as "nowhere," which makes nonsense of the passage.

† *N'as*, he was, or was not.

might be severe in dealing with one state of things, we should be inclined to be liberal—even in a pecuniary sense—under another. Do you sanction my words, thus far, Mr. Todd?"

"Oh, certainly, certainly," said Archy, beginning to enter into the spirit of the proceedings, though really suspecting, almost fearing, that the clue that had been talked of in Payne Croft's letter was simply Mr. Payne Croft's confidence in his own power to unravel any mystery, however intricate.

"Very well. Now then, Morgan, rattle along. I must be at Exeter to-morrow, unless I return, to-night, a brief that inclosed a cheque for fifty guineas. If one goes back, 'tother must go too. Understand?"

Morgan grinned. The conversation was getting within his range, and his somewhat dull imagination began to intimate to him that this must be no ordinary man. "Who then was Todd? Why, of course he was what he had always suspected him to be; yes, he must be a gentleman!"

Mr. Payne Croft watched every movement of the man's eye, and could measure almost as accurately every thought of the man's mind. "Come, we'll have no secrets, Todd, with an honest fellow like this. Confess you have been sowing a few uncommonly strong wild oats, and that he, Morgan, had the luck to be a witness (for it was luck, if he knew his own interests) of the final part of the process. Well, I'll speak for you, if you're shy. Recognise then, Morgan, in Martin Todd, a gentleman, and the son of an old officer, of some rank in the army. Know further, that he now comes here to clear up a very ugly bit of business, with or without your help. "See," and he took out his watch, "I'll spare you ten minutes, and then, if we have n't come to conclusions, we'll stop. And look yet again: I put on the table here ten sovereigns. At the end of the ten minutes they shall be yours if you'll honestly earn them. What say you? A sovereign a minute! That's good pay, I hope? I wish my calling were as lucrative!"

"What do you want me to do?" at last said the man, slowly measuring out his words.

"Answer a few questions."

"Yes, and so get myself into trouble—as he did." Morgan stopped and pointed to Archy.

"Oho! are you there: all right!" thought Mr. Payne Croft, as he said gravely—

"I give you my word of honour that if you are not yourself the rascal that—"

"And if I were, d'ye think I'd tell you?" grinned the man.

"Your observation is just, and shows a profounder knowledge of human nature than I had expected. I stand rebuked. But go on. The minutes fly, and I shall dock off a sovereign for every one added to the ten." Morgan grinned again at the gentleman's "joke"—but thought on the whole, perhaps, he had best make haste.

"Put your questions, and I'll please myself whether I'll answer 'em."

"What about the sovereign, then, that you said you lost?"

"I did lose it."

"Aye, but—" what Mr. Payne Croft could have said

had he been compelled to go on, who shall reveal? He took care, however, not to go on; and his mysterious manner, mingled with the newspaper paragraph, settled the business, and brought forth the precious secret.

"Well, as I see you've got some inkling—"

"Inkling—eh, Todd? What do you say?" chuckled Mr. Payne Croft loudly to Archy, who was astounded at Mr. Payne Croft's ease, audacity, and probable success; but who, of course, answered the appeal to him in a correspondingly knowing manner. He shook his head, and appeared to reprove the barrister's inclination to repose confidence prematurely in Morgan, by saying aside to him, in an under tone that Morgan could perfectly well hear—

"The less we appear to know just yet the better. Perhaps he can really tell us nothing worth the paying for." And then he walked away, as though he had merely dropped some passing and unimportant observation. But Morgan not only heard, but fancied the golden vision was growing dim, and he suddenly blurted out—

"I did lose the sovereign for several weeks, and I could have staked my life it was gone, altogether, till it turned up several weeks afterwards."

"You mean after Todd's sentence and punishment?"

"Yes, I found it in an old pair of trousers. It had slipped through a little hole, and got down the lining to the bottom. And that's how I missed it."

"Yes, yes,—but of course we know all this; we want to clear up about the other sovereign. Who could have put that where it was found?"

"It was n't me."

"No," interposed Archy; "I said so at the first."

"You did, I acknowledge it, Mr. Todd; but be so good as to leave the case in my hand. It's a ticklish one yet. We did n't come here to learn that you were an innocent man. Your friends, of course, laugh at the idea of your stealing a sovereign; why, Morgan himself smiles at it. But the minutes are going fast, and the sovereigns are vanishing faster still. Eh, Morgan?"

"What the h— do you want more?" angrily exclaimed the soldier, who did n't understand this apparent failure upon the golden heap. He was losing his temper, and he had n't much of that to spare at the best of times. He thought he had done all that could be reasonably expected from him to ensure Archy's success, and his own.

"We want to know who you think it was that put the other sovereign there."

"Then I shan't tell you."

"You own then that you suspect?"

"Suspecting is n't knowing, and it isn't talking." And the man became doggedly silent.

"Come, I know who you suspect, and I know why you don't like to commit yourself to saying anything about him. But suppose we were in possession of proofs sufficient to ruin that man, and to prevent his injuring you or anybody else in the regiment, as he injured my young friend? What then?"

"What then?" repeated the soldier, with a sly twinkle for once illumining the dull inexpressive eye,—"ah, then, I should say, if you've got such capital proofs—use 'em!"

"Very good! very true. Here, take half of the golden ten, in acknowledgment from me that I was

caught—fairly caught. That's for your wit, mind, and good-humour; not for your evidence. Like the round, heavy feel? Come, if you can but give me a lift, I'll forget those five; treat them as part of a fancy transaction, past and gone, and which left the business affair still to come on. See, the ten yet remain to be won! What's the old saw?—'None but the brave deserve the fair!' Arn't these very fair, all fresh from the new coinage? By the bye, Morgan, did you spend both those sovereigns? That was dangerous, if you did."

"But I did n't,—I've got 'em still."

"About you?"

"Yes."

"Let's look at them." In an instant the lawyer's eye saw that both, though looking equally bright and new, were divided by several years in their dates of coinage; and that one of them must have been very recently issued—being of the current year. He went on,—“Can you tell me to a certainty which of these two was your own?”

"Yes, I marked it when I found it in my trousers' lining, for I was bothered by the two; and I thought I would like to know one from the other in case of trouble." The one that had been temporarily lost was, as the barrister anticipated it would be, the older one. If, now, he could trace the course of the other into the Sergeant's hands exclusively,—but that seemed hopeless; yes, and the more he weighed the difficulties, the more hopeless the task appeared. He must try a different tack. And already his own shrewd forethought began to produce some of its natural and anticipated consequences. He noticed that the door, which had already been more than once opened by the landlord, a little, shrinking man, who just showed his thin, anxious face, and disappeared with an apologetic gesture as he met Mr. Payne Croft's inquiring eye, was again gently unclosed. Some one—perhaps the landlord—was listening outside, or doing something that it behoved the inmates to attend to. Taking up a paper, Mr. Payne Croft appeared to read in it, and while thus engaged, he saw, by a side glance, that Morgan was looking toward the unseen person, and receiving some signal. In an instant, and before any one could have obtained, by sign or sound, the least intimation of his purpose, the barrister was at the door, saw the landlord beckoning eagerly to Morgan, collared him, and dragged him into the room, to the astonishment of all present.

"Now then, say what you have to say like a man! We are all friends here, we have no secrets from each other."

The landlord looked about him in alarm, and evidently meditated a return to the passage.

"Come, you've a message for one of us—eh?"

"Ye—yes."

"Yes, I know,—to Morgan,—is n't it?"

"Ye—yes."

"And from Sergeant Dunk?"

"Yes."

"Come, don't make me do all the work, he wants—"

"To—to speak a word to Bill Morgan."

"But he's not in a hurry, is he?"

"Well,—yes,—he said he was."

"Oh, very well. We've done with him. Say our business is finished. He shall come in a minute. Land-

lords should n't set a bad example, and appear to be listening. Excuse my mistake. I'll make all right with you before I go." With bows, smiles, and eager apologies, the landlord went away, and Morgan prepared to follow him. But Mr. Payne Croft objected to that part of the business.

"You see, my friend, business on the whole advances—though time advances too—with frightful rapidity. You have owned, I think, and I have carefully noted in writing your words, for I valued them very much, that you never did really lose a sovereign at all. Yet you are aware that Martin Todd was, in effect, punished for stealing one from you. You could n't help that, you'll say. No, not at the time, I own. But why did you keep what did n't belong to you,—I mean that other sovereign? And why did n't you inform your Captain, or some superior officer, that this young gentleman had been unjustly punished, when you discovered the mistake?"

"I did tell Sergeant Dunk."

"Oho! you did tell him! come, come, that alters the case, Mr. Morgan. I see now Mr. Todd was right; you are an honest man! And what did he say?"

"Would n't believe me at first; and got very angry and swore at me, and blasted me for a fool. Had n't he asked me over and over again to look in my pockets, and to look everywhere before I got so d—d positive and certain? I own I was very positive, but I could n't help asking him why he cared so much about my mistake? I did n't know he had so much love for the youth!—and then he settled down very fast. And when I persisted in knowing what I was to do about the sovereign that did n't belong to me, he said it was no use troubling about the matter now; Martin Todd was a false name, and the bearer of it being really unknown would keep quiet for his own sake. That's how he talked."

"A false name, Todd, what could he mean by that?" asked the barrister very gravely, and looking with arching eyebrows, and such an air of innocence at his client, that the latter would have laughed out if he had dared, and if he had not felt too keenly how much was depending upon his due support of Mr. Payne Croft. So he simply replied with an appearance of equal surprise—

"My name not Todd! What on earth is it, then?"

"Oh," continued Morgan, "that was just what he said to me; and when I asked him a third time what I had best do with the sovereign, he said 'Keep it, spend it; I would.' But I was always uncomfortable about the affair, and determined to myself I would n't do anything of the kind. I did n't know but he'd be coming down upon me afterwards."

"I see, Morgan, you are a 'cute chap; Oh, anybody can see that! but what shall you say if the Sergeant is now coming to ask—it may n't be his first question, of course; we all understand any amount of preliminary humbug—but what shall you say if his business is to ask you to give him back that sovereign, or to ask you to let him look at it, or to do something or other that will enable him to handle it, if but for a minute?"

"I shall say then, what I say now—nothing!" But Morgan looked, and grinned, and put his finger to his nose, in intimation of his entire comprehension of



VIEW OF THE TOWN



REMBRANDT AND HIS WIFE.

REMBRANDT AND HIS WIFE.

PAUL GERRETZ REMBRANDT, or, as he was usually called, Rembrandt Van Ryn, was born June 15, 1606, in his father's mill near Leyden, on the banks of the Rhine, from whence the "Van Ryn" was added to his name. His father was Hermann Gerretz, a miller: he sent Paul early to a Latin school at Leyden, but he manifested so little inclination for learning, and so much, even at that early age, for drawing, that his father consented to his becoming a pupil of Van Zwainenburg, the painter, with whom he remained some time. After that he was placed with Peter Lastmann, of Amsterdam, and subsequently under Jacob Pinas.

On leaving the latter he returned to his birthplace at the mill, and began to practise in earnest his profession. His neighbours the peasants immediately considered him a prodigy, and persuaded him to take some of these early productions to a dealer at the Hague. The dealer, on seeing one, immediately gave him eight guineas for it, much to the gratification and astonishment of our young painter.

From this first success he rapidly rose in public estimation, and in 1630 he settled in Amsterdam, where he resided the remainder of his life. He very shortly afterwards married Miss Saskia Van Uylenburg, a pretty country girl without fortune, whose portrait, in connection with his own, is so well known, and which we give from one of his celebrated portrait pictures. He had one son, whom he called Titus Van Ryn, who also became in his turn a painter, but minus the genius of his illustrious parent.

Between the years 1630 and 1658 he gathered around him many of the citizen celebrities of Amsterdam, and most of them sat to him for their portraits; but his intimate friend was the Burgomaster Six, whose name has been so frequently associated with the anecdote of the celebrated landscape etching "De la Moutarde." Rembrandt was a guest of the Burgomaster for some days together; in fact, the latter had fitted him up a painting room in his house. On one occasion, at a dinner of boiled beef, there was not any mustard in the house, and the painter could not relish his dinner with-

out that famous condiment; so his host, wishing to please his respected guest, immediately dispatched one of his servants for the same. Rembrandt, noticing what a slow, phlegmatic person he appeared, offered to bet his friend Six a wager, that he would make an etching while the servant was gone. The wager being accepted Rembrandt took a prepared plate, and began to etch the landscape from the Burgomaster's window, being a view of Amsterdam, and, strange to say, he finished the plate in his happiest manner just before the servant returned, showing the facility with which he could produce a picture from a mere foreground and slightly indicated distance. An original impression from this celebrated plate is valued at thirty guineas, and the subject was ever called "The Print de la Moutarde."

Another well-known picture, finished 1648, "La Garde de Nuit," representing the expected visit of the Prince of Orange, with Marie, daughter of Charles I., whom he had lately married. This painting adorns the Museum at Amsterdam, and very proud the Dutch are of it.

Notwithstanding his large pictures, such as we have referred to, he was always finding time for cabinet gems, such as "Simeon in the Temple," "The Salutation," and many others.

Great as Rembrandt undoubtedly was as a painter, perhaps he will be more remembered for the multitude of his wonderful etchings—whether portraits or pictures, and it is with the etching needle that his originality is so conspicuous, for with it he developed powers before unknown.

In the British Museum there is a fine collection of his works, and we do not know a greater treat than in their examination. Impressions of Rembrandt's best etchings realise large prices, varying from thirty to one hundred guineas, and several much higher sums; the principal of his etched portraits are considered to be "Burgomaster Six," "Van Coppenol," "The Writing Master," "Van Thol, the Advocate," "Uytenbogaert, the Gold Weigher." One of Rembrandt's most celebrated pictures is the one we have engraved on the other side.

the question, and of the answer that might have been expected from him.

"Well, now, I won't compromise you; upon my word of honour as a gentleman, I won't. I understand perfectly your position. The barrack would soon become too hot for you, as it proved for my friend. But don't fear. All I now ask of you is, that you will pledge yourself, as a soldier and as a man who values his word, that if I divine rightly the objects of the Sergeant's present visit, you will honestly inform us."

"And if he tries to make me promise that I won't tell you?"

"Then you need n't fear what he says and does afterwards. Precisely because he ventures to ask you for such a promise! It is *he* who will be in danger from you. Understand? You surprise me, Morgan! Why, I would give one of the apples of my eyes to get such a power over such a man if I were in your place, and felt as you feel. Eh?"

Slowly the new idea was penetrating into that stolid cautious brain, but it established itself at last, and began to play strange antics when safely lodged there. The eyes rolled and brightened, the body heaved up and down with an inward laugh, and the voice presently expressed its share in the common excitement.

"D——e, I see! I got him at last!"

"No you have n't, not yet, but you will have him if you mind what you're about, and let me help you."

"Aye, but I have, though! D'ye think I've had my eyes shut all this while? Not exactly. When I found my own sovereign, I saw, as any fool must have seen, that somebody must have gone to the expense of finding another for me; and that they did n't want to say anything about it. I knew who it was that did n't like Martin Todd; and I found out what Martin Todd had tried to make the Captain believe about—about—"

"The gentleman in question: quite right to shun names. Go on. You interest me."

"And I watched him as a cat watches a mouse—and he saw that I did, and might be he did n't like it—but still he was quiet and civil. One day he came, and he said to me (that was after the talk I told you of—when he advised me to spend the extra sovereign that had been found), he came to me, and he says, 'Bill, I got more silver than I knows what to do with. Take a couple of pounds' worth, will you? You've got a couple of sovereigns, I know. Hand 'em over in exchange. It'll oblige me.' But I'd expected something o' the sort a long while, so I rapped out a strong un."

"What a—a—fib?"

"Sommat like one, and I said I'd parted with them both; sent 'em home. But he did n't seem to believe me. And now he's frightened again. Perhaps he guesses your errand."

"No doubt of that, for I sent to him the same paragraph that I sent to you. Go to him, then, and we will wait your return." But Morgan looked uncomfortable as the time for action arrived, and began to hesitate, when, to the surprise of all parties, there appeared at the door a new visitor, no less than Mr. Pay-Sergeant Dunk himself: a tall, well-built, powerful-looking man.

"Servant, gentlemen!" he said, as he entered, with a brazen assurance on his puffy, bloated face, that betokened he had by no means lost confidence, as yet, in himself.

"Your servant, Sergeant!" replied Mr. Payne Croft. "Very glad to see you. Sit down. What, our proceedings here got positively too interesting for you to resist joining any longer? Eh? Kind of fascination, perhaps? Did n't expect we should meet so soon; but I like the meeting all the better for that very reason. Will you excuse us, gentlemen, for a few minutes?" This was addressed to Archy and Morgan, who got up but were stopped by the Sergeant, exclaiming—

"No—no, I have no secrets to talk about. All's fair and above board with me."

"As you please. But I advise you—I strongly advise you—to change your decision. I shan't repeat my advice a third time."

The two men looked at one another steadily, searchingly; but there were few who could overpower or even cope with Payne Croft at that game. The Sergeant dropped his glance, in embarrassment, and said—"Oh, it do n't matter. As you please." So the others went out.

"Now, Sergeant!"

"Now then!" and there was an attempt at the brutal laugh which Archy had so often heard; but it failed in that unkindly atmosphere.

"We know all!"

"Much good may it do you."

"Thank you, that's a Christian sentiment; and now, therefore, can I help suggesting in return, that it's a pity you should let the matter do you a great deal of harm? See, I have both the sovereigns here! Internal and external evidence all complete! Have examined all my witnesses! Made all my notes. Am just about to pack up, and adjourn the court to—to—shall I tell you where?"

The Sergeant's face began to tell tales; all sorts of strangely dark and not very lovely hues appeared upon it. There was also a certain shaking of the under lip just before speaking, as if it had then lost the benefit of

a fixed position over the tightly-closed teeth. Again he essayed his old laugh of defiance; but the inner strength of a real confidence in the result was failing to give the usual zest and sonorous ring. The evil sound it did make re-acted upon its author. The barrister saw, and spared not.

"Come, Sergeant, it's your last chance. Make a clean breast of it, and have done. It's like physic; must be taken when the time comes: and slow drinking and wry faces do n't improve the taste. Will you hear my terms now, or at the Captain's house?"

The Sergeant looked things unutterable, but said nothing.

"Here they are, and very moderate ones, I'm sure. That you acknowledge in writing Martin Todd's innocence of the theft:—"

"How the —— should I know that?"

"Very true. Here, Morgan!" and the barrister threw up the sash, and called out of the window to the private, who was walking in the back-yard with Archy. Morgan came, and Mr. Payne Croft said—

"The Sergeant wishes to know once more, and from your own lips, that you did find the sovereign you supposed you had lost, and for which this gentleman was so deeply compromised."

"Yes, I told the Sergeant so, long ago."

"Thank you, that will do." And he closed the window and shut out the possibility of further speech.

"You see, Sergeant, the first grand fact—the one upon which everything has turned—is proved irresistibly, even by an unwilling witness. It is for you therefore to say how far we are to go on, merely to compromise you more and more deeply at every step."

"What do you want?" hastily inquired the Sergeant.

"Your signature to this." And he held out a paper—which lay before him already prepared. The Sergeant took it with those large dry hands, which crackled as he stood there rubbing the palms with the half-closed finger-tips, and at first he held it aloof as in a kind of simulated scorn; but he drew it closer and closer to his eye, and he read the words—

"I, Matthew Dunk, Pay-Sergeant of Her Majesty's —— regiment of ——, and located at Chatham, do hereby acknowledge that I heard some time ago from Bill Morgan that he had found the sovereign which it was supposed Martin Todd had stolen; and I beg Todd's pardon for not sooner making the fact known to him.

(Signed) ——.

Chatham, Sept. 15, 185—."

"Will you sign that?"

"I'll see you, him, and all creation blasted first!"

"Very good. Landlord!" The Landlord answered instantly to the barrister's call, and he proceeded—"Go to Captain White's quarters, give my compliments—Mr. Payne Croft's compliments, there is my card—and say that both Mr. Sergeant Dunk and myself will take it as a particular favour if he will be so good as to step down here for a minute on a matter of importance connected with Her Majesty's service."

"Send your own messages, if you like—don't meddle with mine!" roared the Sergeant.

"Mine then be it; but, I assure you, the circumstance will operate afterwards to your disadvantage."

"Oh, d—— you! Let's have done with this humbug. Landlord, make me a stiff glass of rum-and-water. Hot, with sugar—and strong as h——! D'ye hear? Be quick." The Landlord ran off, glad to delay Mr. Croft's dangerous-looking commission.

Mr. Payne Croft forgot now the ebb of time, and watched, and waited silently, and without the least impatience. Sergeant Dunk walked about, hummed a stave or two, met the Landlord as he re-entered, drank off the whole tumbler full of liquor at one draught, and ordered another to be got ready by the time he should call for it. Again the two men were alone.

"Come, Mr. Barrister, don't be too hard upon a fellow in a bit of a fix."

"I won't. Sign that. My employers expect very different terms; but I am a man of the world, and know we must compromise to succeed."

"Compromise! Why, is n't this downright ruin?"

"No, I think not. I don't mean that it shall be ever used against you, except on one or other of these three contingencies:—First, that my client is in serious danger from the revival of the story, which is n't at all likely except through you, for his name is not Martin Todd;—"

"H'm! I guessed that!" muttered the Sergeant.

"Secondly, that Morgan is troubled for his share in the business, which has been altogether a very unwilling one;—"

"Oh, *he* may go to the devil in his own time for me!"

"Thirdly, and lastly, that any charge *shall* be ever brought against you by a superior officer, for any kind of fraud or peculation in your post—if you retain it—which I do n't advise you to do. You are not so strong, Sergeant, you perceive, as you look; and, therefore, must n't take it unkindly if, both for my own character and satisfaction, and for your moral well-being in the future, I tie you up a bit. These are my conditions, if accepted now. They'll be worse in an hour's time: and to-morrow—why, Chatham won't hold you. Now choose. Don't hurry. Have in that other glass of rum-and-water, and calmly think things over. You won't wait? Want a pen? There 'tis then. Rather a straggling signature. Always write thus? Stay!" Mr. Payne Croft again lifted the sash, and called to Archy and Morgan to come in. They obeyed him. He then summoned the Landlord, who also came—the three looking wonderingly at each other.

"Now, gentlemen, I am happy to say proceedings are drawing to a close. It does n't matter to you, Morgan, nor to you, Landlord, what is written in that paper—but be pleased all to witness Sergeant Dunk re-trace his signature upon it."

Sergeant Dunk again looked—almost with admiration, dashed with a good deal of something else though—upon the face of the Barrister, who thus destroyed his last faint flickering ghost of a hope that he might deny that artificial signature. He now struck it out, and re-wrote it properly, with what he called "a better pen;" and then all the others wrote their names, as witnesses, on the margin.

"Landlord! there's a sovereign, to be expended

just as you please for the benefit of the house!" And the Landlord went away rejoicingly.

"Morgan," and the Barrister drew the private aside, and put a roll of gold into his hands, so as to be quite unobserved the while; it was tightly closed up in paper that the coins might not sound. He then said to him, "If you find Sergeant Dunk take any advantage of you, let me know. But if you play any tricks upon him I go over to his camp. You guess how that would end—eh?"

Morgan grinned, touched his head with a military salute, and walked off, thinking to himself with a kind of stolid wonder, "Fifteen pounds! Not a bad day's work!"

"Now, Sergeant, shake hands. Forget and forgive! This may be the making of a clever fellow like you, if you mind what you're about. I'm not at all offended. I'd rather any time deal with a rogue than with a fool. Would'nt you?" The brutal laugh did get out then at last with all its original gusto, as the Sergeant shook the proffered hand, and, drawing himself up to his full height, turned again to face the world, and marched away.

"And now, Mr. Cairn, for a good dinner, a bottle of wine, a chat and laugh together, a brief doze, a cup of tea, and then a long night's work; dry, hard, legal work to finish off with! My programme for the rest of the day." But he did not wait till after dinner for the promised laugh. It began to break out in little half-smothered coughs, until Archy, while vainly trying to express his sense of a life-long gratitude, caught the infection of the lawyer's face, and suddenly roared again. Mr. Payne Croft did n't change his own dry, measured mirth, but looked approvingly on Archy's. Presently, as he saw the latter wiping away the tears from his eyes, he said,—

"What amuses me is the fact,—one which I do n't mind telling you now,—that beyond sending that preliminary shell into the camp, before I came hither,—I mean the newspaper paragraph,—I had n't—on my honour, I had n't—a single useful thought in my brain this morning when I began, as to how I might, could, would, or should get any hold of these fellows, or as to what the solution would prove to be."

CHAPTER XXIII.

ARCHY BEGINS TO PAY HIS DEBTS.

ARCHY found at dinner that Mr. Payne Croft had not yet done with finessing and trick; though his objects were now so different, and he so cautiously approached them, that Archy would have been quite unsuspecting of his operations but for the word or two that had passed on the lawn at Bletchworth, about the Barrister and Grace. As it was, the young student enjoyed amazingly the opportunity of watching manœuvres that were only to him sufficiently veiled to become attractive, and peculiarly *piquante*. He did not, therefore, allow a word or a sign to escape him that might show he was aware of the manner in which he was being played upon, but answered all sorts of questions,—of which some only related to Miss Addersley—although they contained nothing of moment to either; and he kept up with spirit a

long conversation without once appearing to notice the odd fact that it continually turned aside to glance at the same young lady; and he even managed—just as accidentally—to let Mr. Payne Croft see how enthusiastic was his own admiration of the personal and mental gifts of Mr. Dell's charming cousin, without giving the listener—that, ordinarily, most acute of personages—the least notion that he was, for once, being played with and speculated upon, and mentally over-looked, very much in his own fashion of dealing with other men.

Archy thought once, though, that Mr. Payne Croft looked at him in a curiously interrogative manner, which he could not understand; and he began to draw in and to whisper to himself, he must be more cautious. But although the look returned again and again, and at last grew alike irritating and laughable in its determinedly quizzical and fixed expression, it did not at all confirm Archy's first belief that the Barrister was conscious of self-exposure. On the contrary, he seemed bent on another kind of exposure—that of Archy. Suddenly the latter understood what it all meant, and could with difficulty repress a smile. Mr. Payne Croft wanted to know whether he, Archy, had any special personal feelings at the bottom of all his avowed admiration for Miss Addersley; and that was his way of getting at the fact.

Archy, to set him at rest, observed—"I perceive what you are thinking of; but you are mistaken." He felt the colour mounting to his face and brow as he went on, "No, it might have been as you suppose—but that before I saw Miss Addersley—"

"You had seen some one else. I understand." And Mr. Payne Croft busied himself for the next few minutes, in cracking and picking walnuts which he forgot to eat: and in curiously scanning the colour and transparency of the wine in his glass, which he held up to the light, but did not drink. And from that time he became more and more absorbed. And Archy, remembering the programme of Mr. Payne Croft's day that he had heard sketched out, guessed that as Mr. Payne Croft had got all out of him that he could possibly desire, he would now be glad to get rid of him and proceed with the next item in the day's business. So with a few earnest grateful words he took his leave.

All the way home Archy revolved with a serious steadiness of purpose the offer that Mr. Dell had made to him. It was eminently attractive. He had no doubt he could make himself, in a year or two, a capital farmer. He was already an excellent botanist and geologist, and he had some smattering in chemistry. He was also familiar with all the new scientific theories that were just then revolutionising the agricultural world, without feeling the least fanaticism in their favour. He knew well what tender handling the old ways require, before breaking them to pieces to introduce new ones. He knew how constantly local knowledge, actual experience, and certain personal qualities, such as skill, tact, and industry, enabled men to make fortunes without being able to read one printed line in a book, and how theoretical science, in the absence of these accompaniments, had sent many a gentleman farmer rapidly into the Gazette. On the whole, measuring himself as severely as he could, and trying to think at every step as though Mr. Dell's interest alone were concerned, he

came to the conclusion that he might accept the proposal, if he could but be sure of himself in another direction—one indicated by the words—Mrs. Dell. He had told her he was cured. He still believed he was. He hoped with all his soul that he was. But he must look at things as they had been—at himself as he had been—and not pretend to deal with an unknown future. Love, or at least a certain susceptibility that might pass under that name, had led him into all his dangers: was it clear that it would lead him into no more? He could not answer that; not, at least, quite satisfactorily to his conscience; and he felt, therefore, no security for the due performance of his regular duties, or, at least, for any vigorous practical efficiency in a business which required such weighty responsibilities.

Yet, could he resign such a chance? Ought he to throw away the one only opportunity life might afford to enable him to do and to become all that he was fitted for? He wished once he were married; not as a man wishes for the realization of his most cherished desires, but as a thing that would be very useful if it were but once over and done with. Yes, if he had but a good wife! A woman who might possess what he lacked; a steady, even temperament, a firm, immoveable self-control! But where was he to find such a wife? A woman who should be at once beautiful,—he must demand that condition,—in love with him, and capable of inspiring him with love for her? Pooh! It was another dream! He had done with dreams now.

And did Jean—poor devoted Jean—never cross his mind, during all these speculations? Yes, he thought of her frequently, but not with sufficient pleasure, in connection with these wanderings of his mind, to induce him to dwell upon the recollection. But as he drew nearer and nearer to his home, a sense of his neglect of Jean began to press unpleasantly upon him. He remembered first one thing, then another, unnoticed at the time of their occurrence, which told him how wrapped he had been in the magic visions that perpetually hovered about Mrs. Dell, and how poor Jean had kept aloof from and avoided him in his daily visits to Bletchworth. But he really did love Jean, in a sort of brotherly domestic way; and the certainty of that love seemed in a measure to re-assure him, and to suggest that he could not have been so ungrateful to her, as he more than once suspected he had been.

In this state of mind he reached home; he forgot there, for the instant, everything else in the one absorbing joy of meeting with his mother; of seeing her happy and thankful face glow with emotion, as she saw the expression of his features, and received him in her arms; and of feeling her tremble, as he said,—

"Read, mother, read! All is settled;" and Mrs. Cairn took the paper, with those strange-looking signatures upon it; and she tried to make out their meaning, but could not. Or rather she knew it so well, that she wanted to be away by herself alone, and pour forth in silent prayer the inexpressible gratefulness of her soul, that this, the blackest gloom that had ever crossed her path, was removed; that her son was hers again, pure in heart, unsullied in character.

"I can't read very well now, without my glasses," she said. "What is it, Archy? Do n't mind me now, I shall be better soon; tell me. No fear of this blow,

boy! Oh, may God ever bless thee!" And Archy—the paper still unread—fell on his knees before her, and his head dropped on her lap, and she took it between her hands, and leaned over it, and was happy—very, very happy, and very, very silent, for a long time.

"But, mother, you must hear the paper," Archy said at last, in a low tone.

"Very well!—my heart, boy, heard it all long ago." And then Archy read the document to her, and he explained to her how it had been obtained, avoiding, at first, instinctively, the less serious parts of the narrative. But by degrees he told her everything he could recollect, and he was delighted to perceive that she was able to receive, and to enjoy in her placid way, all the details of Mr. Payne Croft's tentative sagacity and success.

And when that intelligence was discussed and dismissed, there was Mr. Dell's offer of Norman-Mount Farm to be also made known, and some decision to be come to about it. Mrs. Cairn listened gravely, yet with a certain vivid interest, as though it raised at once a host of fears and hopes into conflict; but for the present she said little, beyond suggesting that Archy should stay away from the Hall for some days, while they considered what was best to be done. Archy was rather puzzled at the request, which, for certain reasons of his own, he did not like to inquire into too curiously; so he consented, and then despatched a boy with a few hurried lines to Mr. Dell, enclosing the paper, which spoke in its own naked simplicity of the entire success of his journey.

But that very evening, at tea, Mrs. Cairn began to try to pick out the ends from a certain tangled mental web, and to draw Archy—by no means willingly—to the task of helping her.

"Archy, dear!"

"Yes, mother."

"Do you consider the old engagement with Jean quite put an end to?"

"Engagement, mother? Surely that is a strong word."

"I understood it so."

Archy was silent, and seemed inclined to go on with his tea in preference to the conversation.

"Perhaps you think lightly of that?"

"No, mother, indeed I don't; but—"

"But what?" Again Archy was smitten with a desire to eat, or to appear to eat, and be silent. So he answered nothing, and Mrs. Cairn continued,

"Well, the time has come at all events for plain speaking." Archy looked as though he regretted the circumstance deeply, but could not help it, so asked for another cup of tea. But he was now to be startled out of all these little affectations of an indifference he did not feel; his mother effectually roused him by her next words—

"Do you know that it was Jean's money that alone enabled me to seek you at Chatham? Jean's money that I held ready for your discharge, and that it included her last shilling?"

"Her last shilling?" echoed Archy, who began dimly to understand alike what had passed, and what was coming.

"Yes; for all her other savings had been previously expended on me."

"You, mother! Is it possible?"

"It is true; and I must have starved or sought parish aid, but for Jean's assistance!" Archy got up, and walked about the room in deep agitation; but his mother's voice followed his steps—

"I need not tell you how my own funds drained away from me."

"No—no! I understand now. O mother, I had no thought that matters were so bad. But I might have had—I might have had."

"But do you not ask me," she continued, "why it was that I should have allowed myself thus to pass under obligation so serious?"

"No, mother; I see it all now! Fool that I have been! I see it all now!" For a long while after that burst he sat moodily silent, answering only by monosyllables to any casual remarks made by Mrs. Cairn. She was glad to see him so impressed, though more uncertain about what the issue ought to be than she would have liked to acknowledge. She was the first to speak.

"Archy, do not be miserable about it. It will be no boon to the poor girl to give her a husband who does not care for her."

"But I do care for her! I am very fond of Jean—I mean I think very highly of her, and have now more than ever reason to be grateful to her."

"Yes; but you do not love her as women wish to be loved."

"No, mother, I fear not," said Archy, in a melancholy tone, that touched the mother's sympathies.

"Well, then, we must find some way first to repay all we have had from her, and then hope for some further opportunity to testify in a better mode our mutual sense of the invaluable services she has rendered to us."

"And you say you could not have come to Chatham but for Jean?"

"Certainly not—at least not then. It was all her doing. She urged me, when I was unwilling, in my first anger against you; although, perhaps, I should have sought you later."

"Ah, yes, mother, you would have come, but you would have been too late. Do not blame yourself for that—blame me. I was in a state that I dare not again recall. Poor Jean! When did you see her last? When will she be here again?"

"I asked her to come over this evening, so perhaps she may be here soon. But she is sensitive, boy, and proud in her way—ay, quite as proud as I have ever been. If you lose her you will lose one of the best of wives."

Archy answered nothing to that remark, but somehow could not help wondering whether, on the whole, he should be wise to give up the idea of Jean. He thought—perhaps he could make as good use as most men of "one of the best of wives." He began to wish to take a good look at Jean—have a good long talk with Jean, with the view of studying for himself, anew, whether his mother were right or wrong in her judgment. And he grew impatient, as hour after hour passed, and no Jean appeared. Once or twice he had serious thoughts of suggesting that a message might be sent to Bletchworth; but he fancied his mother might look at

him and laugh, or say something that would have annoyed him excessively, if he did; so he waited and wondered, and looked out of the window, and took peculiar interest in the garden and the surrounding prospect, and at last became almost savage in his temper as he saw that Jean did not—would not—come! After a last fruitless visit to the garden, he relieved his feelings by exclaiming—

"I think, mother, Jean might have obliged you when you asked her."

"I think so too," added the mother, "and especially now that she must know through your letter to Mr. Dell that you have come home."

"Oh," thought Archy to himself, "that's the very reason she does n't come, I suppose. Much obliged to her!"—he began to light a candle, evidently preparing for bed, for it was between nine and ten, when he stopped, and exclaimed with sudden animation, "Why, there she is!" ran out, and returned with Jean, his face radiant with unaffected pleasure, hers trembling with fitful and secret emotion, which on the present occasion she did not need to disguise.

"O Archy, I'm so glad!"

Now Archy—what on earth possessed him to do such a thing then?—kissed her thin but glowing face, and tried to look at her after the process; but she was too wise, or too secretly and sadly self-possessed, to allow it, and she got into immediate conversation with Mrs. Cairn, and presently was listening to all the details of Mr. Payne Croft's strategy at Chatham.

Both mother and son were secretly pleased as they discovered that Jean was able to stay with them for the night, though they also saw that the fact would not have oozed out but for their own efforts and management. They sat late; and, with two at least of the party, the time was spent enjoyingly. Archy studied as well as he could by the individual specimen before him the physiology and psychology of that somewhat attractive creature—"one of the best of wives;" and he determined he would review carefully in his mind, before he went to sleep, in the solitude and silence of his chamber, the materials he had collected, and try to discover to what legitimate use they ought to be put.

Whether or no he was illogically and wilfully anticipating some possible conclusion when he prepared again, at parting, to salute Jean, who shall say? But Jean was on her guard, and warded off the threatened assault—he thought somewhat icily. The circumstance annoyed Archy; though for the life of him he could not discover whether it gave an improved or deteriorated aspect to his notions of "one of the best of wives." However, he went to bed, and thought himself to sleep.

There was a summer-house in Mrs. Cairn's garden, a little one, constructed by Archy's own hand in years gone by. When he rose in the morning, with his thoughts beginning again just where they left off as he fell asleep, and still pointing to no satisfactory conclusion (for Mrs. Dell's image kept stealing in among them, and, while she stayed, investing as with a golden atmosphere his whole being; and leaving behind, at her departure, a certain sense of dullness and desolateness in all his possible views of life), he fancied the fresh air might invigorate him and enable him to decide rightly, one way or the other, upon what must prove the turn-

ing-point of his future domestic career; perhaps even of more than that, by its natural and inevitable consequences. So he strolled into the garden, and thence into the summer-house, where he found Jean; who, always an early riser, had that morning been earlier than usual. She was fully dressed; had even her bonnet on, and was writing a note. As she saw Archy, she passed the blotting paper over her half-written note, but then, by a change of impulse, took the note out and tore it up, saying,—

"I was just going. I promised to be back early at Bletchworth this morning if I did stay the night. I was writing a line to your mother."

Although there was not the remotest touch of coquetry in Jean (poor girl! she would have shrunk with disgust from herself at the thought of the bare possibility!) her conduct had, in every respect, all the effect upon Archy that the most refined craft of womanhood could have accomplished; nay, it did more than any coquetry could have achieved, because he would in the one case have felt at least a touch of suspicion as to its truthfulness, while in the other suspicion was simply ridiculous—impossible. This intended departure of Jean—so hurriedly and secretly—decided him.

"Jean," said he, taking her hand, "how will it be possible for my mother and me to repay you all we owe?"

"Oh, pray say nothing about it. Do n't, please, do n't." Jean spoke in evident distress.

"Nay, but I must speak, Jean. Mother has told me all. There is but one return I can make you,—a very inadequate one, I know, but my mother has set her heart upon it, and I have thought over the matter very carefully—as I am sure you would wish me to do, before—"

"Pray let me go! You pain me more than I can express!"

"Ah, Jean, you must hear me out. But why need I say more than this? I offer you my hand—I ask you to be my wife!"

"Never! never!" Jean exclaimed; then bursting into a passion of tears she ran out of the summer-house, through the garden-gate, and disappeared behind the cottages, before he could recall his bewildered senses.

Jean refuse him! Why, he had thought only as to whether he would accept her! He was now, for a moment, really angry—felt deeply humiliated. What did it all mean? Had his mother been deceived all the while as to Jean's feelings? Or did his own conscience begin to whisper, "Had he played unwarrantably with the poor girl's feelings, and forgotten what was due to her self-respect?"

At breakfast he told his mother all that had passed. She was at once pleased and sorry. She could not even yet resign the hope of a marriage that she fancied was so peculiarly calculated to ensure her son's welfare, and was therefore pleased to learn that Archy had seriously made Jean the offer; but she was sorry that he had done it so badly—though so naturally, in the existing state of his feelings; and she was sorry to hear how deeply Jean had taken his conduct to heart.

"Well now, Archy, I have only this more to say to you, and I shall not again, if I can help it, return to the subject. You must not play with Jean or with your-

self. If you really want to know my opinion as to whether, in spite of this behaviour, she does love you, I will give it. I feel sure that she will never marry anybody else, even if she persist in refusing you. Why, where are you going? Breakfast's ready."

"I shall follow Jean, and try to bring her back. If she refuse me I shall refuse the farm. I see now, as in a map, how the roads of life meet and intertwine. I have been a conceited ass; that's very plain, mother. But if it be not too late I will please you, Jean, and myself yet." He was gone before Mrs. Cairn could make any comment.

Jean had reached the gate leading from the common into the lane which formed the approach to the Hall, when she heard behind her the sound of a horse galloping furiously. She turned, and stared in amazement at Archy, who was the rider, and who pulled up the horse by her side, and leapt off, exclaiming—

"So, I have caught you! But I had to unhorse the butcher's boy to do it. I wonder what he'll say when he gets time to reflect?"

Before Jean could determine what to do in this unexpected state of things, Archy had fastened the horse to the gate, put his arm in hers, and drawn her gently, but irresistibly along, back towards the common, and by the same route she had but just passed over.

"Jean, I am very foolish, very thoughtless in many matters, I know; but don't be harsh to me, don't be unjust. I am not so bad a fellow, after all, as you think me. I am now going to tell you a secret; one that must never pass your lips. Will you promise me? It is I, Archy, who ask you, for old affection's sake."

Jean murmured, half-unintelligibly, "Yes, I promise."

"Do n't be shocked. I have been in love with Mrs. Dell! She discovered it, and told me so, instead of waiting till I told her. But, believe me, she would have waited a long while before I should have done that. Still, but for her sense and courage, there is no telling how far things might have gone with me. She saved me. She cured me. Perhaps I love her still; but if I do, it is in a way that I don't think any one, not even her husband, not even my wife (should I ever find one who will have me), needs to quarrel with."

"Oh, she is a sweet, and good, and true woman, Archy, and I don't wonder at you or any man loving her, unless—"

"Ah yes, I understand your exception; happily it doesn't quite apply to me. I did not know she was married when I first saw her, one morning, from Norman's Mount. I thought she was Miss Addersley." Jean smiled at that. It was the first smile that had yet crossed the pale, thin, and now more than ever anxiously pre-occupied face. And she remarked, in explanation of the smile—

"Miss Addersley is a very different woman to Mrs. Dell. She is kind, often personally considerate, very clever, accomplished, and brilliant; but I don't know how it is, my heart cannot warm to her, though she has been more than ordinarily attentive and liberal to me." This remark, unexpected as it was, revived, and made Archy conscious of, certain dim instincts and presentiments that he had not cared to inquire into; and it had the effect of increasing his respect for Jean's intellect.

"Well, but, Jean, please to come back,—no, I don't mean to the cottage, even though I am taking you there to breakfast,—I mean back to our conversation; I should rather say to my confession. If I had not, with Mrs. Dell's help, speedily righted myself, you may judge how I should have been punished when her husband offered to give me the management of Norman Mount Farm for a year or two for him, and then, if I succeeded, to receive me as his tenant afterwards; letting me pay back the capital and interest as I found myself able."

"Did Mr. Dell offer that?" inquired Jean, with sparkling eyes.

"He did."

"Oh, take it; I'm sure you will succeed."

"So am I, if you will join me: and I am equally sure I shall fail if you refuse. Stay, and be silent, and do n't run away till you have heard all. I am resolved that I will not risk Mr. Dell's property or accept his kindness, without giving him some sort of hostage for my good behaviour. Jean, I am sure he'd take you!"

Jean hardly knew whether to laugh or to cry, so tried both together.

"Now, Jean, you know all. You know my faults—my weaknesses—and you see what a poor sort of fellow you will have to deal with, and to take care of, and to guide. But, on my soul, I do believe you will find me a good husband, if you are only patient with me; and I am very sure I shall love you dearly, if you will only say—once for all—Archy, you may!"

Poor—poor Jean! what could she do? The treacherous, wily assailant was attacking her in her weakest point. She had been prepared for all but this. She trembled—and looked back—and Archy, seeing that she did so, made her sit down on a little knoll, and he sat by her side; and then, with gentle force, he got hold of her timid, nervous hand, and kissed it; and the great heart of the woman could bear no more; but she turned, sobbing, and threw herself upon his breast, and kissed him. There was no need for her to say in any other language, "Archy, you may!"

[To be continued.]

STANZAS.

If, flowing onward to the sea,
A bank some happy stream divides,
Each parted streamlet presently
Back to a single channel glides.
Or, parted, should they meet no more
To mingle as they flowed before,
Yet in the all-absorbing main
Their waters shall unite again.

Thus, journeying on through life's long vale,
Should fate dis sever friendship's ties,
Not long shall parted friends bewail
The chance that broke their destinies.
And should they meet no more on earth
To join in friendship, love, and mirth,
They shall not always parted be,
But meet in Heaven's eternity.

J.

A FARM YARD.

WE English are a homely people, and we like what tells us of home. A farm yard is a sight with which we are all familiar. Many of us were brought up amidst such associations, and most of us at some time or other have visited such places. It is true that we are now a very busy, manufacturing, buying and selling people—that the village is deserted, and the "farmer's boy" is turned into a dainty clerk, but still the farm yard, with its fat horses and sleek cows, with its ducks and geese, with its straw and pigs, with its neighbouring stacks and dirty ponds, with its carts and waggons in sheds not far off, is always an attractive place to young or old, rich or poor. It is the favourite dream of the active citizen when he becomes old to take a little bit of a farm, where he can consume his own eggs, and fatten his own bacon. A farmer seems so independent—leads such a fine outdoor life, that we all envy him, and love to look even at the picture of a farm yard.

THE OLD GREEK MERCHANT.

CHAPTER I.

THE town of Xanthus, on the coast of Asia Minor, near the Island of Rhodes, and forming the apex of a triangle described from Crete and Cyprus, was a quiet and lovely spot. It seemed to rise out of the blue waves like a nymph with a crown of seaweeds on her head; so gradually its white houses ascended from the beach, and so happily the whole seemed, topped by the Acropolis and its grove of sacred olive, standing out against the distant chain of mountains that shut in the rich valleys of Lycia to the sea. Behind it the eye wandered over green plains and dells, studded with flocks and threaded with streams; before it was the everlasting blue of the Egean with its lovely brood of Cycladean Isles. It had a small port where a few merchantmen might ride in safety, and a rude quay for loading and unloading vessels. Its rude and primitive inhabitants subsisted chiefly on their flocks and fields. A few manufactures only were carried on, the overplus population taking more kindly to sea, either as sailors or fishermen, than as smiths, dyers, or sandal-makers to the workshops. The women were more homely but quite as active as the men. They tended the flocks, pressed the card, carded the wool, and long before sunrise groups of them might be seen in their loosely-girdled gowns that left their plump limbs free for exercise, with little iron crooks gathering the kermes, an insect resembling the cochineal in its appearance and uses, from the leaves of the scarlet oak. These insects made a most beautiful scarlet dye, and were the principal export of the country.

I have said that it was a quiet place; but in all communities made up of Greek elements, or insensibly reflecting them as the result of intercourse, there were moments when the people clamoured in joy or in wrath, like the voices of the sea that broke upon their shores. A dispute amongst the sailors as to the pre-eminence of some lovely Xanthian girl; an unwillingness to go

aboard while the wind blew too strongly; the harangue of some captain to regain a lost authority, and the arrival and departure of vessels, now and then gave bustle to its quay, and sent the hum of loud and angry voices through its narrow streets and over its rippling bay.

At the period I write of there was an unusual amount of restlessness manifest amongst this quiet pastoral people. On the walls—for like most towns it was simply defended by one a few feet high, too high indeed to climb, but not too high for the whirl of the spear, or the swing of the javelin—were knots of eager people, the olive grove and the Acropolis were dotted with living forms, and an eager group surrounded a grey-haired man on the quay. There were two sources of interest and anxiety, one landward, the other seaward. Strange rumours had come southward of the defeat and destruction of their Carian neighbours, arousing all their native hardihood as they learnt of their own impending attack. The terrible name of Cyrus was in every one's mind, and they talked of him, the Persian, without once profaning their lips and language with his name. Croesus of Sardis, whom they innocently looked upon as a god amongst his gold, had been captured by him; their embassy to Sparta, their paternal city, had been refused, and here the man and his army were approaching.

Then old Diagoras, their silver-haired merchant, had been daily expecting his ship from Athens, with its cargo of figs and corn-jars, which might prove a seasonable help to them in the event of a siege or a blockade. The old man himself, in his purple robe, somewhat faded with age, with his grey beard sweeping to his waist, and his lank hair flowing down beneath his simple fez-like cap upon his broad shoulders, watched the horizon with intense interest. His only son, Mentor, was but a young sailor of a few voyages, and might be unable, he mused, to command the men,—the slaves might mutiny, his little brig and its curiously-carved figure-head might have even gone down beneath the waves. He was amongst his friends, but yet the old man was reserved and taciturn save when he murmured a prayer to Isis for his son's safety. Ever and anon "A ship! a ship!" resounded from the Acropolis and excited the crowd, but, as time after time they made for other ports, hope languished and fear grew upon them as the sun dipped beneath the horizon.

While such was the excitement in the town, a little idyll was being enacted outside. Melissa, the blooming daughter of Diagoras,—who tended her father's flocks, pressed the turf and wild thyme with light and joyous tread, who hummed sweet songs to herself as she reclined in the shade at noon, with her family, as she called them, around her,—was driving her flock up to the shed to milk the goats and pen the errant sheep for the night. She fetched out her wooden sugar-loaf-shaped pails, and set to work singly but with right good zeal. I don't know why she should have pressed the teats so vigorously, and now and then smiled when she had certainly nothing but her own fancies to smile at, or looked so often sidelong at the sheep; but the truth is that just about the middle of the last pail, the fine, manly form of a shepherd, in his rough sheepskin robe, emerged from behind a rock whence it is just possible he might have been watching her for some time.



THE FARM-YARD.

"Still amongst your family," he said, advancing.

"Yes," she answered with a softer accent, "and while I finish this pail you may as well drive the sheep into the cote for me."

His reply was lost in the churning noise of the milk as it fell in the frothy pail. Imitating the bark of a dog, he soon got his woolly friends together and penned them. But there were other things to do. The goats must be driven to the brook, and thence to their quarters for the night, and so, as soon as Melissa had done, they both set off with the bearded waggish-looking animals before them. She swung her dimpled hand about as she walked, until, at last, it found its way into the shepherd's, and when they came to the sedgy brook—across which the animals must be driven after drinking—she feared to cross it, although many a time her bare feet had paddled therein, and so her companion must needs put his arm round her waist and carry her over, and get toll for his pains.

Returned to the sheep-cote, her companion began, "O, Melissa, I had such a curious dream as I lay 'neath an oak at noontide to-day. You and I were sitting on a rock together, as it might be now, only our flocks were stretched before us, when a cloud of dust rose up yonder, and a tall form emerged and frightened away our families, and when I looked for you I was alone,"

"It could n't be Pan, could it, at his pranks?"

"No, no; he's too human for that; he always nods at noon. It could n't be him."

"But what a strange dream. I can't see where I could go to unless some god had fetched me away, and I would n't like to go anywhere then."

"I hope you won't go," he said pathetically, clutching her warmly, and pressing her to a seat on the turf, "I should be alone then. Pan might come and admire you, as you looked through your fingers at the sea, but I am sure he would n't deprive an honest shepherd like me of his wife. At any rate I'll sacrifice a lamb, and crave his protection."

"Do n't, do n't now," said Melissa, trying to be pettish, as he toyed with her long hair, "I never saw your like. I am sure it is time I took my milk home, and I can feel the dew on my feet. Let me go," she added, happy enough to have stayed there until the stars blinked in the blue sky.

"Nay, nay, girl, not so fast," and the oaten pipe was to his lip in a moment, and a song gushed and throbbed like an imprisoned soul, pleading its love and its release. It had often interpreted the one to the other—it did so now.

Suddenly Melissa slipped away from him, and stood upright. A fire blazed on the rock tower, and the vales rang with shouting.

"What can it be?" says the startled swain.

"My brother! my brother!" and, seizing her pails, away she hies, leaving her lover to look askance at her, mutter praises of her plump limbs and dappled skirt, and again fly to his reed to console him on his way to duties in another direction.

Twilight had come, and the sea-breeze blew cool, but still the Xanthians kept watch. A beacon was lit on the rock, and old Diagoras was still seen pacing to and fro along the shore. "He comes! he comes!" he cries at last, lifting up his head bravely, hearing the

chaunt of the slaves at their oars. By and by the vane on the mast-top caught the glare of the beacon, and the splash of the oars and the voice of the boatswain were distinctly heard, as it rounded the bay, and came towards the crowd.

"Ah, my boy!" shouted the father, and Mentor was at the ship's side in a minute, with his hair streaming in the wind, and his fine face glowing with pleasure.

"A fine work I've had, father," answered the youth to the question of delay as he landed, "what with wild winds and still wilder men."

"Never mind, boy," and he grasped him tightly by the arm, "we'll hear your story at home."

But a democratic crowd are not to be cheated thus.

"Hear him now," said one.

"Let's have it at once," put in a second.

"Mount this jar," said a third voice, a brawny fellow, elbowing his way right up to Mentor.

There was no help for it.

"Well," said the young captain, as soon as he had dismissed the sailors into the town, "I had a fine job, I can tell ye. We slipped away from Athens in fine style, although, for my part, I was sorry to leave the fine old city. We made a fine voyage until we got about half-way, when the wind blew a stormer right amidships, and I ordered the crew to help the slaves at the oars. They crowded on deck, and I could tell by their looks that they didn't mean to obey me, and were not for proceeding at all. Our giant, the boatswain, was for putting off to Crete, and was gathering the men around him, and winning them over one by one. I saw how it would be, so I mounted the poop and cried out, 'Now, my men, what would ye have? Are ye frightened at a sailful of wind, or have ye got too idle and weak to handle an oar? If you think you can manage the ship best, let's have your advice.' I perceived them inclined to move, all except the giant, and so I grew desperate. It was no use trying to persuade his huge carcass into obedience—what could I do? At last I bethought me of old Homer, and gave him a stave about Achilles and Thersites; and when a true Greek, you know, hears you quote Homer against him, he knows it's all up with him. The verses rolled out well, and then I said, 'Now, giant, you're Thersites, and would go from ship to shore, as he would from shore to ship. I am Achilles, and if you do n't mind I'll try his plan.' That was a bold stroke, you know, father; but I meant it. I haven't handled the cestus and boxed for nothing. What with Homer and my vaunt, here I am safe and sound."

Tremendous cheers followed this speech, and father and son were escorted home by the crowd with shouts of acclamation.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN Diagoras and Mentor arrived at home, the details of the latter's bargains and sales were narrated, and he dashed on to tell, in a frank manner, how he loved the grand old city and its busy thoroughfares; but, observing an inexpressible sadness on the old man's face, he turned from the subject, and inquired where Melissa was.

"I fancy," replied the old man, relieved by the change, "that she's in her own twilight nook, although

I wonder she has not heard the clamour that hailed your arrival. She's a good girl," he went on as if thinking aloud, "but I caught her nicely the other evening by the brook. She was looking at herself in the water, and weaving a crown of wild flowers."

"A wreath!" echoed Mentor loudly. "Ah! there's love in that, father. It's the old custom of revealing the heart first to nature, and then to somebody else. Who's her swain? I dare say you might have found a garland on her favourite oak, and one she didn't weave either."

The arrival of the damsel herself here was unfortunate.

"How bonnie and lovely you look, Melissa!" burst out her brother. "Some youth has sure been kissing your lips into a pout, and warming your cheeks into roses."

Melissa murmured something about pails and haste, but she was checked by a laugh.

"Ah! all very well. They tell me in Athens it's a sure sign a young girl's in love when she's caught garlanded."

The evening passed merrily, and the other source of uneasiness I have mentioned was not alluded to more than once or twice. Melissa was delighted with Mentor's narrative, and was not satisfied until a libation had been quaffed to the memory of the blind bard.

The morning brought more definite information about the Persian. He was advancing upon Xanthus, and would arrive in a few days. A council was at once summoned. The speakers were mostly of one mind, namely, to resist; but were not so decided as to the nature of the resistance. Where were the arms and the men to come from, and who was to marshal them? The old merchant arose, firm and stately, and said, "As to our arms, why I'll give four skins of the best Chian, and a dozen of my finest kids; as to men, my slaves shall this day be manumitted; as to a general, we have many here; but if no one else will lead I will, and I know Xanthians will follow me."

The thing was soon done. The smithies resounded with the clangour of hammers, pointing spears, and fashioning darts and swords. Mentor stirred up his giant boatswain and his crew, set at liberty the galley-slaves, and got all in good trim. He received much help from a sturdy shepherd whom he knew not, but liked vastly. The reader knows him, although Melissa affected not to do, when her brother brought him home for a cup of Chian now and then, and they sang the lays of Tyrtæus, while her bosom heaved with proud emotion, and the eye of her lover flashed with patriot fire.

The Persian came—not Cyrus, but Harpagus, his general—came like a panther in wild leaps and cautious creepings, but found the enemy alive and watchful. The smoke of their desolation had long been seen from the rock-tower. The flocks were driven within the walls, and as they neared the town out marched the citizens, headed by Diagoras, and a smith's apron on a spear for a standard. They met the Persians in full shock in the plain, while Mentor and the shepherd, heading a brave body of youths, harassed the wing of the enemy with their light missiles. Prodigies of valour were performed, and many an aristocratic Persian bit the dust at the

hands of these hardy men. But numbers still surged on, and, decimated and dispirited, the handful of heroes retreated within the walls. Mentor was severely wounded in his right arm, and had a pike thrust in his thigh, but he bound them up with thongs, and would have fought on had not his inseparable co-leader seized him by the shoulders, and carried him on his back out of the fray. Evening saw the Persian host swarm, like bees, on Hymethus, around the walls of the town, and a long black line of ships take up their position far out at sea.

There were many meetings round Lares and Penates that night, and before morning the council had met again, and decided to do a deed at which the heart trembles and the cheek pales even now, after the lapse of four and twenty centuries.

Old Diagoras was at home, surrounded by his children, and some of his dearest friends, while by the side of Melissa sat her lover, now recognised in full relationship. All were calm, collected, courageous. But the old man was unusually flushed, and his soft blue eyes burned darker and brighter than they were wont. He was evidently labouring under some heavy burden, and all desired to ask him, but kept silent. A few moments of bated breath, and the old man began, musingly—

"Ah! these arms of mine have fought their last foe. I go not with you on the morrow."

All were startled, and their eyes met inquiringly.

"An old man should die on his hearthstone," observed one of his friends. "Age like yours would command reverence even from our foes."

"But I ask it not. It is for women to die at home. Old as I am I have yet a Greek's fire."

"You shall lead us again, then."

"Nay, my friend. I have another duty to perform that ye know not of. I came to your city a lonely wayfarer, in a small brig, with my two young children. Ye knew naught of me save that I was industrious and honest. Ye trusted me until I grew into age and affluence amongst you, and I would fain show my gratitude by obeying the common order. But I cannot. You will forgive me when you know all. I was born at Athens,—but it is a sorrowful memory. I turned to the sea as an infant to its toy; I spent my days in the Peiræus amongst the sailors, and my dreams were of ships and distant countries. I became a merchant like my father, and crossed the Egean for many a year. At last I espoused my Lydia, and she bore me my Mentor and Melissa. On the fourth anniversary of our marriage she would go a trip with me in the Cyclades, and bright were sea and sky as we skimmed along. On our return by twilight, when off the coast of Attica, she was leaning over the deck watching the sea, and suddenly fell overboard. I leaped in, and swam to her release, but ere I could reach her she sank for ever. Her body could not be found, either on the coast or amongst the isles. Sad at heart, I soon after sailed from Athens with my children and worldly goods, determined to drift where the gods might carry me. I came here—you know the rest. But I have not done. The image you have often seen, carved on my vessel's stern, is her figure—the work of my own hands. You have often marvelled, mayhap, at its freshness: I have painted it myself before every voyage. On her hand is an emerald ring we exchanged in our early loves; it was to have been buried

with her. That duty is yet to be performed. Long ago she must have gone to dust, but the sacred rites of our religion I feel that I must perform myself. I will cover her grave if the gods will let me find it, by sleeping by her side. She will then smile upon me, and come not nightly with such imploring looks. You, my children, have a father's last blessing. Be brave, Mentor, and you, Melissa, shame not the maidens of Greece. I would have seen you wed, but I doubt not of your blessedness even in death, as you have blest me in life with the resurrection of my Lydia. Farewell, my friends. I commit you to the gods. I would that the last few hours of my life should be spent alone with my children."

And, grasping the hand of his son, and flinging his arm around his daughter's neck, the old man hid his face and wept.

Never day dawned so slowly as that eventful morrow, and when the mist curled from the sea, and the sun wheeled above the horizon, it fell upon slumbering soldiers landward, and a lazy fleet seaward. Then it was the Xanthians saw how their heroism would save them from ignominy and shame. Their last dispositions were made. The armed citizens gathered in the main street, and faggots were piled around and within the buildings. The once gentle Melissa appeared amongst all with wild mien and dishevelled hair, like a Cassandra. She mounted the rock torch in hand, and awaited the sally.

Fires were being kindled for the vast host outside to cook their morning meal, when an unusual noise alarmed them. Tramp, tramp, tramp came the men of Xanthus upon them, and when all had issued from the gate, Melissa and others swung their torches upon the city, and the red flame crackled, and hissed, and leaped, as it doomed wives and children in one stupendous holocaust to liberty. Tramp, tramp came the Xanthians still, many pale and red-eyed, but calm and brave as death. Cavalry assailed them in vain, and horse and rider rolled in the dust. They advanced towards the central tent—the general's, and, hemmed in by a host, battled and beat onward like a ship in a storm. Line after line of men dashed at them and fell, until one by one, marking their track with dead, these brave heroes dropped away, and only a handful were left who would not surrender, but died at the entrance to the general's tent. Mentor, wounded in a score places, there had his skull cloven by a huge Persian guard, and long since his half-brother had fallen in a death-clutch with a sable foe.

But where was the old merchant? With head erect and streaming hair he stood on the deck of his brig, and when the demon flames flared skyward as if to burn and blot out the sun, and the smoke drove down the bay, he slipped anchor, and evading the Persian fleet in the smoke, and by his swiftness, he sailed out upon the sea, far out amid the play of blue waves, and the beauty of green isles—sailed none knew where, in search of the silent grave and his happy pillow.

A few absent families escaped the wild destruction, to enact again, five centuries later, the same grand tragedy, when besieged by Marcus Brutus. And as they sat in the twilight by the sea, afar off a spectral ship and a wild white-haired man were ever seen sailing amidst the green embosomed isles, and out upon the dark blue sea. *

EDWIN GOADBY.

THE GOLDEN ORGAN OF EUSSERTHAL.

[See Ferdinand Büssler's "Legends from every District of Fatherland."]

„Sagen aus alten Gauen des Vaterlands."

I.

ONE hour from Albersweiler, and you see
The vale of Eusserthal in beauty rare,
So named from a once-famous Convent there,
Famous, but now departed utterly.
Resplendent shrine and sacred effigy,
Magnificent, they say, beyond compare,
Dazzling the gazer, and distracting prayer,
All passed—no shred of that proud pageantry
Survives. But for the Convent church's choir,
No stones were left to mark its ancient place,
No relic of the treasures there amassed,
To talk of which the peasants never tire,
The grandeur, and the glory, and the grace,
And of one marvel never yet surpassed.

II.

The foe is on the wall! in mad affright
Hurry the monks with many a precious load,
But this, the chiefest, where shall this be stowed,
This, vowed to God, and holy in man's sight?
"The Marsh!" they whisper, and, borne through the
night,
Whose darkness as they went a moment glowed,
The Golden Organ sank, and o'er it flowed
Waters impure as souls who forced its flight.
Now breathe, ye saintly men! a last farewell
To the loved voice that bore your hearts above;
And quell your agony for hidden dross—
And hie to other lands the tale to tell,
Whilst ruin wears the home wherein ye strove
To shun the world, and fitly bear your cross.

III.

Once in seven years the buried glory wakes,
Filling the lowland with its solemn tone,
And reaching the far hills. Nor may earth own
Aught like to its entrancement when it breaks
On Night's still ear, and a weird music shakes
From golden pipes, until, to thunder grown,
It rushes through the vale, then with wild moan,
And echo light, the forest it forsakes.
And thus the peasants of sweet Eusserthal
Mysteriously their Golden Organ hold,
Or rather, it holds them, in happy thrall,
Telling of beauty, deathless, manifold;
And though no organist their eyes behold,
In strong and simple faith they cherish all.

J. W. DALBY.

THE SHIP-BROKER OF ALEXANDRIA.

AN EGYPTIAN SKETCH.

My friend the ship-broker has an office in the great European Square, where any afternoon we are welcome to resort; either to peruse the piles of newspapers always at the service of strangers, or else to have a chat

with the many ship-masters that deal through his medium with the merchants of the place. Like many other British residents he is a voluntary exile; feign to put up awhile with all the inconveniences of a residence in a climate most trying to European constitutions, and willing to run the gauntlet with many others against the frequent visitations of epidemics of the most serious and fatal kind, and very often of the briefest duration. In short, he stops here only so long as may enable him to accumulate sufficient wealth to live and do business comfortably at home; and being a man of upright principle and of excellent family and education, he is beloved and respected by all, and his office is the resort of all the better class of business people. To say that he is heart and soul occupied with his profession is simply a fact. Though he keeps a large staff of clerks, &c.,—long before their hour of attendance of a morning, and long after they are gone to repose of a night, you will find him here, for ever plodding and scheming honourable plans of trade which may in a few years release him from a country and society that he cannot possibly enjoy. His office is one in a kind of enclosed square, the entrance to which is lofty and wide, and roofed by the flooring of a large dwelling-house which extends right across. The arched gateway is railed off on either side, and ranged against the walls are light cane or bamboo couches, which are proof against any weather, and which afford comfortable and cosy seats to visitors when the heat inside of the office is sometimes intolerable; yet the office is by no means ill ventilated, and boasts of as many windows as could safely be pierced. Notwithstanding a rather protracted absence from home, our friend has forgotten nothing of that steam-like impetuosity which is so distinguishing a feature in the movements of London mercantile people. When he walks he walks with a good will, and it takes an Egyptian a smart trot to keep up with his pace; neither will anything divert or arrest him in his progress to and from the place of business he has to visit; so thoroughly is he enveloped with the joy of business that you might be his most bosom friend during after-business hours, and yet he will pass you with a vacant stare, his mind being engrossed with Charter-parties and other woody matters connected with Charter-parties. If you happen to be a business man or a captain that he has to deal with, without stopping he will seize you by the button-hole and drag you resistlessly along with him, speaking just as fast as he walks, and sometimes speaking incoherently, for he has a vast quantity of grain on hand to ship for others; and sometimes he will converse fluently with Captain Jones in Arabic—much to said captain's surprise; or else address Mustapha, the Arab store-keeper, in a long harangue of eloquent English, relative to the state of the markets, and Mustapha forthwith sets him down for a *Miginoon*.^o

The broker's office is an extraordinary specimen of bustle and confusion; with the exception of the clerks, who are perched behind their respective desks, and whose pens are travelling at the rate of miles to keep pace with the constant demand for copies of some document or other, everybody else is perpetually on the move. The dark, meagre-looking man who keeps the whole compartment on one side to himself, is the head

* Madman.

clerk and cashier of the firm; he is also their right-hand man; and is, as is the case with most of the other clerks, a Maltese. He converses mysteriously through a little pigeon-hole in the railing over his desk with captains who are in want of cash, and cracks his jokes with them before he brings to light the necessary golden guineas; and whilst he delivers these with one hand, he gets a receipt for them with the other, for he is an old bird, and not to be caught by chaff; and he is a suspicious one also, though if many of those he has to deal with thought so, it's my firm belief they would pummel him into a mummy. Behind this compartment is the broker's sanctum, where captains by twos and threes are admitted into secret conclave; and whence every now and then our friend bursts forth like a shell and explodes amongst the terrified clerks. He has half-a-dozen errands for each one of them to execute instantly. Tompkins is ordered to jump upon a donkey and race off to the Mahmondiah full speed; three hundred mats are required to line the hold of some grain-loading vessel. He must instantly also finish off a contract or Charter-party which he has in hand, and, above all things, he must not fail to ride off to Ras l Thein [exactly ten miles in an opposite direction to the Mahmondiah] to fetch some forgotten document. All this must be done simultaneously, and before the crest-fallen and bewildered clerk can remonstrate, our friend has vanished into his sanctum and has bolted the door against intrusion. The clerk wisely deems it advisable to keep out of the way, and leaving Charter-parties to take care of themselves, canters off to execute the other errands as quick as he can.

If you are a wise man you will take my advice and keep your hat on your head, or else it will be four dollars out of your pocket. Come hither with me to the further end of this central sitting-room for captains; there are tables scattered all about it, and on these tables what do we see? White hats, brown hats, black hats, beaver hats, silk hats, wide-awakes, hats of every size, cost, and make; hats from Regent-street, and hats from Paris, Vienna, Genoa, Leghorn, New York, and even Stockholm. And these hats are crumpled full of samples of every conceivable grain that the soil of Egypt produces. And the story of these hats would afford matter for quite a little tragedy. Modest and diffident men, captains of vessels, merchants, and others, have walked in to this office with a conscious pride as regarded their hats—brand new ones and sported for the first time; alas, in an inadvertent moment they have deposited them carefully on some chair or table, till, like an ogre suddenly rushing upon them laden with evil and destruction, the broker has made his appearance with a large cotton handkerchief full of samples that he is anxious to examine, and forthwith he appropriates the first vacant hat as a receptacle. The thing is so sudden and so ludicrous that it is almost impossible for the victim to become churlish. All are authorized forthwith to step across the Square and make good the damage at the French Hatter's opposite, but few, very few, avail themselves of this privilege. Sometimes, however, when the weather is more than ordinarily oppressive, and the broker is away somewhere on business, you will see a party of hale-looking, jolly skippers, who have removed their neck-ties and are trying to

cool themselves in the arcade opposite the broker's, suddenly start up, panic-stricken, and rush into the office. They have seen our friend approaching from a distance, and are off to the rescue of their hats.

But the hats are not the only receptacles for samples. Empty boxes, empty fig-drums, pigeon-holes in desks, in short, every available nook and corner has been devoted to this purpose, for the broker buys up whole cargoes before they arrive from the interior for European correspondents, and these samples are sometimes requisite as a check upon the frauds practised by Arab dealers. As the natural result of this accumulation the whole office is swarming with mice, and they have got so accustomed to the thing, that, despite all the noise and hubbub going on around, they venture forth in broad daylight, and, perched on the rims of aforesaid hats, seem to enjoy the repast amazingly.

During the day there are frequent deputations both from mercantile people and shipmasters that are seeking, but have as yet been unable to meet with, any satisfactory offer. The former comprise men of all dispositions, costumes, nations, and creeds. Yonder Jew, who is persecuting the broker in the midst of one of his profound calculations about Baltic rates at 7s. 6d. per quarter, or something equally unintelligible to ourselves—has been after him for the last fortnight relative to the cession, or making over, of some vessel that his agents have chartered in England, and, having chartered, cannot obtain the freight to load her with. The broker knows the Jew's unenviable position as well as the Hebrew does himself, and there is about as much chance of his ceding one point or abating one fraction of the sum he has offered for the transfer, as there is of the Hebrew opening his coffers, and devoting the contents to philanthropic purposes.

Here, in the broker's office, all contracts between shipmasters and those Egyptians they are necessitated to employ, are ratified. One man undertakes to supply mats and baskets; another is the Stevedor, who will furnish his own crew, and stow the cotton compactly in the ship's hold; they all understand and speak a little English. Here also wend their way hawkers of miscellaneous goods, hoping to find good customers amongst the captains. Sometimes a man comes in with a guitar, sometimes a flute, sometimes a handsome French clock, or a watch of no great pretensions; straw bonnets, note paper, inkstands, ladies' shoes, work-boxes, desks, and even wearing apparel. All these have been picked up either at auctions, and were once the property of defunct European residents, or else the vendors have been deputed (for a small commission) by some unlucky family in distressed circumstances, to dispose of them to the best advantage they can; and as the Egyptians are not very notable for honesty, the proprietor, or somebody belonging to him, always keeps an eye upon the hawker, following him from spot to spot. If we carefully scrutinize the faces of the strangers loitering around we can very easily guess, from the intense anxiety depicted in them, who owns the watch or the clock now under inspection.

To the broker's office also, in the cool of evening, repair vendors of iced water, crying their commodity in perfect French, "*Eau froide*,"—where or when they acquired this call it is difficult to say. It may, perhaps,

be a legacy from the days of the invasion of the first Napoleon. To the broker's office also, regular as the clock, comes a poor little blind beggar-boy, led by his nearly blind little sister, and he dances grotesquely to the music of his own voice, and a little pair of castanets. Winding up each performance with a pathetic appeal to the hearts of jovial and feeling British tars, "*Cabidano, gib me piastre—me no manjay to-day!*"—a prayer that is always responded to bountifully.

LITERATURE.

ONE of the cheapest of the Quarterlies is *Meliora* (London: S. W. Partridge), A review of Social Science if anything rather in advance of the age. The writers are good ones, and the subjects on which they write chiefly practical. The July number, just received, is quite equal to its predecessors in interest and variety. More particularly would we refer to the articles entitled Social Evil and the Freaks of Fashion. Another article severely handles Mr. Gladstone's Wine Bill, for which most of our readers will think it is scarcely worth while paying an extra income tax. A periodical like *Meliora* deserves support beyond the immediate circle of the United Kingdom Alliance and its friends.

The Long Run: A Novel, by Henry Owgan, LL.D., Author of My First Romance, &c. (London: L. Booth, Regent Street.) The name of this novel gives no idea of its nature. Authors now-a-days are not happy in their titles,—and readers are frequently disappointed by buying books from their titles, imagining them to be one thing, when they are in reality another. A Long Run is a good tale nevertheless. The author writes with a great deal of spirit. Charles Everton, the hero, is brought up by an uncle, an old commodore, in a village "on the soft and sunny coast of Ireland, where it begins to bend round towards the West." At school he saves a boy from being a fag. When older he rescues a beautiful young lady from drowning. He then goes to India and distinguishes himself in the Burmah war, he returns to marry the lady whose life he had saved, and who had been reduced by misfortune almost to want; but the change is too great for her,—she dies of joy, and the hero marries another lady, to whom, at a crisis in her history, he had done real service. The story is exciting and well told. Dr. Owgan has abilities of no mean order, and ought to be a favourite in the circulating library.

THE GEOGRAPHICAL READING BOOK—*Forming Part II. of Crampton and Turner's Reading Series, and devoted to the British Empire*—(London: Groombridge and Sons)—is one of the best books of its class we have ever seen. The rapid sale of three large editions of the first part induce the editors to believe that they are meeting a real educational want. The principle of these reading lessons is, that after the first elements of reading have been acquired, systematic lessons, on well-chosen subjects, are not only best calculated for conveying information, developing thoughts, and improving the reasoning powers, but also for improving the style of reading; for no one can read well what he does not understand,

and no writer can be well understood by an occasional short extract. We shall be glad to see this excellent series of children's books prosper, as we believe parents and teachers, and we may add the pupils themselves, will find in such a real boon.

WORKS on the Principles of Politics now-a-days are rare;—on the Principles of Religious Politics are still rarer. Mr. Mill, when he writes on Liberty, commands a sale, but Mr. Gladstone's Church and State finds few readers now. The author of *The Ultimate Principle of Religious Liberty*—(London: Ward and Co.)—must not be surprised if his audience be few. The leading idea here developed we give in his own words. "No authority can be possessed by any agency, but such as is of the same nature with the relationship out of which it arises. No man can be placed in such a moral relation to his fellow men as is implied in a dominion over their religious conscience and practice. Herein lies the ground of distinction between the different spheres of government in general, and also the foundation and true philosophy of religious liberty. So great indeed," writes our author, "is the plenitude of argument furnished by a host of able writers against the notion of a religious authority inhering in the ruling power, that it would be no matter of surprise if, among the class of persons alluded to, an impression should be found to prevail that the subject as discussed on the highest grounds, independently of Holy Scriptures, has been long since exhausted; that, in fine, nothing remains to be attempted but the advantageous representation of the old standard material of proof. To re-construct, to amend and fortify the argument, is the simple purpose of the following pages." After a statement of the general principle, and a consideration of the objections made, the author passes in review the writings of Locke, Warburton, Paley, Dick, Wardlaw, Gladstone, Martineau, and Miall. The author is well qualified for his task. His reasoning is clear and logical, his reading wide, his conclusions are well thought-out, and at the same time he writes in an earnest and religious spirit. Such books as these are well to study, especially in a time like ours, when light literature has rendered distasteful the consideration of abstract principles, which, after all, rule the world, and which cannot be violated with impunity.

THE season for tourists has now arrived. Whether it rains or not, whether it is cold or hot, John Bull must have his annual holiday, and if he goes anywhere, why not to Scotland? The Queen goes there, the grouse are there; and in Scotland you are sure to find men and women worth talking to, and scenery worth looking at. Well, if any of our readers are thinking of travelling northwards, by all means let them procure *Nelson's Handbook to Scotland, for tourists, by the Rev. John M. Wilson*. (London: Nelson and Sons.) It gives one all the information one requires; the illustrations and maps and plans are really gems of art, and the book is not out of place in the drawing-room, so beautifully has the engraver done his part. It is difficult to speak too well of the book. It notices every place and object in Scotland possessing interest for tourists, and supplies all necessary information respecting routes, conveyances, accommodations, amusements, curiosities, scenery, antiquities, and historical associations. The divisions into

which it cuts the country are adjusted upon the line of travelling and give facility for reference. The routes are drawn complete within each division, but connected at the ends with the line of progress beyond, and they link into one another over every part of the kingdom. A summary of matter belonging to each route is prefixed to it, in form of a table, and the description of all interesting places and objects on or near it follows in a series of numbered paragraphs. The maps have been made expressly for the work, and the views have all been taken either from photographs or original sketches.

THE MONTH.

SOME exceedingly interesting experiments took place last week off Osborne-house, the beautiful marine residence of Her Majesty, in the Isle of Wight, and also in Cowes-roads, with Professor Way's electric light, and which we believe are preliminary to more important experiments about to be carried out by the Government. The principle of the light is simply the application of electricity to a column or running stream of quicksilver—in this instance as fine as the point of a lady's needle. So long as the voltaic battery retains power to act with its wires upon this column, so long must the light burn—the strongest and purest light in the known world, and the nearest approach to sunlight that the skill of the chemist and man of science has yet produced, and this without actual combustion taking place or the quantity of the mercury being reduced, the supply of acids to the battery being its sole expense after its first cost, excepting wear and tear. The professor with his apparatus left Portsmouth harbour in a steamer, shortly before dark in the evening, and steered direct for Cowes. On the sponson of the steamer was placed the battery. Aft the foremast hung one of the professor's simple apparatuses as a masthead light. On a moveable circular platform placed on the vessel's after-hatch a similar apparatus to the one hung up aloft stood, to which was attached a lens, but both of them as yet unlit. The apparatus is of the simplest possible form, consisting merely of an oval-shaped pair of tubes connected at each end, a round, hollow globe about the size of an orange, in which is placed the mercury. The mercury runs from a point to a cup in the centre, inclosed within a glass tube, and here the subtle liquid is heated to a white heat as it flows in a fine stream from the upper ball into the cup, and thence into the lower one, thus producing an indestructible wick. The wires which connect the battery with the apparatus were made by Messrs. Silver, and are, perhaps, the most perfect of their kind yet constructed. These wires are coated with silver, inclosed in India-rubber, and have an outside coating of braided hemp, the whole pliable as common packthread. To look at the light, with a view to a close inspection of the cup, with the naked eye, would be about as useless as to look at the sun at noonday. A pair of coloured glasses, however, show that this light, which can only be compared to the sun for its brilliancy and power, is only of the same circumference as the cup itself—the size of a threepenny silver piece, and of little more diameter. Midway between the aftermost light and the voltaic battery is a brass standard a few inches high, with which the wires are connected, and by pressing a button on the top of this, simple as the key of a piano, the light can be given in flashes of as long or as short a duration as the operator pleases. This is, however, more beautifully and correctly carried out by a small instrument of Mr. Way's. It consists of a piece of clockwork, having in front a revolving disc, the face of which is covered with numerous holes with pins to fit in as may be required. In front of the disc are two small cylinders with pistons and arms attached. As the

disc revolves, the pins in its face lift the pistons in the cylinders and cut off the connection between the battery and the lighting apparatus, producing flashes of light of any duration that may be required, with their accompanying intervals of darkness, and admirably adapted for a revolving light, or as a code of signals for night service. In fact, there would appear to be no limit to the uses to which this discovery may be applied, and so simple is it in its manipulation that the choicest music of the great masters may be henceforth accompanied by expressive flashes of electric light. When the steamer arrived off the Mother-bank the light aloft was lit by attaching to it the ends of the wires from the voltaic battery. So soon as the glass tube became sufficiently heated to throw off the mercury from its surface, the light exhibited its power and beauty, the steamer's usual masthead light, which was hoisted in its usual position, appearing but a dull red speck alongside it. Its effect upon the human countenance was, however, by no means favourable, casting on all on board the steamer a strange, unearthly hue. Mauve colour, as it has become fashionable to term it, on the ladies' dresses or bonnets, was brought out by the light with astonishing brilliancy. On reaching Cowes-roads, crowded with yachts, and all displaying lights, the contrast between the electric light and those shown by the yachts was something wonderful. The electric light was shining in its pale pure, brilliancy aloft, while the hundreds of lights displayed by the yachts and by the town of Cowes, its Club-house and hotels, dwindled down to dull, red specks. The lens applied to the afterlight threw broad pathways of light to and fro as the lens might be directed, bathing the low black hulls of the craft that were in the line of light with a flood of sunshine, as also the delicate tracery of their spars and rigging. The experiments, which are only preliminary to more important ones, were considered to have been fully satisfactory. With a light on this principle under her bows the Great Eastern herself might have lighted her path across the waters of the Atlantic.

An interesting return, issued at the beginning of the month, shows the cost of every picture in the National Gallery, the date of purchase, the former proprietor, &c. The total sum which has been spent upon the purchase of pictures is £184,505. The Paul Veronese added to the gallery at an expense of £13,650, is the nation's most valuable possession, if the length of the bill for it be taken as the criterion, and no other single painting in the gallery has cost anything like this sum. The nucleus of the national collection was purchased in 1823 from Mr. J. C. Angerstein for the sum of £57,000. This collection consisted of thirty-eight pictures, amongst which was Hogarth's series of the "Marriage à la Mode," Raphael's "Julius II.," some of Claude's most beautiful landscapes, Titian's "Rape of Ganymede," and the "Venus and Adonis," and many other renowned paintings. By 1843 nineteen more pictures had been added to those mentioned above, among them being Raphael's "El Catherine;" Titian's "Bacchus and Ariadne," for which £9000 was paid; Correggio's "Mercury teaching Cupid to read," and the "Ecce Homo," which were purchased together from the Marquis of Londonderry for £11,500. On the 24th of November, 1843, Sir Charles Eastlake was appointed keeper of the gallery. The "Judgment of Paris" was bought under his auspices in July, 1844, for £4200, from Mr. Penrice; Raphael's "Vision of a Knight," in 1847, for £1050; "The Adoration of the Shepherds," by Velasquez, for £2050, and many others. The Kruger collection was purchased in 1854, for £2800, some being afterwards re-sold. The first of these extraordinary pictures—the "Virgin and Child," by Botticelli,—was bought in 1855, for £331. In November, 1847, a collection of thirty-one pictures was purchased from the Lombardi Baldi Gallery, Florence, for a sum of £7035. During the January of the present year, the Beaucousin collection of forty-six pictures was purchased in Paris for £9205. Amongst them are two paintings by Titian, the "Madonna and Child,

St. John and St. Catherina," and the "Portrait of Ariosto," besides other works of undoubted merit and value. A list of the bequests and gifts to the nation is added to the return, which forms a complete history of our national collection.

Estimate of the sums required to be voted for the Science and Art Department, including the various establishments connected therewith, for the year ending March 31st, 1861. The General Management in London requires a grand total of £4560, showing an increase of £325 since last year. For Schools of Art and Science in the United Kingdom: South Kensington Museum, Library, &c., £60,415 (in 1859, £60,025). For School of Science and Geological Museum, Jermyn-street, £6417 2s. 6d. (in 1859, £6342 4s. 6d.). Geological Survey of the United Kingdom, £10,317 19s. 6d. (in 1859, £9081 14s. 6d.). Industrial Museum for Scotland, including the Natural History Museum, Edinburgh, £1943 16s. 0d. (in 1859, £2723 16s. 0d.). Royal Dublin Society, £6000 (in 1859, £6000). Museum of Irish Industry and Provincial Lectures in Ireland, £4996 16s. 0d. (in 1859, £4986 16s. 0d.). Royal Hibernian Academy, £300 (not included in 1859). Total, £94,950 14s. 0d., showing an increase on last year's estimate of £1556 3s. 0d. There appears also an item of £4438 4s. 7d. in another estimate for furniture to be supplied to this department. Several items in this estimate are noticeable. The office expenses are thus made out:—The secretary and assistant, as before; chief clerk, £390; two first-class clerks, £460; three second-class clerks (paid by the day), £360; one accountant, £330; one book-keeper (paid by the day), £200; extra clerkship, £200; incidents, copying, &c., £350; inspection and examination, with the salary of the inspector-general for Art (£750), amounts to £3100; travelling expenses thereto, £1850. Total increase over last year, £2990. The museum at South Kensington costs £17,555, in which are the following items:—deputy-superintendent, £330; keeper of collections, £360; three superintendents of collections (paid £2 2s. a day when employed), £1100; three assistant keepers, £675; three clerks (paid by the day), £450; one storekeeper (paid by the day), £230; his deputy (paid by the day), £120; one housekeeper, £60; servants, £190; preparation and illustration of catalogues, £300; labour of attendants and artisans during the day and evening-time in Museum, National Gallery (British School), schools, lecture-rooms (paid by the hour), £3350; police, £1150; lighting fires and gas in Museum, schools, &c., (services, a note states, for the most part performed by the Royal Engineers), £2150; architect and engineer, also acting as inspector for buildings of branch institutions, and superintendent of building collections, £650; fixtures, &c., £4700; keeping grounds in order and tithe-rent charge, £200; for advertisements, &c., £850; increase upon last year, £390. Attached to the department are 78 schools, containing 85,769 students. The cost of parliamentary aid for 3296 persons, learning drawing, &c., in 1851, is estimated to have been £3 2s. 4d. for each. In 1858, the cost of 68,212 persons was 10s. 1½d. each. In 1859, the cost of 85,769 persons has been 9s., being a reduction of 1s. 1½d. on the charge per student in 1858-9. (The arithmetical error occurs in the estimates.) In London there are seven schools, exclusive of the Female School in Gower-street. Total number of students, 10,311. Manchester comes next with 8951 students; Bristol third, 3534; Glasgow, 3110; Birmingham, 2161; Chester, 1994; Leeds, 1965; Dundee, 1910; Carmarthen, 1902; Nottingham, 1855; Edinburgh, 1777; Newcastle-on-Tyne, 1749; Liverpool (North), 1723, (South), 1713; Wolverhampton, 1557; Sheffield, 1493; Norwich, 1365; Cheltenham, 1290; Bolton, 1193; Exeter 1191; St. Martin's, Long Acre (for some reason not included in the summary of London schools), 1143; Ipswich, 1143; Darlington, 1109; Warrington, 1005. Having less than 1000 and more than 750, there are 15 schools,—viz., Bath, Brighton, Bromley, Cambridge, Carnarvon, Cork, Devonport, Dudley, Halifax, Macclesfield, Penzance, Southampton, Worcester,

Yarmouth, York. Having between 750 and 500 students are 18 schools,—Birkenhead, Carlisle, Coalbrook Dale, Coventry, Durham, Greenock, Guildford, Henley, Lancaster, Paisley, Stirling, Stourbridge, Taunton. Below this rank, Andover, Basingstoke, Belfast, Clonmel, Hereford, Huddersfield, Limerick, Newcastle-under-Lyne, Stoke, Tavistock, Truro, Waterford. In the Training School for masters and mistresses at South Kensington are 65 persons. The number of visitors to the Museum during the year 1859 has been, in the morning, 263,088; evening, 212,277; total 475,365 persons. In 1858, the total was 456,285. Since the opening of the Museum, 22nd of June, 1857, till March 31st, 1860, it has been visited by 1,351,594 persons. The sums expended in each year, as follows, for this department:—1847, £6219; 1848, £7958; 1849, £13,625; 1850, £14,755; 1851, £16,205; 1852, £15,177; 1853, £20,088; 1854, £49,515; 1855, £77,616; 1856, £58,966; 1857, £66,011; 1858, £77,055; 1859, £85,908. The last includes the cost of the Industrial Museum of Scotland, Museum of Irish Industry, Royal Dublin Society, and Geological Survey of the United Kingdom. The School of Mines does not appear to be included in this last item in the estimate. The British Museum Establishment (including buildings), according to the estimate to be laid before the House by the Trustees in the present session, requires £100,850. The National Gallery, including purchases of pictures, £11,650.

The Ordnance Select Committee have sent in their report concerning the Whitworth guns. That report, we are given to understand, is condemnatory. Mr. Whitworth's ordnance are stated to be ineligible for her Majesty's service. Four causes of objection are said to be especially insisted upon—namely, great irregularity and uncertainty of range; difficulty of extracting the expended cartridge; danger to be apprehended from the launching rearwards of the friction tubes; wildness of ricochet. The Manchester people seem very angry at this report, and say they knew it would be so. *The Morning Herald* says: "Upon authority which cannot be impugned, we are able to contradict the statement which appeared in a contemporary and has been copied into several other journals, that the Ordnance Select Committee had made a report regarding the Whitworth guns at Southport, and that the report was condemnatory. The subject, we are informed, was never before the said committee, and there is, in fact, no foundation for this statement." *The Post* also admits that the statement previously published by it was erroneous.

The honorary recommendations of the British Association have been completed, and stand as follows:—that Mr. H. J. S. Smith be requested to continue his Report on the Theory of Numbers,—Mr. Cayley to report on certain Problems in Higher Dynamics,—Mr. B. Stewart to report on Prevost's Theory of Exchanges, and its recent extensions,—Prof. Stokes to report on the Present State and Recent Progress of Physical Optics,—Dr. Dickie to report on the Flora of Ulster,—Dr. Carpenter to report on the Minute Structure of Shells,—Dr. Michael Foster to report on the Present State of our Knowledge in reference to Muscular Irritability,—Mr. James Oldham to continue his Report on Steam Navigation in the Port of Hull. Several Committees have been appointed to carry on scientific investigations during the current year, of which the following are the chief:—Lord Rosse, Dr. Robinson, Prof. Phillips, and Mr. W. R. Birt are named a Committee for the purpose of making observations on the Moon's surface, and comparing it with that of the Earth,—the Rev. Prof. Price, Dr. Whewell, Sir J. Lubbock, Admiral Fitzroy, Sir W. S. Harris, and Rev. Prof. Haughton, a Committee for the purpose of reporting to the next Meeting of the British Association on the expediency and best means of making Tidal Observations, with a view to the completion of Dr. Whewell's Essays in prosecution of a full Tidal Exposition,—Sir W. Jardine, Bart., Prof. Owen, Prof. Faraday, and Mr. Andrew Murray, a Committee for the purpose of

procuring information as to the best means of conveying Electrical Fishes alive to Europe,—Mr. William Fairbairn, Mr. J. F. Bateman, and Prof. Thomson, a Committee for the purpose of reporting on Experiments to be made at the Manchester Waterworks on the Gauging of Water. The Rajah of Travancore is requested to complete the Survey already commenced by him, through his Astronomer. The Lords of the Admiralty are to be moved to authorize some small vessel stationed on the south-east coast of America to take a convenient opportunity of collecting specimens of the large Vertebrate Fossils from certain localities easy of access between the River Plata and the Straits of Magellan. A Committee to report on the Rise and Progress of Steam Navigation in the Port of London was re-appointed, the following gentlemen being requested to serve on it:—Mr. W. Smith, C.E., Sir J. Rennie, Capt. Sir E. Belcher, Mr. G. Rennie; Mr. H. Wright, Secretary.

The Very Rev. Dr. Alford, Dean of Canterbury, Sir E. Cust, Bart., the Ven. Archdeacon Thorp, Mr. C. Barry, Mr. T. D. Acland, the Rev. W. Scott, Rector of St. Olave, Jewry, Mr. S. Le Strange, and other gentlemen, have been appointed a committee for the purpose of founding a travelling student-ship in architecture, to commemorate the services of the late Mr. A. N. W. Pugin in the promotion of true principles of mediæval architecture. It is proposed that the interest of the fund shall be awarded to an architectural student, in such manner and at such periods as may hereafter be decided, and to be expended in travelling in the United Kingdom, and in examining and illustrating its mediæval architecture, sculpture, and painting. About £300 has been subscribed. Mr. Beresford Hope and Mr. Gilbert Scott will act as treasurers to the fund, and the Royal Institute of British Architects will be asked to become trustees.

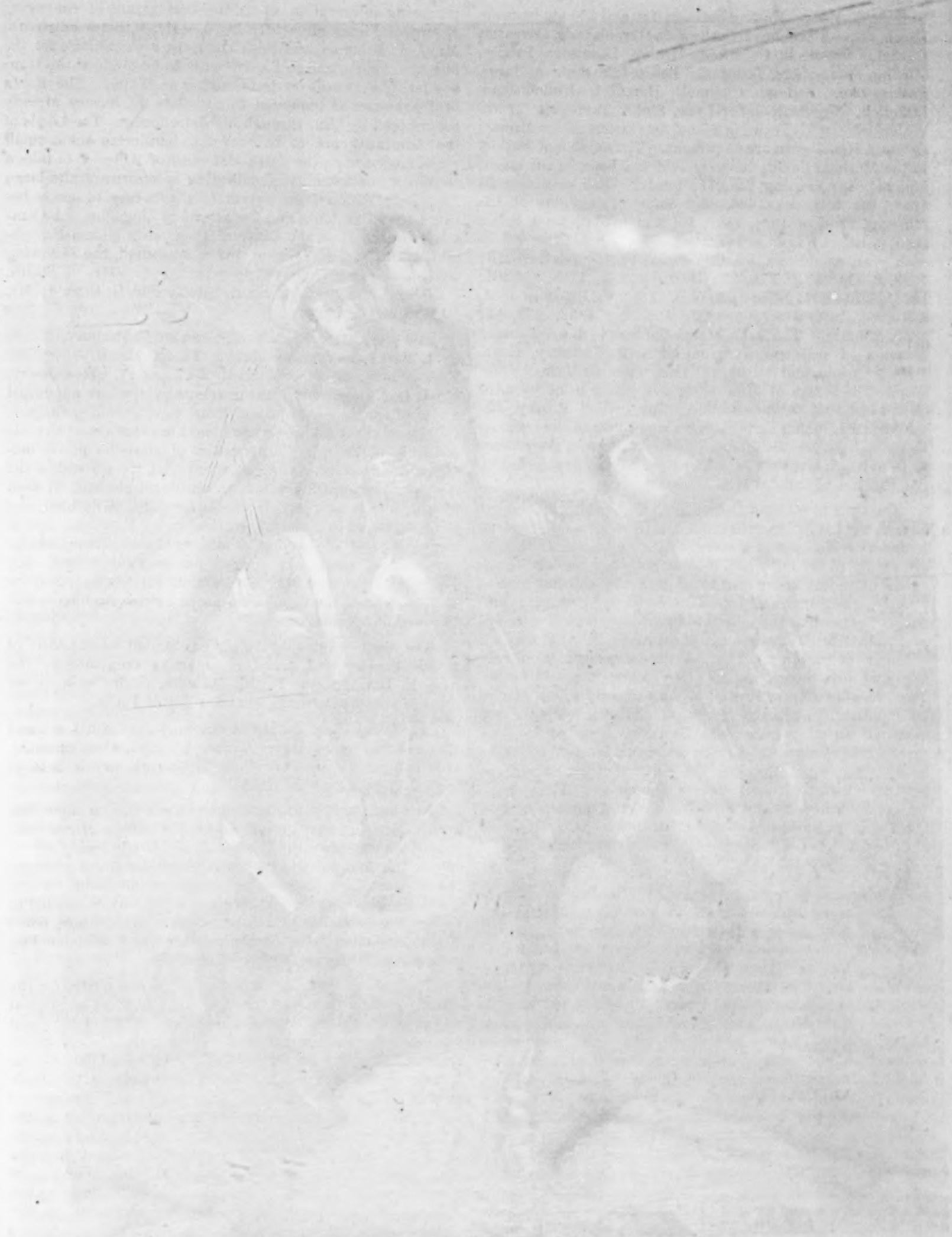
The steam store-ship Supply has landed several cases of mosaic flooring and sculptured marbles excavated by the Rev. N. Davis, of the British Museum, from the supposed ruins of ancient Carthage, near the Bay of Tunis.

Mr. Lough has completed the clay cast of his colossal statue of the late Sir Henry Lawrence, which, when executed, as it is intended that it shall be, in Carrara marble, is to be erected in St. Paul's Cathedral.

Another plant, suitable for the manufacture of paper, has been declared of easy growth in Algeria—the *hibiscus esculentus*. It resembles the flax plant, and is admirably adapted for the manufacture of coarse linen, being far stronger than cotton. Its culture is highly recommended in the African colonies, as the leaf seems in every way calculated to replace the deficiency of rags, so severely felt just now, while the vegetable itself is a highly nutritious and palatable diet, possessing cooling and diuretic properties.

The registrar-general's return of births and deaths for the quarter ending 30th June, 1860, is published. The general aspect of the return is not satisfactory. 173,914 boys and girls were born—that number being lower than in any spring quarter in the last ten years. The deaths were 110,878—the largest number in the same quarter since 1848; attributable mainly to the inclemency of the weather and dearness of food. This was at the rate of 22 in 1000; whereas the average ascertained to be the rule in selected healthy districts is but 17. Anticipating the census returns of next year, the registrar-general thinks that England and Wales now contain exactly 20 millions of people. Notwithstanding the dearness of provisions, pauperism had declined in the quarter.

THE NATIONAL MUSEUM



THE NATIONAL MUSEUM
WASHINGTON, D. C.



LIEUT. CUBITT AT CHINHUT.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

LIEUTENANT W. G. CUBITT AT CHINHUT.

THE Victoria Cross, as our readers are aware, has been instituted to promote and reward bravery in the battle-field. Naturally the English are a brave people, and there are no forces in the world braver than the English. An idea had gone forth that, as a nation, we were used up—that we had seen our best days—that the hour of England's decline had come, and that her fall might speedily be expected. In circles not very friendly to England—in France, and various parts of the continent—even in America the idea had gained ground. The mismanagement of the Crimean war did much to strengthen belief in that idea. Foreign nations forgot the peculiarity of the English character, that we are inveterate grumblers; that if anything is wrong we are sure to proclaim it to all the world; that where they are compelled to be dumb we speak out, and the man who speaks out loudest—who is most ready to find fault and condemn, is the most popular. Foreigners are too apt to take us too literally; they forget that they have equal mismanagement, perhaps greater, but that complaint rarely finds vent; that we have a free press, and that they have not. Well, the Indian mutiny came, and brought with all its frightful horrors one blessing in its train. It showed that we had not degenerated—that we were worthy of the men who won our freedom—that we were

"Men whose undegenerate spirit
Has been proved on field and flood."

To many engaged in quelling that fearful mutiny the Victoria Cross has been very properly awarded. Men who have won that cross we would look upon with all honour. It is a glorious badge undoubtedly, for it shows the wearer has been brave, and chivalrous, and humane on the battle-field. When the cross was first instituted it occurred to Mr. Desanges to paint a series of pictures representing the acts of valour for which the cross was awarded, and giving portraits of the individuals engaged. Accordingly he commenced with the Crimean war, and opened the gallery in the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. The exhibition soon became popular, and, cheered by success, Mr. Desanges, who is an Englishman, in spite of his foreign name, resolved to proceed with the task he had undertaken. In his prospectus he says, "I have increased the collection by twenty-one portraits, and whereas

last season the contest with Russia furnished me with the greater number of my subjects, since then the suppression of the Indian mutiny, and the consequent return to their native land of many of the gallant men who so lately saved the British Empire in the East, have enabled me during the last eight months to enrich my collection with many scenes illustrative of what Englishmen can do when driven to bay. I am very sensible that, in a work of this magnitude, there must be many shortcomings, but I can only say that many months of my life, and all the faculties of my mind, have been devoted to its production. I have done my best to render these illustrations of British valour as worthy of so great a subject as I could make them. It has also been my aim to render as literally as possible each scene and event as described by my gallant sitters, many details having been supplied to me by their friends and companions in arms. Thus assisted I placed myself as a workman in their hands, so that, whatever may be the demerit of the pictures as pictures, they have the positive value attached to national records of events that must live for ever in the histories of our country's glories." In a magazine calling itself *National*, we should have been much to blame had we not availed ourselves of the kind permission of Mr. Desanges, and engraved one of his many and heart-stirring pictures. We have no wish to pander to a thirst for war—to fan the military ardour of the nation—to swell the praise which greets the warrior on his onward way, but such deeds as those Mr. Desanges illustrates must be dear to us all.

The subject we have selected is thus described in the Catalogue:—"During the retreat from Chinhut, under a tremendous fire, Lieutenant Cubitt paused three times, each time saving the life of a 32nd man, and so managed to bring in three of that regiment who must otherwise have been cruelly murdered. They had all lost their hats, and one of them was delirious, and the cause of great delay, as he was continually attempting to fling himself down, and had to be held by main force by the gallant young volunteer. Several times he thought he should be obliged to leave the poor fellow to his fate as he was endangering the whole party; but he kept firm hold, and finally succeeded in bringing him and the other two safe into camp. It was an appalling scene—horses and men disembowelled and torn to atoms with more than the ordinary brutalities of warfare." We may add here that photographs of the pictures may be had on application to the Secretary, and that they will be found acceptable in many an English home.

SIR CHARLES NAPIER.

A PARLIAMENTARY SKETCH.

BY J. EWING RITCHIE.

You are standing in the lobby of the House of Commons about 4 p.m.—just as the Speaker has passed by in all the pomp and majesty due to his awful rank, and are watching the varieties of costume and figure in which honourable M.P.'s rejoice. We will suppose it is the middle of the summer, and that the younger M.P.'s are got up in the most expensive and fashionable style. No one on the face of the earth dresses better than the English gentleman, and if you want to see the finest specimens of that splendid animal, you cannot do better than stand, for an hour or two, where now, mentally, we have placed you. A very old and curious figure approaches: it is that of an old man—short and stout, very bent, leaning heavily on a stick. Look at the man's dress. He does not ruin himself with tailors' bills. That old straw hat on his head is dear at a shilling; that tweed slop never could have cost more than a pound when new; that yellow waistcoat and those white trousers evidently have seen better days. Look at the man's face. It is broad, cheerful—like that of most sailors—almost rollicking, in its expression; some old captain, you say, come to look about him. But look! he has passed the door-keeper. Surely that latter gentleman will call him back! By no means. The rough old sailor is no other than Sir Charles Napier.

"Ben Block," says Tom Dibdin, "was a veteran of naval renown." The same may be said of Sir Charles Napier; but Sir Charles Napier has this advantage over Ben Block—that he got into Parliament, and has a name as familiar in St. Stephen's as on the quarter-deck.

Sir Charles Napier has good blood in his veins. He is a descendant of the inventor of Logarithms; was born on the 6th of March, 1786; entered the navy at the age of thirteen; was a post-captain at twenty-three, and in 1815, when the *Euryalus*, which he commanded, was paid off, was made a C.B. In 1829, he went to sea again, in the command of the *Galatea*—of the seedy, dirty appearance of which naval men still talk. In 1830, Sir Charles took command of the fleet of Don Pedro, and captured the fleet of Don Miguel, off St. Vincent, and thus helped to establish that precious Spanish government which is a scandal to our age. In the Syrian, in 1840, Napier was commodore under Sir Robert Stopford, who commanded in the Mediterranean. Here he did considerable service. The landing at Djouni, the capture of Beyrout and Sidon, and the bombardment of Acre, were all owing to his instrumentality; and at Alexandria he astonished the liberating squadron by running in under a flag of truce, and concluding a convention with Mehemet Ali, out of his own head, which, in spite of its irregularity, was confirmed by the authorities at home. He returned to England full of popularity, and was brought into Parliament as member for Marylebone. He had, before that time, unsuccessfully contested Portsmouth and Greenwich. He took the command of the Mediterranean fleet, and retired from Parliament. The Russian war broke out. He went up the Baltic, and did nothing. The men of Southwark thought he was badly used, and sent him into Parliament.

Sir C. Napier is a capital illustration of the truth of the old adage, "Second thoughts are best!" Southwark elected him at the bidding of the publicans' paper, and because Southwark deemed he had a grievance. It is to the credit of Southwark that it should thus sympathise with what it deems the victim of a wrong; but it would be to the credit of the Southwark collective brains if they recollected that impulse is by no means a safe rule of action. A wider knowledge of human nature should have taught Southwark that the man who is eternally boasting his own merits has but few merits; and that the man who wails his wrongs on the housetop generally has few wrongs to be redressed. It is true, on their own merits, modest men are dumb. It is true that the woman who comes to you in the street, with an expression of abject misery in her face, with three children in her arms, whom she pinches all the while, and with a tale of villany on the part of a monster of a husband, who has left her all forlorn—is a female of questionable repute, and has hired the children at a moderate sum per day; it is true that if, in your morning walks, you give a cripple, as you deem him, something for charity, in the evening, the impostor, over a jollier supper than your limited means will enable you to procure yourself, will be laughing at you as a precious flat. The public is constantly imposed on. It is often giddy and thoughtless as a child. It is the loudest rant the ten-pound householder or otherwise will most rapturously endorse. It is only education and intelligence that can teach men to detect the cloven foot under the mask of the popular tribune.

Look at Sir Charles; what has he done that he should take the vacant place of Sir W. Molesworth? Sir W. Molesworth—no one can deny it—was a statesman; Sir Charles is nothing of the kind. He is a sailor in search of promotion. Not engaged in his profession he had a seat in Parliament. Immediately professional advancement was offered him, his seat in Parliament was resigned. A war breaks out; amidst a wonderful flourish of trumpets Sir Charles is despatched to the Baltic; the Reform Club gives a dinner to the naval hero, who declares over his cups that he will either be at St. Petersburg, or in a place that shall be nameless, in a month. The time passes, and Sir Charles is neither in one place nor the other; the nation strains itself to listen, but no sound of victory is borne to us over the tideless waters of the Baltic, and at length Sir Charles returns home—Sir James Graham would not let him fight the Russians, and Sir Charles hauls down his flag, and tells us he is an injured man. Sir Charles is lifted into Parliament, to have his revenge and impeach Sir James; but the House listens, laughs when the old admiral begins swearing, and finally is counted out. Oh! what a falling off is there—what a lame and impotent conclusion! Sir Charles tells us he had a bad crew: it is a bad workman that quarrels with his tools. I question whether the infamous pressgang gave Nelson a better lot. That fleet, that lay as summer in the Baltic,

"Idle as a painted ship,
Upon a painted ocean,"

was got together with some difficulty, cost the nation some money, and was expected to do something. Lord John Russell, it seems, on one occasion intimated that

Sir Charles evinced a want of discretion. Certainly this was not the case as regards the Baltic campaign. An excessive discretion is a little out of place in war. An excessively discreet man would not go to war at all—would take to farming or shop-keeping rather than become a warrior, and go in for glory and cannon balls. Sir Charles—if the Sir Charles of old—would have won by this time, either a peerage or Westminster Abbey. Sir Charles had more valour, we fancy, in his youth.

We pass on to other days: to Nelson expecting every man to do his duty; to Blake leaving politics to the Parliament, and telling the seamen, "It is not our business to mind state affairs, but to keep foreigners from fooling us!" In these days of magnificent promises and puny performances—when our most formidable sea-captains are only formidable with their pens, when their greatest achievement is to keep a fleet out of harm's way, when the finest fleet the world ever saw sails upon the Baltic as if it were so many yachts on a pleasure trip—it is well to look back to the time when English ships were not afraid of stone walls—when the Dutch were driven from the sea—when Spain, and France, and Italy trembled at the sight of the red cross of the Commonwealth—when Algerine pirates, of bloody lives and natures, freely gave up Christian captives—when, as a writer of the time expresses it, "England was everywhere held in terror and honour!" The review will measure the exact difference between a Blake and a Napier; it will do more—it will indicate, in one department of public life, a falling off piteous and sad indeed!

Sir Charles's popularity, we fear, is of an evanescent character. It was the war with Mehemet Ali that made Sir Charles popular. John Bull loves to have a finger in every pie. Sir Charles came victorious out of the affair, and we welcomed home the conquering hero, forgetful all the while that we had thus destroyed what promised to have been a rising empire, and which, taking the place of Turkish weakness and venality, would have been in time a natural barrier to Russia in the East, and which would have saved us a world of trouble, already endured or about to come.

The old school of sailors finds an admirable representative in Sir Charles. Young fellows who went to sea at an early age, from schools in which they learned nothing or next to nothing, during our fighting days were in great demand, and did the state good service. They are, in these days of education and competition, in the civil service very rare; but of the old school it may be remembered that the first gentleman of the age, as his toadies called him—that poor bloated, dissipated prince, at whom we are all so ready to throw stones—while deeply engaged in solving the question as to the cut and colour of the garments of naval officers, gave up the attempt in despair, exclaiming, with an oath, that dress them how you will, it is impossible to make them look like gentlemen. Well, these men never turned out great statesmen; even the gallant Nelson did not shine when he exchanged his proper business for diplomacy, and considerations of national policy. Jack ashore is proverbially easily duped, and is much given to play the fool. But, unfortunately, an admiral, like a lawyer, must have a place in Parliament. Unless he has one he has little chance of promotion; and now-

a-days, as the liberal is the winning side, the number of adherents to popular frenzy is encouraging or alarming according to the point of view.

Sir Charles is a rough, jolly, free-and-easy old gentleman. He will shake hands with his sailors; he will rush into a peace meeting, as I have seen him do at Edinburgh, and make a good fight on behalf of a standing army and navy; he will stick to his own opinion, however unpopular, and will, in very plain language, bid you be — if you don't like it. He is very honest, considering that he represents a popular borough. It is true, on one occasion he did preside at a Sunday School meeting (the dissenters are strong in Southwark), but he boldly voted against the bill for the repeal of the Paper Duty, instead of, like the majority of M.P.s on that occasion, sending up the bill with a small majority as a hint to the Lords to throw it out. Sir Charles Napier does not act in that way. You never catch him at anything sneaking or underhand. If he is in error he will frankly confess it. He candidly tells us he is ashamed of the part he took in the Syrian war; but, after all, honesty, and bluntness, and dash do not constitute a statesman. Other qualities are requisite. To these Sir Charles lays no claim. I fear Sir Charles is indebted, after all, for his public position, such as it is, chiefly to his own efforts to secure employment and place, by his constant attack on Government, and by his obstinate proclamation of his merits. That he will pass away and be forgotten—that he will leave no impress on his age—that he will never rise to the rank of statesmen, is very clear. Indeed, he makes no impression as he talks. No one listens to his speeches; they are all on the same subject, in almost the same words, and are all set to the same tune. There is nothing like leather, is the one unvaried cry; and, to judge from appearances, it really matters little to the gallant admiral whether men listen or not; whether they approve or condemn. There he stands drawling away, on the same seat in the gangway as Mr. Horsman, just below the Manchester party. M.P.s study parliamentary reports, get up and go out, find their way into the lobby or the smoking-rooms, but Sir Charles is not discouraged, and will have his say—

"He is an ancient mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three,"

says Coleridge. The Ancient Mariner of the House of Commons is not so fortunate, and those who do stop do not listen, but make the best of it and go to sleep. Lord Clarence Paget is obliged to listen and reply, but no one else does. On the whole Sir Charles belongs to the past. He was born in fighting times, and bred to fighting. He has harped on one string till he has fallen a little behind his age. Now the times are altered; the old days are gone, the old ideas exploded, the old watchwords lost; and, like the bold Sir Bedivere, Sir Charles may exclaim—

"And I, the last, go forth companionless,
And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds."

BYGONE DAYS.

CHAPTER I.

"I wonder, Edith," said my father, rising from his writing table, and coming to the window where I stood looking at a few streaks of crimson cloud that marked the spot where shortly before the sun had sunk into the sea—"I wonder, Edith, what can have detained the boys to such an hour? It is now half-past seven, and Philip promised me that they would not be later than six. I wish they would try and be more punctual; but, perhaps, to-night they are not to blame, for the tide will be running strong against them all the way home, and Philip will have hard work to do—Charlie's arms are not good for much."

As my father said this I looked earnestly at his face, and saw from its expression that he was beginning to feel some anxiety; so, to divert his attention, I began to talk of other matters, and in a few minutes said,

"I think I had better get tea ready; I am sure they will be here before it is brought in, for they will hurry home when they see how dark it is growing." But I was wrong, for I made tea, waited some time before I sent it in, and at last my father and I sat down, each trying to hide from the other the anxiety that both felt, and that every moment grew stronger and stronger.

The table cleared I offered to light the reading lamp, but my father refused, saying "he would be disturbed when the boys came in," and again took up his station at the window.

I could not stay in the house—I felt impelled to run down to the water's edge, that I might catch a glimpse of the boat the moment it came in sight. For fear that my father should tell me to remain within doors, and not expose myself to the night air, I slipped out by the garden door and ran quickly to the beach, where a sand bank of considerable height prevented my being seen from the parlour window; but, indeed, the darkness was now almost sufficient to do that.

I looked all around me, but nothing was to be seen save the sea, which looked perfectly black from the great masses of cloud that since sunset had been driven from the west, and now stretched overhead like a funeral pall, veiling the stars and screening all heaven from the sight. I stood still with a beating heart, expecting every moment to hear the plash of the oars in the water, and the well-known voices of the boys. I say "boys," for that was what we always called them, though they were now, at least one of them, past boyhood. My cousin Philip was twenty-two, and my brother Charlie eighteen. Philip's parents had died in one of the colonies when he was a child, and my father had then brought him to live with us for the sake of the old friendship that had existed between him and his cousin, Philip's mother. When he was fourteen my father sent him to school, and from that time he had been but little with us, never, except in the summer and Christmas vacations. How we did enjoy those times! and how we looked forward for months to the few weeks he would spend with us as the great happiness of the year, for in our very secluded home we knew nothing of what went on in the world, or of any mode of life but our own, and to Charlie and I Philip appeared to know everything, and to be the

most experienced person possible. When he left school he went to live in Manchester with some of his father's relations who were in business there, and into whose employment he was taken. We had not seen him for nearly a year, when, a month before the day of which I am writing, he came to spend some weeks with us, his health having been somewhat injured from very close application to business. My brother Charlie was, as I have already said, eighteen; but having always been very delicate he looked much younger than he really was, and never having been to school, or in the society of boys of his own age, he was very quiet and reserved.

But to return to that dreary—dreary night, when I stood on the shore waiting to hear the voices that I loved so dearly, and hearing only the wailing of the wind as it swept over the sea. At length, borne on the wind from a distance, I heard a shout; I listened, and it came again nearer and clearer—Philip's voice! Then it came once more, but this time fainter and from a greater distance, as if the boat were being carried out to sea. My heart sank, and I could scarcely stand; with one effort I gathered all my strength into one prolonged shout of "Phil! Phil!" and then again all was silent—but not for long: there came, clear and unmistakeable, the well-known cry of the coast-guards, which they always made when their boat neared the land. And now I was certain that the boys had got some of the guards of the station to which they were going to row them home. I clapped my hands, and cried at the top of my voice "Phil! Willie! We are waiting for you—hurry home;" but my voice was borne back on the wind, and could not reach them. However, it did not matter; I was sure they were coming and would be with us in a few minutes, so I ran hastily back to the house to tell my father the news. I found him standing in the now dark room, on the spot where, half an hour before, I had left him. I caught his hand, and in a few words told him that the boat was approaching land. "Thank God!" he exclaimed fervently, and putting me from him, hurried towards the beach.

I followed him, and we soon gained the spot where I had before stood. A boat now hove in sight, but as it neared the land I saw—not the little fragile thing I expected to see, but the strong, well-built boat of the coast-guards, with several men in it. I called to them, but they were busy about something in the stern and did not hear me; then they moved from that part of the boat, and I saw a sight that, to the day I die, I shall never forget—our little boat, "the Fairy," towed by the larger boat—oarless, rudderless, and with not a single person in it!

But as I gazed intently, what was that I saw lying in the bottom of the foremost boat? What were those two dark objects that lay there, stiff and motionless? I stood paralysed with fear. The first boat touched the shore; one of the men jumped out, ran to my father, who was leaning almost insensible against a rock, and said hurriedly—

"Oh, sir, send fast for the doctor; the young gentlemen be's dead, I think; but maybe not, for they were only a minute in the water when we picked them up—their boat was capsized by the waves."

On hearing that there was still hope, my father's energy and strength returned. He hastened to assist the men who were lifting the boys from the boat, and called to me.

"Run up to the house, Edith, and tell Biddy to prepare and heat beds for them, and send Archie to the village for the doctor."

I did so, and then waited at the door till the men carrying the boys, and followed by my father, came up.

"The parlour is the warmest place, papa, they had better be brought in here."

I tried to speak calmly, but my voice trembled, and I almost gave up hope when I saw Charlie's face by the light of the fire. It was perfectly colourless, and his eyes were wide open, and staring with no meaning in them—those deep, grey, earnest eyes, that my father said were so like my dead mother's. He was laid on a couch, and then Philip was carried in.

I was afraid to go near him—afraid of seeing the same vacant stare in his eyes that I had seen in Charlie's. I felt that I could not live without him, that if he died I would die too. I must go near and see if he breathed—if I could do anything for him. I crept unobserved to the side of his sofa; I knelt down by him, and laid my face against his; I started, it was so cold and clammy. Then I leaned over him, to try and hear if he breathed. I thought I heard a faint sigh, and could see a slight quivering in his eye-lids; I stood still listening intently, and for some minutes could neither see nor hear anything—then, suddenly, his eyes opened, and he drew a long breath. Now my fears were over—I knew he would live.

"Phil," I whispered, "do n't you know me? Won't you speak to me?" And I put my hand in his; he pressed it, and in a low broken voice said, "Edith! my darling," and then his eyes closed.

For a moment I forgot all else—Charlie, my father, and everything but the fact that Philip lived, that I had not lost him; and, knowing that, I was happy.

The entrance of the doctor roused me. He went to the couch where Charlie was lying, from whose side my father had never stirred since they were brought in, and who still lay stiff and motionless as when we first saw them lying in the bottom of the boat.

From where I stood by Philip's sofa, I could scarcely hear the questions and remarks of the doctor; but I saw him shake his head and look pitying at my father, and then, in a low tone which seemed to pierce to every corner of the room, he said—

"Sir, I am afraid I can give you no hope for your son. Nothing that I could do would be of any use now."

My father sank on a chair, as if he had received a blow. He covered his face with his hands and groaned. "Oh, my Charlie! oh, my dear—dear boy!" and then he gave way entirely, and tears ran down his old withered cheeks.

I cannot dwell on that dreadful night, nor on the days that followed. My father never moved from the side of the bed where we laid all that was left us of our dear Charlie, and Philip was, by the doctor's orders, confined to his room. We feared he should have some serious illness, and to ward that off great care was taken to prevent him catching cold. My father had

not seen him since Charlie was drowned until the day of the funeral, when they walked side by side to the little village churchyard where Charlie was laid beside our mother.

When they came home and we three sat together in the parlour, my father suddenly turned to Philip, and with something of his old decision of manner, said—

"Philip, you must leave us; you cannot stay here; I could not bear it. Had it not been for you my boy would not have been drowned. You promised to take care of him, and you did not keep your promise. I can no longer trust you, nor could I bear to see you here in the place of my lost boy. You must leave us, and not come back."

"Oh, papa—papa! let him stay," broke from my lips; but Philip whispered to me,

"Hush, Edith; your father must have his own way." Then turning to him he said—

"I am ready to go when you please, sir. I know had I not been here, Charlie would not have gone out in a boat, and so far I am to blame; but further than that, thank God! I cannot reproach myself." But in reply my father only repeated—"You promised to take care of him, and you broke your promise. You must go away."

"Very well," said Philip, in a low voice, and then there was a long silence.

I felt my tears choking me. I left the room, and went into the garden. How everything I saw there reminded me of the happy days that were gone for ever! and how dark and dreary the future seemed when compared with that bright past. Charlie, my companion and playfellow as long as I could remember, *dead*; and Philip—how that thought made my heart ache—going away, *never* to come back. I sat down in the summer-house we had made long ago when we were children, and cried bitterly. How long I staid there I do n't know, but on looking up I saw Philip standing at the entrance, very sad and pale. He sat down beside me and said,

"Edith, you heard what your father said; I have no choice—I *must* go; but sometime, I cannot say when, I will come back, and, then, shall I find Edith here?—and will she still be my Edith, as she is now? Oh, my darling! I have no one to love me but you—do not forget me."

"Philip! Philip!" I cried, "when you come you will find me here; and I shall always be yours as I am now." Then we talked a long while, until I began to feel contented with the present, and hopeful for the future.

As we went towards the house, I said,

"Will you write to me, Philip? Do you think papa would allow you?"

"I have already asked him, and he said I might write once, but not again."

"Well, that is better than nothing—I must try and be content."

"And look forward to the future," said Philip smiling, "and the present will be easier to endure. We must both try and do that, for I shall be as lonely in the crowded streets of Manchester as you will be here, with no companions but the rocks and the sea."

CHAPTER II.

THE next day Philip went away, and my father and I were all that remained of the merry household we had had but a week before.

From this time forward our life was so monotonous, every day so like the preceding, that I have nothing to write about it. My father never recovered the shock that Charlie's death had given him; he seemed quite broken down both in health and spirits, and from being energetic, and cheerful, and apparently not much beyond middle age, he became quite a frail old man.

Reading aloud to him, and writing his letters, became my chief occupations, and kept me busy nearly all day, and besides he disliked being left alone so much, that it was only when he fell asleep after dinner, which he now frequently did, that I could slip out for a stroll on the rocks.

Philip's name was never mentioned between us. When the letter he was allowed to write came, my father gave it to me without comment, and from that time I never heard anything of him for five long years. What a dark, dreary time that was! though now to look back at it it seems far worse than I felt it to be at the time, for, with no events to mark any day in particular, year after year slipped on unnoticed until I was twenty-four. On that day, when my father was congratulating me, I ventured to make a request that I had long been anxious to make. "Papa," I said, trying to steady my voice, "would you allow me to write to my cousin? It is so long since we heard of him; perhaps he is dead." Though I said this I did not believe it myself, for the notion that Philip would die never entered my head. I was sure he would come for me sometime, and that then I should never leave him. When I had made my request I stood still waiting to hear my father's reply. At length it came. "You know, Edith, that I forbid you ever to mention your cousin Philip Gordon's name, and I wonder you can do so when you think of the loss he caused us to sustain; but for the sake of his poor mother, and lest any harm should come to the lad, you may write to him and find out how he is getting on in the world—not following in his father's steps, I hope."

I scarcely waited to hear the end of the sentence before I left the parlour and ran up-stairs to my own room, where, in my desk, I kept the one solitary letter I had received shortly after he left us. I wrote my letter, and then set off with it to the village post-office. I counted that in three days I would have an answer, for I felt certain he would write at once, and so, on the third day, regardless of the violent snow-storm that raged without, I set off to the post-office, my heart beating fast with anticipation. When I reached it I found that the mail-car, detained by the snow, had not arrived. Mrs. Wilson, who kept the office, made me go into her little parlour and warm myself at the fire. I sat there listening impatiently for the trampling of the horse's feet, trying to attend and reply to the flow of gossip which the good woman poured into my ear. At length I heard the post-horn. I could not sit still, but went into the office and watched Mrs. Wilson, as one by one she drew from the bag the few letters that came to our quiet village, torturing me almost beyond endurance with the slowness and precision of her movements. At

last they were all out, and there was nothing for me. I could not believe it—I was certain the letter had been overlooked.

"Mrs. Wilson," I said, trying to speak calmly, "are you sure you have taken everything from the bag? You might look again."

She did so, and this time I could not doubt—no letter had come!

I grew faint, and could scarcely stand. The good woman observed that I looked ill, and begged me to sit down, and she would bring me some of her cherry cordial, which, she affirmed, "would put me to rights in a minute." I thanked her, but said I would hurry home, before another snow-shower came on. I left the office, and walked quickly until I had reached the end of the village; but once out on the warren where no one could see me, I gave way to all the grief that was pent up in my heart. I flung myself on the ground, heedless of the snow which covered it, and which was drifting wildly in my face, carried hither and thither by the gusts of wind which swept fiercely from the sea.

"Oh, Philip! Philip!" I cried aloud, "where are you? Why did you not write?" A passionate flood of tears choked my utterance, and I lay, I know not how long, sobbing as if my heart would break. At last I rose up to go home. It was almost dark—the snow had ceased falling; a clear, frosty sky was spread overhead, and a few stars had begun to show their trembling light. I looked up into that deep blue, star-lit sky, and prayed that I might have patience to wait, and strength to endure whatever might come. Then I went into the house quiet and composed, and resumed my usual evening occupation of reading to my father.

For a week every day I went to the post-office, and every day the same answer, "No letter," struck like a knell on my longing heart. Then I gave up hope, and went no more.

Another dreary week passed, when, one evening, as I stood listlessly at my bed-room window, looking at the pale hues of the winter sunset, our old servant Biddy brought me in a letter, bearing the Manchester postmark. I tore it open, and out dropped my own letter, unopened—just as I had sent it. On the envelope was written, in a strange hand—

"No Mr. Gordon known here. Some years ago a gentleman of that name left this for Canada; since then nothing has been heard of him."

As I read these words a feeling of intense joy came over me—to know that Philip might yet be living—that I had not altogether lost him; but a moment after, when I thought of the wide ocean that lay between us, of the immense distance that separated us, my grief returned as strong as ever, and I almost gave up hope of ever seeing him again.

But I must hurry to the end of my story.

For some months I had seen a great change in my father, and I knew he could not live long. One morning in May, when I was dressing, Biddy tapped at my door, and said,

"Miss Edith, I have knocked twice at the Master's door, and have got no answer; would you come and see if there is anything wrong?"

I at once crossed the landing and knocked at his bed-room door; then getting no answer I opened it and

entered the room. He lay in his bed quite still—his face hidden by the bed-clothes. I stepped forward, and with trembling hands put aside the sheet; there he lay, looking more like himself than I had seen him look for months, with a calm happy smile on his lips, as if the angel of death had for a moment withdrawn the curtain of heaven, and let him gaze on the faces of his dear ones, who were there waiting for him, before he himself had fallen asleep, to wake no more on earth.

Now that my father was dead I was quite alone, and our income having died with him, I was considering what I should do to support myself, and where I had better live, when I received a letter from a distant cousin, who was married and lived in Liverpool, inviting me to stay with her until matters were arranged, and I had made my plans for the future. The letter was kindly expressed, and as I recollected having heard my father speak of her as a good, kind-hearted person, I wrote accepting the invitation, and began to make preparations for leaving the home where I had lived all my life, and which was endeared to me by memories of other and happier days.

At last everything was arranged. Biddy, the old servant, who had lived in the house since I was born, was the next day to go home to her friends, and I was to start for Liverpool. Oh! how I hated the thought of living shut up in a town, and of exchanging the sea, the fresh air, and the open sky, for the sights and sounds of a large business place like Liverpool. But there was no help for it, and I made up my mind to bear it as best I could.

When it was too dark to do any more work, and tired with the bustle and excitement of the day, I sat down beside the fire in my father's arm-chair. I looked round the room on all the familiar furniture—on some pictures drawn by my mother when a school-girl—on the little chairs that were made for Charlie and me when we were children—on my father's books, that he took so much pride in, and many other things that all spoke to me of bygone days. I could not repress the tears that were falling fast, and in my heart I prayed that I might die too, and not live on now that all those I loved had left me. Thus I sat sad and lonely, when I heard a knock at the door—then Biddy's voice speaking to some one in the half suspicious, half polite tone she always used in addressing strangers. Suddenly her voice changed, and she exclaimed, "Why, Lord bless me! that's not—" but I heard no more, for the stranger interrupted her to say something. I stood up and leaned against the mantelpiece for support. A quick, firm step crossed the hall—the parlour door opened—

"Edith!" said a voice that I had given up hope of ever hearing again. "Philip! my Philip!" I cried, as I sprang to him, and in a moment he had taken me in his arms, and there—no longer lonely—no longer unhappy—I rested content.

MYRTILLA.

My fair is full of smiles,
All care in laughter drowning,
And ev'n in anger frowning
She still is full of wiles.

No grief she ever shows,
But scorn and anger often;
Yet tenderness can soften
The fire that in her glows.

Her bosom's full of sighs,
But oft with pride is swelling;
And Love might find a dwelling
Within her scornful eyes.
Her voice, like music sweet,
Is sweetest in complying;
Yet even in denying
Its harmony's complete.

Her charming face so fair,
Its sweetness never loses;
When scorn her cheek suffuses
'T is, as in pity, rare.
With laughing lips, love-free,
Not Venus more engaging;
And when in anger raging,
A beauteous Pallas she.

JUNIUS.

HAVING ONE'S HAIR CUT.

AMONG the minor miseries of life may be placed the fact indicated by the title of this article. The hair-dresser and barber of our youth was an agreeable companion. His shop was the village club. There you heard all the talk of the town—how last night the lawyer was all mops and brooms—how the doctor's wife was jealous of him—how the rector was going to write a book, or who was who at the squire's;—if the tailor was in difficulties—if the shoemaker swerved from the path of integrity—if the butcher had a weakness for short weight—or if the grocer sanded his sugar or watered his tobacco,—at the barber's shop, known far and near by its painted and gaudily-striped pole, you knew it all. Then what pictures there were on the walls! A representation of a man taking an emetic was so firmly impressed upon the juvenile mind of the writer of this article, that to this day the impression remains strong as ever. All the gaudy old caricatures of the days of George III. and the Regency were there; in most innumerable shapes appeared the dandy of sixty, that bowed with a grace, and his hireling crew of men with very red faces, and ladies with very short waists. Leech and Doyle in those days must have been boys at school, but these rough and rude drawings—these caricatures highly coloured and misshapen, gave us a greater joy then than do even the exquisite productions of Doyle and Leech now. In some remote parts of the metropolis, where you are shaved for a halfpenny, we still detect some faint traces of the hair-dressers of our youth. Dickens, of course, has found and described such. I refer to the bird-fancier's in Kingsgate Street, High Holborn, "next door but one to the celebrated mutton-pie shop, and directly opposite to the original cat's-meat warehouse, at the window of which was a print representing a hair-dresser of easy manners curling a lady of distinguished fashion, in the presence of a patent upright grand pianoforte;" where Sairey Gamp lodged, and the precocious Bailey

insisted on indulging in the luxury of an easy shave. Such places are rare now; instead we have a handsome apartment in a fashionable district; the caricatures and the small talk are gone: instead we have sofas and gilt glasses, and the *Times* newspaper, and the young men have a style which forbids any attempt on your part to enter into conversation with them, or if you do, it is of the most distant and respectful kind. You feel it is taking a liberty to be too free and easy. But there you are in their hands, and if they do not transmogrify you so that your wife does not know you, or plaster your head with ointment, or send you away laden with infallible remedies against scurf, and thinness, and baldness, and all the other ills to which the hair is heir, you must be truly thankful.

Why cannot a man have his hair cut in peace and safety? My hair is thin—it always was thin; so was my father's before me; and at an early period of life exhibited a tendency to be gray. Well, this is not pleasant. After all, there is nothing like a fine head of hair, either for man or woman; but, of course, respected reader, if our hair is prematurely gray, or our heads prematurely bald, what wonder is it, considering the activity of our fiery brains. No wonder, with such lava underneath, everything green on the surface is soon withered up. But still we don't like to have this unpleasant state of matters pointed out and commented on. Somehow or other such naked truths are unpalatable; it is bad enough to suspect them—to feel that we are growing old—to feel that young eyes pass us by—to feel that we must consort more and more with the staid and middle-aged—to feel that it is better for us to contemplate youth, with its songs and laughter, than to potter about at merry-makings and places of pleasure resort, as if we still were young. There's Brown, for instance; the other day he went a little trip, and meeting some handsome and attractive young ladies, actually forgetting that he was the wrong side of forty, tried to give himself the airs and graces of an Adonis, from which pleasant dream, however, he was rudely awoken by the sight of the top of his head by means of a glass at the hair-dresser's, to which he had gone in order that his few hairs might present a more cultivated and attractive appearance. Alas! there is no truth-teller so stern as a hair-dresser; he has a pecuniary interest in presenting the real state of affairs in all their hardest and most discouraging aspects. Is your hair thin? he has a remedy that can restore its luxuriance. Is it gray? his specific in a few minutes will give to it a glossy black. Is it in any other way afflicted? he can cure it. "A little of our"—whatever it may be—"is, I assure you, sir, an excellent thing. It would preserve your hair; your head would look very different in no time. It is a shocking thing to see a man so young as you, sir, with such a head." It is not pleasant to be talked to in this way; it requires a great deal of philosophy to stand it. I have borne it, I confess, as we men bear many other wrongs—without a murmur; but I am told ladies are tormented in just the same way. Now this is too bad. Woman should not be exposed to such a trial. To tell her that her hair is getting gray and thin, that her head is getting bald, is to tell her that her little reign is over, and that the sooner she comes down and abdicates the better. The hair-dresser who thus

hurts the feelings of a lovely woman deserves to have his nose pulled, and if the attack is peculiarly aggravating a month at the treadmill as well. The evil is on the increase. I have been driven from one hair-dresser's to another. The last one I selected for a time nobly stood out against the vile custom. I was teased by no recommendations—I heard of no infallible remedy—I was not tortured to open my purse and buy; but he has given in to the custom of his trade, and he now loses my support. You can't defend yourself against the hair-dresser; he takes a mean advantage of you; there you sit bound, and completely at his mercy. If you offend him he may make you a perfect Guy; he may crop you as close as if you had just come out of Newgate; but it is hard to hear his remarks, and not be able to give him a punch on the head in reply. Mild remarks as to the state of the weather, or the crowded appearance of the streets, or comments on stale news, a man may bear with patience and Christian resignation; but there are bounds, and when you have your hair cut these bounds are often surpassed. A hair-dresser ought to be a man of humane and gentlemanly feelings; he should bear with the weaknesses of your head, not be too ready to detect them and point them out. Pecuniarily he would find this latter plan the more successful. No one likes to be driven, but by a little judicious blarney I have no doubt he might get rid of a considerable amount of hair mixtures and restoratives. When your self-love has been shocked—when the truth, in all its harshness and hideousness, has been told you, you are frantic, and not even a Syren's voice could tempt you to buy. Hair-dressers seem ignorant of human nature and soft-sawder. I fear they are sad mechanical dogs—they lack genius; as, alas! we all do now-a-days.

THE PET OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

BY TAMAR ANNE KERMODE.

His bright blue eyes are closed
In dreamless sleep;
Oh! mourners, grieve no more,
Why should ye weep?
Fold his soft waxen hands
Across his breast,
Earth's trials ne'er may break
His solemn rest.

His little barque has reached
A happier land,
Grief's stormy waves ne'er touch
Its golden strand.
He'll sing the angels' hymns
And songs of joy;
He'll watch and wait for us,
Our baby boy.

The sorrows of this life
He feels not now,
Its shadows may not fall
Upon his brow.
We will not wish him here,
With us to roam;
Oh! mourners, weep no more,
Our boy's gone home.



STREET RAILWAYS.

How to get along the streets of London is an increasing difficulty. At some periods of the day the main thoroughfares are almost impassable for omnibuses or cabs. If you are in a hurry, your only remedy is to get out and walk. The evil has now reached its height, and people are anxiously asking, What is to be done? Mr. George Frances Train—an American of the go-a-head school—comes forward to answer the question. In a pamphlet, which is addressed to the Right Hon. Milner Gibson, M.P., President of the Board of Trade, and which has reached a second edition, he demonstrates the practicability of street railways in English cities. At Birkenhead he has been engaged in introducing the first street railway on this side the Atlantic. It was completed at the beginning of the month, and by means of it, excursion tickets are issued from Liverpool to Birkenhead Park and back for sixpence. Warming with his theme Mr. Train tells us: "Street Railways in England will soon become a great fact. Birkenhead opens the ball. Liverpool follows. Then Manchester, Birmingham, Glasgow, and Dublin enter the ring; and London cannot well hold back after building the Metropolitan *Subterranean* Railway. A Street Railway can be constructed directly over it in as many months as that will require years. The former costs three thousand per mile, the latter three hundred thousand! In the one you travel in the dark, in the other in broad daylight. The Street Railway accommodates both sexes, while the Metropolitan shuts out one half the population—the ladies! (Who crosses in the Thames Tunnel?) The former stops before every man's door, the latter has stations only at intervals. One starts every five minutes, the other every half minute if required. The Metropolitan blocks up the thoroughfare for months, the Street Railway for hours only. Surely then if London opens wide her gate to permit the Metropolitan to undermine the city, tunnel through sewers, water-pipes, gas-pipes, and cess-pools, at a great cost and great inconvenience, she certainly will not shut it in my face when I respectfully ask permission for a fair trial of my Street Railway?"

The plan, as many of our readers will be aware, has been tried and adopted with very great success and considerable public benefit in Paris, Lyons, New York and Boston; and the practicability of it has therefore been demonstrated beyond question. A tramway of this description has been for nearly three years in use between

Paris, Boulogne, and St. Cloud, and is now extended to Sèvres, and Versailles, and also in Lyons, New York, and Boston; and large omnibuses, carrying from sixty to eighty passengers each, are thereon propelled by two horses at a speed varying from eight to ten miles an hour, with great facility. The tramways when laid will be perfectly flush with the general surface of the roadway, and will not in any way interfere with the passage along and across it of any ordinary road waggon, or carriage; and as the new omnibuses in passing along will be confined to the tramway, which will consist of a double line in the centre of the roadway, the sides of the road, and indeed the entire width, except during the instant of passage, will be free to the general traffic, which will thus be carried on without interruption. The great economy which will be effected by the adoption of the new tramway system will enable omnibus proprietors to carry the public at reduced fares, and at a greater rate of speed. The omnibuses will be large and commodious, with flanged wheels and axles radiating to the curves, and, if found desirable, might be constructed with first and second-class apartments. The facility for starting and stopping the tramway omnibus, with improved brake, will be quite as great as the ordinary road omnibus, so that there will be no loss of time on this account. It is this power in horses of starting or stopping almost instantaneously which makes the tramway for short distances and frequent stoppages equal, if not superior, to the railway with steam power. If the system of fixed stations or stopping-places along the route were adopted in lieu of stopping at the wish of every passenger, much time might be saved; but in New York, we believe, the tramway omnibuses stop wherever they are required to take up and set down passengers, and no inconvenience is found to arise from this system of working them. The advantages of the Street Railways," says Mr. Train, "may be thus summed up:—

1. Each railway car displaces two omnibuses and four horses, thus relieving the street of one of the main causes of the oft-recurring lock-ups.
2. The wear and tear from these omnibuses being transferred to the rail, as well as that of many other vehicles that prefer the smooth surface of the iron to the uneven stone pavement, the rate-payers save a large per centage in taxes.
3. The Gas and Water Commissioners are not incon-

venienced when making repairs, as the rails are laid on longitudinal sleepers which can be diverted in case of need; and as these cars, as well as the carts and carriages that take the rail, move on a direct line, it is a self-constituted police system saving confusion without expense to the public.

4. The cars move faster than the omnibus, and so gentle is the motion, the passenger can read his journal without difficulty.
5. The rails are so constructed, that no inconvenience arises at crossings from wrenching off carriage wheels, and as the improved rail is nearly flat, even with the surface, and some five inches wide, no grooves impede the general traffic, and the gauge admits all vehicles that prefer the track to the pavement.
6. The facility of getting in and out at each end of the car, and on each side, giving the passenger the choice of four places (see plate), together with the almost instantaneous stoppage by means of the patent brake, permits passengers to step in or out when in motion, without danger, instanced by the fact, that nearly *thirty-five millions of passengers passed over the New York and Brooklyn roads last year, with only twelve accidents!*
7. In case of necessity, troops can be transported from one part of the city to the other, at ten miles an hour.
8. It is a special boon to the working-man, who often, in America, saves threepence beer-money, to buy a ticket from his work in the city to his cottage in the suburbs.

In short, the Street Railway is as much a necessity as gas, sewerage, the steam rail, or the electric telegraph, and I challenge any one to refute the arguments in its favour herein advanced. Once introduced, you would miss the passenger-car as much as any great public benefit. The advantages of this system, over that of the present omnibuses, are, that you ride without jarring or jolting,—in less time,—with less confusion,—less noise,—with less fear of accident,—less mud and dust, and with the additional luxury of more regularity,—more attention,—more comfort,—more room,—better light,—better ventilation, and with a greater facility of ingress and egress."

Mr. Train tells us that the age of omnibuses in crowded cities has passed,—the age of Street Railways has commenced. America has introduced the new invention of relieving crowded streets by giving additional facilities for travel. "In the cities of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, St. Louis, Chicago, and Cincinnati, the railway cars are displacing omnibuses in all the large streets. Like all practical labour-saving inventions, the people first oppose, then advocate them. They have already become a public utility; and Americans would miss their railway car as much as the English would their penny-postage system. The Street Railway is a fixed fact. It has had a fair trial, and has met with striking success. England," says Mr. Train, "first in iron-railing the country with steam, is last in iron-railing the city with horse-power. But the enterprise that stimulated the Thames Tunnel, the Tubular Bridge, the Crystal Palace, and Great Eastern, will not submit to the miserable steam-packets from London to France, ferry-boats from Liverpool to Birkenhead, or to

omnibuses blockading the leading city thoroughfares. The latter enterprises, I am confident, on the improved system, would prove as great financial successes as the former have financial failures;" and if we are to judge by America, there can be no doubt as to the financial part of the affair; the following were the dividends paid in 1858, by the New York Train Companies:—

Brooklyn City Railroad Company, semi-annually, 8 per cent.				
2nd Avenue railroad in the City of New York	6	"		
3rd Avenue	ditto	ditto	ditto	8
6th Avenue	ditto	ditto	ditto	10
8th Avenue	ditto	ditto	ditto	12

We may be told that in London an attempt was formed to introduce the system and was a failure. We are aware it was—the time was not ripe for such an undertaking, and vested interests were too strong. People now begin to understand the question better since Mr. Train has commenced teaching them.

Those who judge only by the antiquated tramway in the coal districts of Monmouthshire and South Wales apprehend that the rail must rise above the surface of the road, and so injure, or even tear off, the wheels of ordinary carriages. Such an apprehension is absolutely groundless, and by engineers deemed absurd. By adapting omnibuses to these tramways, one vehicle with two horses will carry sixty passengers, instead of twenty-one, and the fares may be reduced 33 per cent. The bulk of the traffic otherwise passing through the narrow and crowded thoroughfares of Newgate-street, Cheap-side, and Poultry, and part of that passing through Fleet-street and Ludgate-hill, will be conveyed by way of the New and City-roads, in the same or less time than by the present route. Rate-payers of the parishes through which the tramway will pass will be relieved of a portion of the tax for repairing the roads, as they will be saved the wear and tear of the omnibuses and horses which now pass over them. The wheels will be *entirely* removed from the road to the tramway, and the number of horses employed to carry the *same* number of passengers as at present travel will be reduced one-third. The passage of the tramway omnibus on the smooth surface of the rail will be comparatively noiseless.

THE SHADOW IN THE HOUSE.

BY JOHN SAUNDERS.

AUTHOR OF "LOVE'S MARTYRDOM," &c.

[Continued from p. 289.]

CHAPTER XXIV.

A SURPRISE, AND AN INCONSISTENCY.

THERE are few things more charming than such a day as one occasionally sees in October—genial and brilliant, with all the warmth and glow of summer, yet fresh and inspiring as with the breath of a second spring; and what is autumn but a foretaste and promise of spring—a season which says to us, in its own eloquent but wordless language, "though winter follows me it is but to prepare for you the means of new enjoyments—to brace the thews and sinews that prolonged sunshine is apt to relax—to remind you that happiness itself is not an end

but an accompaniment that God has graciously bestowed on mankind, while they fulfil the noble mission of development and duty He has assigned to them?"

It was on such a morning as this that Mr. Dell, soon after breakfast, sought the pretty little room next his own studio, which he had set apart for his wife's use. He had furnished it completely to her taste, with busts, pictures, and flowers, one little round table and desk, one chair—a hint to visitors (himself included) that they had no business in that place—and a good lock and key, which she took care to use.

"Sacred to the Muses!" ought to be written up outside," said Mr. Dell to his wife, as she admitted him in answer to his well-known tap. She smiled, but looked strangely weary as she did so; and even while she stood talking to him, seemed instinctively to feel for the arm of her chair to support her. Mr. Dell looked at her, and she answered his look with a fresh attempt to smile, but to his great surprise she burst into tears, and said—

"Do n't mind me! It will go off soon. I have had a strange lassitude growing over me of late, and the more I struggle with it the more I seem to feel its power increase. Do n't mind me! 'T will soon go off."

"Oh, I'll tell you what it is, Winny; you are using your brain too much, and your limbs too little. Nature is intolerant of any disturbance of her just balance. See what a morning it is! Look out." He opened the window, and she came and looked out on the fair landscape, now rich with autumnal tints; she felt his arm circling about her, and her strength seemed to come with that loving, tender support.

"It is, indeed, an exquisite morning!"

"Yes; come now, give me *your* version of its appearance. I have been trying hard to say something to you on the subject that should make you smile at the bad poetry, if it failed to please you with the truthfulness of the description. But I can't describe it in words. I think I could in water-colours."

"Well, I was thinking a few minutes ago it looked like a friend who has departed, and whom, in our great love, we have hurried after, and have brought forcibly back to feast with us yet once again, before we can resign ourselves to say, 'Gone! gone utterly!'"

"True—you mean the summer! Come then, let us go forth, and make this a day of high festival for his sake. If he has been brought back, I promise you he'll have little time to spare in regaining his due place on the high-way of the world!"

"Where shall we go?"

"Oh, anywhere for a scamper first, and then on our way back let us go round by the farm, and see how the newly-married folks are getting on at Norman's-Mount. Do you know, Winny, I have come over to your opinion now about that match, and think it will be a good one for both parties. I feared at first there would be uncongenial tastes and dispositions, but I have grown wiser. She will worship him intellectually for knowing so much more than she does, and he's a man and will like that; while he will respect her, and be guided by her in all the more critical questions of life, because he perceives and appreciates her steady strength of character, and his own tendency to dangerous aberrations when left alone. Oh, they'll do very well! He's skilful, intelli-

gent, and scientific; she's careful, methodical, and the best house-manager I ever met with. Are you ready?"

"Yes," answered Winny gaily, and entering into the spirit of her husband's desire for a day's open-air enjoyment.

"Very well, then; go to the porch, you'll find George ready there with the horses, while I'll see if Grace feels inclined to accompany us. I did suggest it to her at breakfast, but she said nothing." And Mr. Dell hurried off, whistling to his pups by way of warning to them of the meditated excursion. But he found that Grace had already dressed for the ride, and was waiting at the porch with Mrs. Dell when he got there. So they rode off, apparently a merry company.

Their way through the lane—always an amusing part of their ride if they were at all in a humour to enjoy it—was more than usually provocative of mirth to-day. The overhanging boughs, as Mr. Dell observed, insisted on taking toll as they passed from the very lips of the ladies, and he seemed satisfied with that explanation of their proximity, till, in a moment of forgetfulness, his own hat was suddenly knocked off by an envious black-looking branch-stump, and when he had recovered his hat and his seat, the ladies, moved by some frolic, had put spurs to their horses, and dashed along, in and out through the trees, along the winding road, at a pace that he could not help thinking dangerous, even while he laughed enjoyingly at the spirit that had prompted it.

Away they went, through the great entrance gate, scattering the laburnum seeds like a shower about the roadway, and so on to the common, and out of Mr. Dell's sight, until he too had passed the gate and beheld them far on, Mrs. Dell and the chesnut horse in front, and evidently the ringleaders in the rebellion. The harder he rode to get up with them the more they spurred and galloped to keep ahead; he got uneasy as he saw that, and moderated his pace, wondering how long they thus meant to keep him at so respectful but inconvenient a distance. But by degrees they allowed him to come up to them, both laughing heartily as he did so; Mrs. Dell, who seemed physically inspired for the morning, looking so arch and roguish—so ripe for any and every kind of mischief, that Mr. Dell began seriously to entreat them to be more moderate, which conduct of his only made their mirth more loud and inextinguishable.

But to his great relief they came to a hill, and they were all compelled to ascend it slowly. And though, as they reached the top, and saw a magnificent but dangerously steep road stretching far away before them, suggesting, "Now then, down as hard as you can go! nothing to stop you for half-a-dozen miles!"—Mr. Dell was meditating laying violent hands on the bridle of his wife's horse—she saw a different sight, and her thoughts wandered away in a very different direction to that of sweeping along the tempting declivity at the fullest speed of her horse. She saw all the hill slopes covered with oak, now wrapped in its truly regal robe, put on, as it were, by loving and loyal hands as a last token and acknowledgment of royalty, before king and subject alike prepare to deal with the nakedness and privations of a wintry and adverse time that they know is at hand. Winny paused, let the reins drop unconsciously on her horse's neck, and as he stooped his head

to examine and enjoy the qualities of the fragrant flower-gemmed bank by his side, they fell over his neck unnoticed by the fair rider, or by either of her companions. Minutes passed away of silent adoration of the fresh wildness, the tender loveliness, and the golden splendour that everywhere shut her in. "Oh," thought she, "if one could really reproduce this so that the world should see and feel it as I feel it now, poetry were indeed divine! But no; even the very faculties that enjoy, and that seem ever yearning and struggling to penetrate beneath the exterior covering with which Nature veils herself, only delude themselves, and find they were still but on the surface of things when they fancied they were descending to the depths. Oh, for a higher hand to take my hand!—a touch upon my lips that might bid me speak!—an opening of my eyes that might permit me truly to see!"

While Winny was thus engrossed in thought—while Mr. Dell, in advance, was watching the display of dogs and red coats that appeared over the crest of a neighbouring hill, and opened out rapidly over the whole hill-side, and while Grace in the rear—her favourite place—was watching both, and patting playfully the arching neck of her chesnut steed, he proudly responding with a dangerous upward toss of his head—a horn was suddenly and loudly blown just by Mrs. Dell's horse. The animal started, reared, and as Mr. Dell turned, hearing his wife scream, he saw her borne on madly towards him clinging to the mane, the reins now flying loosely in the air, now dropping about the horse's feet, and increasing the danger. In an instant he was off his own horse, and standing ready to check, if possible, the runaway in his furious career. But the animal saw him, swerved aside, and being again met, turned, and dashed along towards the crest of the hill, the way they had come. Mr. Dell saw the reins flying. Will she not snatch at them? No, no, she is too much alarmed! She is engrossed by the one overpowering instinct and desire to retain simply her seat. Now! again and again—oh, surely she might grasp at them! But no, she does not! and he gazed helplessly, hopelessly, expecting every instant to see horse and rider, through the sudden entanglement of the animal's feet, rolling upon the ground!

Grace also saw, and was conscious that Mr. Dell watched her in impotent agony, asking her, asking himself, asking God, would she—could she save his wife?

People talk of the rapidity of thought experienced in drowning, and in other terrible emergencies, when all worldly interests, past, present, and future, are concentrated into one brief point. Grace knew now what such talk meant. Thoughts and emotions, as with lightning-flashes, now shot through the darkness of her mind—"Knowing what I know, can I be so insane as to attempt to save her now? Now that perfect success and certain oblivion may in a few moments be secured, why do I think of saving her? O God, how he appeals to me! If I succeed, and risk my own life, can I undo the past? Hesitate no longer! It may be a mad impulse, inconsistent to the last degree, but I obey it. Perhaps we are both to die at once—I am willing!" These and hosts of other and similar impressions, linked inextricably together, seeming to belong to the same moment of time, and to occupy simultaneously the same common

space in her brain, yet with all the effect of due logical sequence, which was not for a moment lost—all these passed through Grace's brain in the inconceivably short space of time which elapsed between her first consciousness of Winny's danger and her loud energetic cry to her—

"Hold firm, Winny! Hold firm, Winny! You are safe! He shall not pass. I am here; your husband is close behind you." Then forcing her own horse into the mid-way, she tried to stop Winny's before it could get up to where she was, by her gestures and exclamations; but the animal again shied off to the side without stopping, and was plunging past, when Grace made her horse leap right to his very head, and as her own horse's feet touched the ground she made a desperate clutch at his mouth, and caught something—yes, it was the rein which she felt gliding through her hand, but which she held convulsively, as she and Winny were now both carried away, side by side, but both still retaining their seats; and never for an instant did Grace relax her hold of the two horses until, as their excitement calmed down, they were overtaken by Mr. Dell, who, with pale face and quivering lips, could only murmur, as he received his trembling wife in his arms, and kissed her,

"Safe!"

"Yes, yes! But, oh, Grace! Grace!"

"I cannot thank her—God will. He alone understands what misery she has saved me from to-day."

Why does Grace turn away from the eyes that seek her so full of emotion?

"You are not ill? not hurt in any way?" said Mr. Dell, as he took Grace from her horse, with scarcely less of tenderness than he had exhibited to his wife.

"I hope not; a little shaken generally, and my arm pains me, that's all."

"Your arm! Oh, surely not broken?"

"Oh, no; only a little sprained, I think."

"Grace, repine not over it; treat it as a scar received by a warrior in one of those battles that make a man famous at once and for ever." And he sat down by her on the edge of the little grassy bank or pathway. Winny, who had wandered a little apart, first to offer up a lonely prayer, without which her soul could not rest, next to find a little pool of water, now returned with her handkerchief wetted at the corner. She found Grace still seated there, looking very pale and haggard, and Mr. Dell examining with anxious solicitude the bared white, very white arm, and asking, as he felt about, if it was there, or there, till she winced and said, "Yes, that is the place." Winny, coming up, would neither say nor do anything till she had tended the poor arm, by making her handkerchief into a bandage, wet at one end, which she first rolled round the injured wrist, and then wound the dry portion over the other, and fastened it with a pin. Then, as she looked into Grace's face, and saw the still increasing paleness and haggardness of expression, she murmured some unintelligible exclamation, and threw her arms about Grace's neck and wept there, tears at once sweet and bitter—sweet, through the love and veneration she felt for Grace and for her heroic act; bitter, for the pain she had by her own folly inflicted, and for the danger she had led them all into.

Grace kissed her in reply, but with a certain cold-

ness, and her heart heaved and panted so violently under Winny's pressure, that after a while she was obliged, with an almost impatient hand, to thrust the young wife back, who, however, like her husband, had but one explanation—"Grace was more shaken than she would like to acknowledge; they must get her home speedily."

Mr. Dell wished to persuade them to wait while he fetched some vehicle for their safer conveyance, but they would neither of them hear of any such cowardly proceedings. So Mr. Dell did the next best thing he could think of. After seeing them both carefully mounted, he pushed his horse a little in advance, and maintained a determined walk the whole way, while the two ladies followed—the hearts of both too full for converse, yet both filled so differently! And in this sober, melancholy fashion, they returned through the lane which had some hours before witnessed their wild gambolling.

"How like life itself!" thought Winny. "Such is youth's first going out—such is manhood's late returning. Some of us prudent and useless; some of us erring and spared; some conquering and maimed; all sad and sorry, and all beginning to think how sweet were rest!"

CHAPTER XXV.

PAYNE CROFT IN A CAUSE OF HIS OWN.

THE "shadow" began to lie heavily now upon Grace, and to extinguish by slow and insensible, but certain degrees, every bit of light or smile upon her face, which she had so long and determinedly maintained there by sheer force of will. Whether it was that the effort had grown too painful, the aim too remote or uncertain, or that she had found some unexpected obstacle within her own nature which at once baffled her understanding and paralysed her strength, certain it is she moved about now utterly unlike her former self, careless of appearances—self-wrapped, yet starting now and then as if drawn back to sudden and intense consciousness of the presence and possible oversight of others.

The more she reflected upon the impulse that had led her to make so determined an effort to save Mrs. Dell, and which had been so successful, the more she was surprised. She might have easily persuaded herself, if she had been one of that class who encourage all profitable self-deceptions, and try so hard to believe them true that they sometimes succeed—that she had only then put the finish to a masterly system of policy, one that left Mr. and Mrs. Dell in deeper belief than ever of her truthfulness and devotion to them both, that promised therefore in various ways to promote her ultimate ends, and to throw into eternal oblivion any dangerous agencies that she might have evoked. But she never did knowingly deceive herself. She was too strong, proud, and self-reliant, too naturally independent, not to be always willing to look truth in the face; liking it because it was truth, or because she ought to like it, was quite another matter. She knew quite well, that if she had then been herself—her ordinary self—she would have played a very different game, one indeed that might have brought matters for her to a brief, and, probably, in the long run, triumphant issue. Was there then some other "self" in her that she yet knew not?—a part of her nature that did not resign itself to

a half-passionate, half-wilful love for another woman's husband, and to an ambition that must sweep to its desires, no matter how remorselessly?

At first she laughed inwardly at the thought of such a possibility; but that thought—like a living creature that would neither be driven away by scorn nor violence—returned, and challenged her again and again to talk to it, cope with it, and master it—if she could; and she began to perceive, with terror, that she was no longer what she had always previously felt herself to be—supreme mistress of her own destiny—queen over that little but by no means insignificant domain, the body and soul of Grace Addersley.

And now she became conscious of a strange fact which also had a startling influence upon her imagination. She had fretted secretly at the slow lapse of time during the last few months, and felt at intervals almost frenzied by the apparently unprogressive and uneventful character of the life at Bletchworth; uneventful, at least, as regarded her plans and wishes. But now, since the discovery of the unsubstantial nature of the expectations she had based on Archy's character and position, and since the memorable period of her visit to Grey Ghost Walk, where she first gave loose to her tumultuous passions, and allowed them to carry her—whither she dared not now to reflect upon—since that day there seemed to her to have begun, as though suspended impatiently till then, a sort of general and sudden movement through all existence; and that she, as a part of it, and half its dread author, was now to be the sport of powers she knew nothing of; powers whose operations or purport she could not even dimly divine. It would have been impossible for any worldly contingencies to have been more truly appalling to Grace Addersley than this kind of ignorance and fear. It was like an earthquake playing beneath her feet. She could not be sure, wherever she moved, that she was treading on one single inch of solid ground. She tried to strengthen herself by hate of the one, to quicken her perceptions by love of the other, of the two persons whose images were always with her; but the effort was fruitless, and the only visible result was the constant deepening of the surrounding shadow.

At this moment a new incident roused her, as well it might, into new activity and speculation. As she came into the breakfast-room one cold morning in November, and found, to her relief, that Mrs. Dell, whose languor increased visibly, was breakfasting for once in bed, Mr. Dell gave the fire a stir with the poker, and said to her, in his usual cheery manner, though not with the old glad ring of the voice,

"Come nearer the fire, Grace; I have news for you."

"For me?"

"Yes; prepare for a surprise." Grace internally shivered, desiring no more surprises; but she replied as calmly as she could,

"What is it?"

"A letter from Payne Croft. Can you guess what it's about?"

"No."

"Oh, yes, you can—you must. I said a letter—I should have said three letters: one to me, one to your mother. Ha! I see, Grace, you understand now to

whom the third is addressed. There it is. Read it—I won't look at you—while I pour out the coffee."

Grace took the proffered letter, read it calmly through, and was giving it back to Mr. Dell, but that he laughed.

"Me! I don't want it. 'Tisn't mine! Come, that's a good joke!" Grace smiled, and put the letter down on the table with an indifferent air, and began her breakfast.

"Well, what shall you do?"

"Refuse."

"Not, I hope, without reflection. Do you know anything of the gentleman's character or prospects?"

"Very little."

"Then let me try to enlighten you. He is already the second in actual position on the western circuit, and universally acknowledged, by his brother barristers, as certain soon to be the first. But it is rather in the character of the man, than in his present fortunes, that I should look for the knowledge of his future destiny. To say nothing, then, of his intellectual skill and subtlety, or of his legal knowledge, which he is ever feeding night and day, he possesses a will that almost does what we are told to believe faith can do—remove mountains. He is one of those men who never go back. He is intensely but silently ambitious. No amount of drudgery appals him; I rather think that the very excess of it has the same effect in stimulating his imagination, and drawing him on, that the sight of a particularly fine day has upon a lover of external nature—he looks and longs, and at last finds it altogether irresistible." Again Grace smiled, and there was visible in her face a growing attention, which induced Mr. Dell to go on between the sips of his coffee, and during the buttering of his dry toast.

"Payne Croft's career is as plainly to be seen beforehand as any man's I ever heard of. He is never what I should call really eloquent, but he possesses sufficient fluency and vigour to give the notion of eloquence to all his set speeches, and that notion is precisely what our practical English mind likes best. O yes, he must succeed. Barrister, Queen's Counsel, Attorney and Solicitor-General, Judge, possibly Lord High Chancellor."

"You really think so?" exclaimed Grace, now at last blushing with excitement.

"I do, indeed! Anyhow he will—must rise; and his wife may certainly calculate on a public life of no ordinary consequence and splendour."

Seeing that Grace was now silent, and deeply meditative, Mr. Dell added, "If now you will take my advice, you will consider deeply before you answer his letter. He is not a man to repeat his offer."

"Offer! It is not an offer."

"Of course not, in absolute terms—not yet. But if you allow him to come here, as he wishes, and permit him, as he phrases it, 'to enjoy the pleasure of your society for a few days,' I know him and you too well not to be quite sure that he will desire to extend the pleasure for the whole of his mortal days."

"Thank you, cousin." Then Grace rose, saying,

"I will do as you recommend me; but I think this letter should not remain unanswered, even for a single post."

"No, clearly not."

"There will then be but little time. Shall I find you in the studio by and by?"

"Yes." And Grace, taking up the letter, walked slowly away, while Mr. Dell called after, in a low but significant voice, "Don't forget the Lord Chancellor."

"So then," thought Grace, as she walked about in the solitude of her own room—glad to know that not even Jean's shrewd, prying eyes were any longer near her—"So, at last, another places before me all that I had hoped *he* would have given me. More than all—for I should have had to urge him on. This man needs no urging; and his success, doubtless, will be the greater."

"Is it possible? Yes—the steps look all feasible—he is a rising barrister—will soon, it is expected, be the first in the circuit; then the silk gown—political office—judicial office—all, all within the reach of any true man who is fit for all, after he has once put his foot firmly upon the rung of the ladder!"

"Ah, why did I not know him earlier! Yet, should I have cared for him as I have cared for—? I think not. It is the profit—the honour of success I covet, not the nature that wins success. Fool! inconsistent again! Why did I not discover that philosophy before it was too late!" Here Grace looked round as though the very sound of the words "too late!" in her own soul—for she had not otherwise pronounced them—might be startling other ears than her own. But she was in no danger. She soon relapsed into her secret and solitary self-communion. "Why did not this happen a few weeks ago—before—before!" Grace paused in her walk, and leaned against the wall, either to hide the light from her eyes, or to cool her burning head against the cold surface. Presently she started away, and walked rapidly, fanning voluntarily her growing fury, and muttering to herself—

"Yes, too late!—too late! for that now! I will succeed! I will not be foiled! I have paid the price—the prize shall be my own. Mine! Mine!" The strong hands were nervously clenched, and rose in the air almost above her head, as she said this. Then suddenly the fingers were loosened and were rapidly passed over her brow, as if to throw aside her hair, or to hurry out of the way some real or fancied impediment that prevented clear, satisfying vision.

"Yes—yes; I see all now. Fool that I was to shrink back at my own shadow, to hesitate before the evidence of my own success! This makes him surer than ever mine, when—" Grace said no more, even to herself. It was a habit of hers to stop the instant anything like decision could be arrived at; she knew, without Hamlet's example or instruction, how apt is the instinct for action to get "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," if it once listens at the wrong time, or for an unnecessary moment.

She now sat down to all the routine of a most elaborate toilet; and, while she was thus engaged, smiled as her eye fell upon Mr. Payne Croft's letter. Then she looked rather slowly and anxiously at her face in the mirror, and became aware that it had undergone a change for the worse; but that was a fact to be dealt with—and humoured or conquered as the case might

admit. So without useless repining, and without waste of time in impossible undertakings, she did her best, with some little aid from art that I don't profess to understand except by its results, to recover the semblance, at least, of her original and queenly beauty, and not till she had finished and satisfied herself with what she saw in the glass, did she write the answer to Mr. Payne Croft's letter. That answer occupied but little time, and there was not the least pause or hesitation in any way about the process, until it was written upon a thick rose-tinted paper, and sealed with the most delicate of green wax, bearing the impress of a signet, the motto of which was—"Fidelity." But as she looked at the motto, she held the letter in her fingers doubtfully, looked up once or twice, still in deliberation, then smiled, and prepared to let it go, merely remarking to herself aloud, as if in explanation, "He knows I have no other seal in ordinary use!"

Grace then took both the letters in her hand, and went radiant with recovered beauty, and as it almost seemed re-established health, to Mr. Dell in the studio. He was lying on the sofa, apparently buried in thought, not having even his usually inseparable companion—a book. Grace saw he looked very melancholy; but he jumped up at the sight of her, made her take his place, and smiled inquisitively as he took the letter to Mr. Payne Croft from her outstretched hand. He was then about to open it, but she touched his fingers to stay him, saying—

"Before you read it, cousin, let me ask you one question very earnestly:—if the moral responsibility of this affair rested with you, and you only; if it were you who had to say to yourself what I have now to say to myself—'Ought I to encourage the addresses of a man for whom I have no love, but who could give me what I acknowledge I have often desired—worldly success?'—"

"Well, but Grace, give him the chance. Perhaps you may love him by and by."

"Never!" Grace looked steadily at Mr. Dell's face as she said this, and he looked at hers, struck by the peculiar, almost reproachful tone. Old associations that he had utterly forgotten, or remembered only in the most abstract sort of way, shot up, and kindled the colour in his face, and then he saw a far deeper suffusion in Grace's face answering his; and he dropped his eyes, and said to himself—"Poor Payne Croft! I understand now! There's an end then to your suit." Grace, with her cheek glowing to a rosier and lovelier hue every instant, again spoke, though with a certain downcast air and timid voice—

"You would not as an honest man advise me, who am, I hope, an honest woman, to answer this letter otherwise than as I have answered it?" And Mr. Dell opened the letter, and read the elegantly expressed refusal, which, without suggesting to a stranger like Mr. Payne Croft the least notion of Grace's own history and motives, would certainly make him believe that it must be some pre-engagement on her part that dictated her refusal, since the tone of the letter was so very cordial and respectful towards him personally. Mr. Dell read in silence, folded the note, and replaced it in the envelope, then glanced at the motto, which seemed to be still less calculated to encourage him to speech, and at

last he handed the letter back to Grace, with the observation—

"I suppose, then, it must be so—but for your sake I can't resist a kind of sorrow."

"Nor I a kind of gladness, cousin, that comes over me to know it is done and gone! There! it is in the post-bag, and irrevocable."

CHAPTER XXVI.

A SILVER LINING TO THE CLOUD.

EARLY snow lies upon the ground; early, for it is yet only the beginning of December, and the first fall around Bletchworth generally takes place after Christmas. Mr. Dell stands at his dressing-table, and, as he looks out upon the landscape, so prematurely wintry, begins to speculate on some mystic tie between the life of nature and his own life; for he, a young man, is beginning to grow gray with anxiety, and as his soul looks forward, more and more cheerless does it find the prospect. Yet he scarcely dares to look back, for the contrast between what was and what is, between what he anticipated and what he has found, is too terrible, and enhances a thousandfold the intensity of present suffering.

His wife, since the shock she received by the running away of her horse, is growing daily more and more feeble. He feels that in spite of all he can do, by the tenderest care and watchfulness, and by the most absolute self-abnegation to check the insidious malady—whatever it may be—in spite of all his wrestling with, and yearnings to deny the fact, he feels that his efforts are failing. Never, by any chance, does he let her see the shadow upon his face, or hear the least touch of fear or repining on his tongue. He is called upon at last to show whatever of manliness there may be in him, and he nobly responds. There is nothing that he could not do or suffer to save that one dear life, so precious to him, and he is conscious that if he can save it, it will be only by heroic self-denial and unfailing self-control upon his part.

But he is mistaken in thinking Winny does not detect, by a thousand subtle affinities of thought and instinct, what is passing in his breast. And if she could have experienced a deeper, a higher, or a holier affection for him than before, she would have felt it now. She tries her very utmost to respond to his cheering brusque voice, his genial smile (which, however, he dares not let her eye rest on too long, unless she is really kindled by it), his merry laugh (which he shrinks from himself the moment he hears it, and wonders how it must affect her), his quips and jests and pretended fits of anger—she takes all this in seeming belief of its reality, and so the end is, in a measure, gained: both are combining to keep off to the last possible moment, trusting still to avert the fatal hour when they must together acknowledge the impending doom. Oh, loving and faithful hearts! ye would turn hypocrisy itself into an almost sublime virtue.

But Mr. Dell will no longer be content with all these instinctive efforts that his love and his general knowledge of life have suggested. Unwilling as he has been to overpower her reluctance to seek other advice, while there was the least probability of success by their own

SCARBOROUGH.

SCARBOROUGH, with Bath, claims to be the Queen of Watering-places. We rather incline in favour of the former over the favourite city of Bladud and Beau Nash. Situated in a bay on the shore of the German Ocean, and in the East-Riding of Yorkshire, its houses rise tier behind tier away from the sea, so that the number commanding fine views is very great. Sheltered on the north and north-east by the promontory on which the castle stands, Scarborough is by no means the cold bleak place some suppose. Dr. Granville speaks highly of its air, which is, perhaps, a little piercing, but remarkably pure. In January the mean average temperature is higher than York by about six degrees, than London by about four, and Torquay itself is only two degrees warmer. The rate of mortality for each thousand of the population is twenty-one, or four less than the general average of London. No portion of the British coast affords better bathing; the beach slopes so gradually that bathing may be obtained at all times of the tide, and even in rough weather, with safety. Then, again, we must not forget the mineral waters, which the visitor should always take before breakfast, and which, if he be in health, he may drink *ad libitum*. As to amusements, they are of the kind usual at fashionable watering-places. There

is a band of music during the season at the Spa; then there are the races in September, and a theatre in St. Thomas Street, the Assembly Rooms, Scarborough Public Rooms, &c.; and the *tables d'hôte* are well attended during the livelier months. The latter mode of dining is much patronized, and of course such a custom makes people feel more at home. The Museum, near the Cliff Bridge, is a rotunda of the Roman Doric order, chiefly for the exhibition of British geological curiosities and other objects of interest; admittance by a small monthly subscription. Scarborough has besides a Mechanics' Institute, a Mutual Improvement Society, a Philosophical and Archæological Society, a Horticultural Society, Subscription Library and Newsroom, and various libraries; and the water of the river Derwent above Malton abounds with trout for the angler's delectation. There are many interesting geological features in the neighbourhood. We may add here that it has a population of 12,915, and is 233 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles distant from King's Cross Station, London, and that to the cockney who has done Margate, and Ramsgate, and Brighton till he is tired of their very names, a trip to Scarborough will be a welcome and beneficial change.

unaided efforts, he now determines there shall be no more delay—something must and shall be done, and the only question is how to gain her free consent and earnest co-operation; both of which he feels are indispensable to success. The great difficulty is that he must now indirectly own to her what a kindly deceiver he has been. He dreads, with almost mortal fear, meeting the ghosts of his own bold assurances to her the instant he allows the words to escape from him—"Winny, you must do this, or there may be danger."

But Mr. Dell is a man who never really postpones action when he believes it a duty to act; who would never, for instance, with all his self-indulgence, put off inevitable pain with a weak desire to inflict it on the to-morrow in order simply to spare to-day. He determines therefore to speak to Winny, now before dinner; and he goes slowly to her room, shaping out as he goes the things he will say, and the limits within which he will speak. He finds her sitting on a chair at the window, and leaning on the curved end of the little sofa, looking on the snow-covered lawn, or at the equally snowy mountainous blocks in the sky, which are slowly and majestically sailing through the blue depths of the atmosphere. She has placed a little cushion at her back to relieve her weary, sensitive frame; but in no other respect does her husband perceive, for the moment, any evidence of her suffering and debility. She sits fixed, motionless, buried in reverie, and does not even hear him enter—a sound that is always the first to penetrate through her ears, and to awaken her heart, however they may be closed for the time to worldly impressions. He does not like—in truth he is afraid—to trust himself to listen to anything she may happen, in her supposed solitude, to say. He still clings to hope so vividly, yet so feverishly, that he is alike alarmed and impatient

with himself if there is the least suggestion of a word or a fact that might dispute the basis of his hope. He has a kind of fear she may say something to open to both, and while both are thus together (so that there can be no longer any kindly or wise illusion possible between them), the vista that he knows both are dreading to look into. But he is unwilling to disturb her. It is just possible she may, even in that attitude, have fallen asleep, and so be obtaining a relief from the ever-craving restlessness which is destroying her. But Winny is not asleep, and presently he hears her say in tones so low that none but himself could at once hear them and understand their meaning—

"To live poetry! yes, surely the time will come when that will be the only aim of the great ones of the earth! After all, how feeble is the writing of poetry in the comparison! To round one's life like a true poem; to make it march to rhythm, as though we kept time to unseen angel-feet by our side; to fill it with music, and with everything else that is most sweet, true, loving, grand and progressive; to make it overflow with its own garnered wealth, yet know that the smallest parts into which it is possible to divide that wealth, each whispers to us—'Forget not the incalculable treasures left behind where you found me;' to make it shun, with a glorious disdain, all that is intrinsically common-place, sordid, or mean, while taking ever-increasing delight in tending, advancing, and making more beautiful the simple, the necessary, the domestic, and the familiar; a life like our day, visibly springing from, and going to, ineffable glory; waking, like the day, at the challenge of the sunrise to a noble rivalry in duty; sleeping at night with the sunset in all the conqueror's purple and gold, in guerdon of the conquests achieved over real difficulties, in token of the triumph that belongs to those who leave



SCARBOROUGH.

the earth as they rest better than they found it when they rose! Ah yes, to live such poetry! to show to a slowly awakening, but at last roused and grateful brotherhood, that the eternal instincts are the only eternal truths—the links of the electric chain on which God's own finger seems ever to rest—and that when these instincts fail us, or turn against us, it must be because we have first neglected them, turned against and outraged them; that our worst troubles, individual or social, are those of our own making, and will be cured whenever we resolutely determine they shall be so; that our social deformities are at once our crime and punishment; our eternal struggles against each other the penalty for not struggling with each other, side by side, to overthrow the barriers of ignorance and selfishness, which alone divide the great family from its wondrous inheritance, its promised land, its golden age, of which the foretaste only was given in the past—like the rainbow spanning the storm—to give promise for the future. This were, indeed, not only to live poetry, but all that poetry can ever grasp in its wide-embracing arms, even when yearning with its whole soul for one moment of passionate communion, though knowing that, in the next, it must let the angel go, as Jacob did."

"Nay, but Winny," said Mr. Dell, advancing, yet so gently, and with such an admonitory sign from his finger to her to be still, that she might not have time to be startled, "why not live poetry and write it too? You can't place your poet, when he does thus live as well as write, upon a pedestal, as you may your Simon Stylites, and call the world to witness and to imitate. The press, Winny, the press—there is your poet-pedestal; and books are, in their way, not only an agreeable, but a substantial world, as Wordsworth, I think, calls them. But in this I agree with you, that the poet should not shut himself up in his four-walled room, and think that there alone he can solve the problem of his own life, or the problem of the greater life to which his own serves but as the key-note—that of Humanity! You meant that, did you not?"

"Perhaps."

"If not, I shall say you were simply finding an ingenious excuse with which to meet me, when I asked for the morning's work, eh?" And Mr. Dell smiled his usual smile, but felt it dying out as he remembered the business upon which he had come.

"Sit here, Winny," he said, and he took her by the hand, while the other glided round her waist, and supported her with the gentlest possible clasp to the sofa. "I want to have a little talk with you; and you know you are at once so very shrewd, and so very straightforward, that if I don't blurt out at once all I have to say, you not only punish me by anticipating, but by making things worse than they are." Winny took his hand, kissed it, and turned away in deep silence.

"Well, now, darling, tell me, why don't you go out?"

"I will, if you wish me."

"I know that, but I see you never do it unless I wish; and when you are about the business you make me always regret I said anything on the subject."

"Do I? Forgive me—but—but all exertion seems a pain to me—walking peculiarly so."

"Then why not ride, and let me lead your horse."

"I felt worse the last time we did so."

"And you never sing now. Try."

"Oh, dearest, tears come if I do try—not words."

And the tears came then, as though the very word were an irresistible signal of command which they must obey.

"Let them come; let them flow forth, at their own will. Lean here, darling, and weep away all this gathered sadness and gloom. There! There! There! We have been much too wise, much too knowing; have been altogether much too confident in our self-conceit; have had too much faith, God forgive me! in our tricks to impose upon each other. I renounce them henceforth. Yes, we've done with all that now. There! There! Look up! Fear nothing yet. We have done no wrong. The heavenly depths still encircle us; God has not yet died out of his world, or left it to its own blind ways! Oh, we of little faith! Come, come—cheer thee. We will, we must shake off this inexplicable weight—this gloom—this atheistic despair. Suppose we go to London for awhile? I will take you to one of the most skilful physicians I can find; let us hear what he says." Winny slightly shook her head, without otherwise moving it from where it lay on his breast. And so he tried a different course.

"Will you then, dearest, tell me yourself, in full frankness of soul, what you think may be, or know must be, the matter with you?"

There was no answer for a long time. And the husband rested his own head on the dear head below, and tried to hush the throbbings of his own half-desperate, half-frantic heart, before he again addressed her. And that silence and position seemed to bring a kind of peace to both of them; and he seemed to understand, without another word being said, that she intended to say something to him soon. After another pause he whispered therefore to her very softly—

"Now, Winny!" And she pressed his hand, which lay in hers, and seemed still reluctant, yet still making no sign of refusal. At last, with a deep sigh, she rose, and then, strange to say, a faint colour appeared on her face as Mr. Dell caught a side view of it, for she did not look at him, but took his hand, and led him across the corridor towards their bed-room, and he thought, at first, she was going there, perhaps to pray with him, before venturing to say—Oh God! with what anguish he thought of the possibility of what she might have to say, thus prefaced! But no; it was not to their bed-chamber she went, but to a little dressing-room adjoining it, belonging to her, and which he remembered now to have noticed that she always kept locked. As they went in he caught another glimpse of her countenance, and he saw what was decidedly a rosy hue, struggling with the pallor beneath, and new hope sprang into life in his soul at the sight, and wonderfully comforted him.

She led him to an antique-looking walnut cabinet, a kind of personal present from him to her, for it was a great favourite with him, and used to stand in his studio; but seeing, not long after their marriage, his wife's great interest in it (for it was full of curious, out-of-the-way places, secret drawers, and, as he said, probably untold-of wealth, hidden away never to be discovered, unless by some genius inventive as the maker's or her

own), he caused it to be removed to her dressing-room, during her first moments of pleased surprise, and he demanded a kiss by way of purchase-money. He remembered all this now, and it was to this cabinet she led the way. She took out (rather confusedly) from her pocket her bunch of keys, and began to try to unlock the doors; but the key was tapped uselessly against the key-hole so many times by the tremulous little hand, that Mr. Dell took it from her, and opened the cabinet himself. His first glance told him—what, however, he had already divined—the secret his wife now revealed so unwillingly, and yet not altogether without a kind of sweet womanly satisfaction mantling in her modest blushing face. There was displayed on a large shelf, all sorts of tiny, fairy-like fabrics in dress, and in every possible variety of delicate texture—cambric, silk, and satin—some of them possessing hues that almost outrivalled the purest and most exquisite colours of the floral world, in roseate pinks and cerulean blues, mingling with dove-like greys and snowy whites, passing off into ethereal lace, which seemed to be the foam, or the crown,—the atmosphere or the flower of all. And they were all obviously for some important yet diminutive little bit of humanity; all these charming structures, which the fond mother had worked at in secret, and hoarded also in secret, and which she had come daily to look at alone—these smallest of caps, these prettiest of hoods—while wishing that the eyes of yet one other person (one only of all the tenants of the globe) might share the secret spectacle. And Mr. Dell saw it, with an emotion and a delight he dared not attempt to express, though his first impulse was to think of the effect of the scene upon her. And he tried once more to conduct and disperse the threatening heart-storm; for though it would not be necessarily one of pain, or danger in itself, it might become both by mere excess of emotion; and the innocent jest was ready upon his very lips, but it was swept off, forgotten in an instant, as his wife turned, and threw herself into his arms, saying,—

"O, dearest, perhaps it is because I do not take from God, as he alone will give it, an increase of our blessings, that I have so suffered, been so miserable, so—so ungrateful!"

Whether Mr. Dell agreed or not, he cared not even to ask himself that day. For a few hours there was a kind of holy sunshine through all the place.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

GREY GHOST WALK.

THAT night Mrs. Dell found, as usual, she could not sleep, but was nevertheless conscious of a great relief and change. It was not now the restlessness of the body, betokening pain and danger, that troubled her, but the activity of her mind, which seemed suddenly released from its bodily fetters, and at once strengthened and impelled by its long gathering—because unused—force. The wind was raging in tumultuous fury without; the neighbouring trees were swaying and creaking and labouring with their vain protest against the ceaseless disturbance to which they were subject; window sashes were clamouring in every bed-room to

the sleepers to awaken, before they were blown out of their very beds; and once Winny thought she heard the roll of thunder, and she had a sort of fancy that all Nature heard it too, and paused like herself for confirmation, so suddenly hushed did everything become.

There was work in hand outside, and Winny felt there might be work to do inside, and that the one would stimulate and intensify the other. There was a something in the sounds of elemental warfare that always stirred her as Sir Philip Sidney seems to have been stirred by the sound of a trumpet. It was indeed to her, as to him, a sort of call to arms; though she had not his difficulty in choosing between sword and pen, and which Fortune ended by making him equally illustrious with both.

Again and again she tried, on account of her fear of disturbing her husband, to repress this irregular and inconvenient evidence of the activity of the instinct that called her back to poetical labours. But Mr. Dell was enjoying, under the new hope she had given him, the first night of sound placid sleep he had known for some time; and she was glad, alike for his sake and for her own, that it was so. She got up very softly, feeling her way about the room with a sensitive, unerring touch,—for she would not light a candle,—and so dressed herself without the least noise. It was very cold; and she put on an extra dressing-gown, comforting herself with the reflection that she could easily light the fire in her own little room. She was just about to open the door, when a violent crash, as of a branch broken from a tree, caused her to go to the window; and when there, her attention was drawn to a light in Grace's room, which surprised her, for the time was very late,—at least an hour beyond midnight. Winny looked with a vague wish that her eyes could penetrate through the white blind, and see what Grace was doing just then. She had felt recently a strong and growing impression that Grace was secretly unhappy. She could not trace this idea to any period anterior to the accident with the runaway horse; and she could not understand why that incident should have stirred in Grace any other emotions than it had produced in herself and Mr. Dell, namely, increased affection and sympathy; unless, indeed, the shock had produced some more serious physical injury than they were aware of. But the mere remembrance, at such a time as this, of Grace's courage and self-devotion, inspired in Winny the desire to go to her, speak to her, comfort her if she really needed comfort. With a sigh at the sacrifice of her previous intention,—for she fancied the stream of poetic thought was welling up to the surface of her soul, wooing her by its freshness and sparkling beauty to come and drink of the living waters,—she went in the opposite direction, with a little coiled wax taper in her hand, along the corridor towards Grace's room, which was at some distance. Let me leave her thus on her way, and look, in advance, into Grace's solitary chamber.

A tall, rigidly upright figure moves there, as in a trance, or as in sleep; yet her eyes are open, though fixed in a kind of blank stare. She has just risen from bed, and stands now in her white night-dress, irresolute, as if listening to the storm, or as if expecting some signal.

She takes a dressing-gown from the high peg on which it is hung, and puts it on. Her little taper, in a silver candlestick, is already lighted. She takes it up, and with no other covering, opens the external door leading to the winding stone steps, and descends. The light is instantly blown out by the wind; and her long hair flies abroad in a thousand filmy lines, but she heeds it not. She pauses on one stair, and seems to hold the rayless candle to it, while she murmurs—

"Yes, it is still there. How very like. Strange! Should I find a secret hidden beneath if I were to search? Hidden by some one who would trust to nothing less than stone to keep it down?"

She crosses in the old track, below the cedars. She shrinks not from the cold,—though the snow is pressing in upon her bare feet, and filling with sloppy moisture her velvet slippers, trimmed with a kind of snow of their own, the swan's-down fur. Neither do the wild blasts make her pause, she does not even notice them, though they are sweeping her hair madly to and fro, and at times making it lash her face as with a whip. On she goes, to the avenue, and down towards the spot where lie buried the mutilated remains of the portrait of Mrs. Dell. Notwithstanding the darkness, she fastens upon the very tuft: no snow has fallen there, it is so overshadowed by trees. She takes the tuft gently up, and puts it aside, to be again replaced by-and-by; and then she feels for the bits of card, and as her quest is successful, she exclaims in the same unearthly voice as before,—

"Yes, yes, quite safe! and I may be at ease now! O, for the long, deep sleep that I may now welcome at last!"

Then there was a heavy, painful sigh; and she sat down in the old spot and appeared to ruminate. It was a considerable time before she again spoke—and the tone was strangely low and muffled:—

"No, no hurry; beware of that! No circumstance forgotten—no accident unprovided for. A sufficient cause for every phenomenon. Who will then say there is danger? Idle word! There is no danger for the soul that is true to itself. No, there must be no discovery possible—no trace left behind to guide the tracking sleuth-hounds of justice to their prey! And then when all is prepared, look yet again and again—take care—that no single link or member, however apparently worthless or insignificant, be missing. Ay, then strike! Soft. It is done. Come away. No second touch. The blow needs no repetition. Come away. Destroy now for ever all vestiges of the particular instrument! Come away! Leave the deadly miner to work unseen—unsuspected—below life's citadel. Come away,—before it falls in ruins. See, as yet he leaves all outwardly fair and strong; but the hour of vengeance draws nigh—and there will be a sudden sinking of the foundations, a despairing cry—a world peopled by one sand-grain of life the less, and enriched by one pretty ideal ruin the more.

"But why did I save her when her own folly might have sealed her fate—and wrapped all else in impenetrable darkness? Ah! have we all our weak points—and through them is the unseen messenger bidden to strike? Let me consider. This were a case now for a casuist. Had she then died, no one could say it was I

who had let loose the sacred fount of life; my previous act must thus have passed into oblivion—nothingness. Why should I not myself have wisely forgotten all but the result; and, innocent in that, have profited by it in peace? But she did not die; they say I saved her life. Then if she does die now—and if here, midway between earth and heaven, a solemn inquest of angels be held upon her body,—and methinks some great clamour is being raised all about my ears,—may I not avow defiantly, 'She owed that life to me! I took it,—whether before or after the just debt accrued, what matters now!'

"How fair she will look! why do I always see her thus stretched on the low bier—and why can I never by any art or will of mine drive that constant smile from her face? 'Tis that which troubles me. 'Twill not let me sleep. Smiles? What, and knows all? No, no; hush! I will not tell her as I intended to tell. Rest, fair one, in peace; there shall be no triumph over thy grave. I change and shift strangely. Hadst thou lived, perhaps——!"

Here she again heaved a low, long, labouring sigh, still finding in it no relief.

"How hard grows my pillow, night by night. I will again lie down now. These busy thoughts must be answered at their own time. Well, no more talk: they are answered. 'Twill be daylight soon. Let it not look in upon me to take me at disadvantage while I sleep,—to hear me, perhaps, murmur in bad dreams. Yes, close the curtains. Not you! O God, not,—not you!"

Lulled, perhaps, by the wind, and half-frozen with the cold, she leaned back with her hand on her elbow, and seemed to be, in her thoughts, composing herself to rest on her bed.

When Mrs. Dell had nearly reached Grace's room, she could see no light beneath the door, as she knew she must have seen if one had been burning within. Had Grace, then, gone to bed? Most likely. She stopped, thought of her little room, and the work which she coveted, and was about to retrace her steps, when the door slammed violently against its frame, and the noise was followed by the slamming to of another door beyond, which was evidently open to the external air, and was admitting a gust of bitter sleety wind, which seemed to freeze Winny to the very marrow. But all physical suffering was forgotten in the alarming thoughts,—“What meant those open doors? Where was Grace?” Winny opened the door from the corridor and went in, guarding the taper carefully the while. She passed to the bed; it was empty, but had been recently occupied, for it was not quite cold. She put down her taper on the dressing-table, and went to the other door—the one opening upon the external staircase—and peered out into the wild black darkness, but could see nothing, except the funereal-looking plumes of the cedars, waving, in strange significance, their heavy, shadow-like branches. She listened, but it was impossible to hear anything; even a cry as dreadful as the one she half-anticipated would suddenly issue from the ground could scarcely have reached her during all that hurly-burly of the elements. She shrank back into the room, shivering with the deadly

cold, and oppressed by the deadly fear that possessed her; a fear, however, to which she could give no definite form or name.

She put on some additional clothing hastily obtained from Grace's wardrobe, and sat down, with her old feeling of exhaustion upon her, by the dressing-table, to think what she should do. She was spared the responsibility of a decision, for the door opened, and in stalked that tall figure, the face of a ghastly, blueish-white, the teeth chattering, but still with the open eyes exhibiting the same blank unconsciousness. For the moment Winny did not understand the state in which Grace was, and her soul was filled with a supernatural dread, as she saw that face turn towards hers without the least sign of recognition,—those eyes pass over her eyes unseeing, nay, as though there were nothing in all creation that could make itself visible to them just then. But soon she began dimly to remember what she had heard of persons walking in their sleep; and she instinctively divined one part, at least, of the secret before her,—that the busy, anxious brain had in some way overleapt itself, and was suffering for the outrages it had inflicted upon its physical framework.

"How should she wake her? Might not any attempt at direct interference make matters worse?" Winny could not tell. The case was beyond her experience. On the whole, she thought it best to watch her awhile in silence, and be guided by the first gleam of light that might be vouchsafed.

Grace seemed about to go to bed, but stopped, murmuring, and at first Winny could not hear distinctly what she said. But she saw her go to her garments, and look for something uneasily among them, that she did not appear to be able to find.

"Not here! I could not have left that behind me! No, no. O, it is safe. As though I could lose that!" And there seemed to be a kind of low laugh, but Winny could not be sure if the faint sound really signified what she supposed. But she saw—with dilating eyes—what it was that had been missed, and found; it was the portrait of Mr. Dell; and she heard, with an emotion that threatened to unfit her for the calm observation she had resolved upon, the murmured words that now broke forth:—

"Had I not the right to love thee, before thou knewest another? Blame me not, then, if I love thee still! Cruel! Could I weigh, as in a balance, the respective measures of our affection, and say to thee, 'Dost thou love me as thy cousin only? Alas! I bear to thee the love of a wife!' Could I say that?—and yet not saying it—have I indeed lost thee for ever! Well, well, well—to sleep, and to forgetfulness! Cold! cold! and O, how weary!"

Winny thought now she would venture an experiment, in the hope of getting her to bed. She would try whether by a certain approximation to her, in tone of voice and manner, it would be possible to enter into relations with and influence her without breaking the sleep. So she said,—guarding against the least suddenness,—and in a tone at once as indifferent and as dreamy as she could assume,—

"Come, Grace, let me put you to bed!" But she knew not what frightened sentinels were still on guard, though for a moment overcome, within that conscience-

smitten brain; nor what cause they or their mistress had for the fearful watch they ever strove ceaselessly to keep up! Winny saw—while she held her breath in suspense—a change come over the frame. The rigidity relaxed, and was succeeded by tremors and shivering; tears slowly rolled down; the hands in half-unconsciousness were wrung as with secret anguish; spasm followed spasm, as though the very foundations of life would break up before relief came; then sighs, more tears, and a sudden lifting and animating of the whole frame—and Grace was awake. She looked round in the deepest horror, saying to herself, while still unaware of the presence of Mrs. Dell,

"O my God! What is this? Where have I been?"

"Grace!" And Grace heard, and turned, and glared, as with the eyes of some wild animal, raised by a spear-touch from its sleep; and then she dropped her eyes, and half turned away, and the blood swelled in those wrist-veins, and the strong, beautiful, but dangerous hands, quivered as with an instinct that could not be resisted; and voices were heard, though by her only, whispering, "She has listened to you in your sleep! If she goes away alive you are lost!" And Grace bent her head, and glanced furtively about, as if to learn if there were stirrers about, or neighbouring sounds; and she drew herself together, as for a spring,—but no—she resists, she suddenly knots her arms upon her breast, drops her head, and gives way to the long pent-up agony and distress, in hysterical laughter.

"Grace! Dearest!"

"Touch me not! No, no; I did not mean that. But you have surprised me—you have been listening?"

"Yes."

"And you dare to tell me so!" Again there was danger in those blood-shot orbs; but Mrs. Dell either knew it not, or cared not for it. She answered simply, with an earnestness that attested her truth,—

"Let me tell you all I know,—all I have heard. I saw a light burning in your room, and being restless myself, thought that I, that is, that we might comfort one another. You were not here when I came, but you returned just now through that door." Grace heard and began to understand her dreams.

"But that is not all?"

"No, I have learnt this instant that you have loved—perhaps still love—my husband!"

"And —"

"No, that is all."

"And you—now?"

"Have no fear—either of him, or of you."

"You mean—?"

"To keep your secret, if—if—"

"If what?"

"If you will only love me as well as you love him."

And Winny, waiting for no answer, threw her arms about Grace's neck, and cried over her, though herself so much younger, as a mother might cry over some supposed lost one regained in peace and honour. Grace did not respond, though the heavings of her heart seemed to Winny to give all the answer she desired.

"Kiss me!" at last murmured Winny; and she

put up her quivering lips, for she had dropped on her knees by Grace, and now felt as though the child and mother had exchanged, and taken more natural places. But Grace started up wildly, and exclaimed in hurried accents,—

"Go—go to bed. You will suffer for this and I too!"

"Not till I have seen you in bed first."

Grace looked at her—took hold of both her hands, and held her with a painful grip at arm's length, as though she would understand at once the mystery of that strong, loving, immovable soul in that feeble frame. All the instincts (or what she had been accustomed to believe to be instincts) of hatred, seemed to have rallied and concentrated for that one look, and to demand but some kind of food, or signal, or sign of answering malice, to run riot upon the prey; but the deep blue eyes, though moist with tears, were bright, open, shining, and full of love; and the black host, under their black banner, turned sullenly away, and left the hopeless, helpless, heart-broken commander to capitulate or surrender, as she pleased. Winny felt the grasp relax; then she trembled herself with the motion imparted to her by Grace's palsied limbs; and at last she heard, to her surprise, in strangely broken hollow tones, the question,—

"If I have wronged you—can you forgive?"

"O Grace, that I had but something to forgive you, that you might be sure of it!"

"But do you? See—I am not well, and scarcely know what I am doing. Perhaps a few hours hence we may laugh at all this!" Then Grace knelt, with a kind of passionate wilfulness, before Winny, making her sit the while, by holding her hands, and keeping her down on the chair. "Speak! Do you forgive me? Don't play with the words! God help us, we do sometimes play strangely with words—and with—other things—and find out too late, it is ourselves who have been the victims of the sport. Do you?" she demanded, almost fiercely, for the third time.

"I do,—God knows I do, with all my heart and soul, if indeed there is aught—"

"It is very cold, is it not?" asked Grace, interrupting her with a feeble, almost wailing voice.

"Yes, yes; now then into bed! O Grace, and you have been out in such a night as this with nothing on but your dressing-gown over your night-dress! And your feet—never was ice, surely, so cold!"

"Ay, but never mind, Winny; are we not all accurately compensated? Put your hand here—here, child, upon my brow. There's heat enough there, I think. Your touch is soft. It soothes me strangely. I feel as though I should sleep now. Winny, if one fancied one might never wake again, do you think one might then ask a blessing for another, without having any right to it for oneself?"

Winny thought she referred to Mr. Dell, and kissed her, as the best answer in full that she could give. But she added,—

"Yes, we will both join in that blessing."

"Winny, kiss me once more. I wonder if angels laugh or cry at your simplicity. Good night."

CHINA COOLIE TRADE.

THOSE who spell over the *Times*, word by word, as I am often glad to do, may have seen every fortnight or so lately among the West Indian news, notices of the arrival of ships from China at George-town, in Demerara (British Guiana), with cargoes of Chinese immigrants who have been induced to leave the "Flowery Land" to try their fortunes in the far West.

This emigration was begun last December, (the first ship, the *Whirlwind*, left Hong-Kong the day before Christmas-day,) and is carried on with the full sanction of the Chinese government, and under the immediate direction of the agent of the British government; so that we may be sure that none of the safeguards are neglected which our English law so jealously insists upon, in order to secure the safety, comfort, and well-being of those who find themselves under the protection of our flag. No English consul, or Master-attendant, will allow a ship to clear with passengers without carefully examining the contract under which they sail, to see that they are not cajoled into any unfair and one-sided bargain; nor without inspecting all the provisions made for them on board, so as to make sure that all the requirements of our law are complied with. This system of emigration must not be confounded therefore with that which has been going on for some years to the Havannah from different ports (*not English*) of China; the atrocities of which were so abominable as to call down the loudly-expressed reprobation of public opinion, so that some time ago it had almost run itself to a stand-still. The two things differ, as one may very truly say, *toto cælo*, as much as light and darkness do.

The agent of the government of British Guiana has established depôts in Canton and in Hong-Kong in which the intending "emigrants" (there is no irony in the use of the word here) are lodged and boarded, free of charge to themselves, until a ship is ready to take them to their new home. When I was in China last winter, the depôt in Hong-Kong was occupied exclusively by families, and, for the first time, I believe, it has been demonstrated by Mr. Austin that family and female emigration from China is feasible. No one believed it would be accomplished, there were so many prejudices, so many jealousies and fears to overcome; and it is only fair to say that the removal of these was in a great measure due to the influence of the Rev. W. Lobscheid, government inspector of Chinese schools at Hong-Kong, a German "Medical Missionary," as he calls himself.

Many of these families received large advances of money to enable them to make their purchases and arrangements before leaving their native land,—all received something,—yet no restraint was imposed upon them; they were free to come and go as they pleased; and if they had chosen to abscond, there was no means either of recovering the money advanced, or of inflicting any punishment upon them for their breach of faith. It is one of the most striking proofs of the confidence a promise made in the name of our government inspires, *even in China*, that in spite of the great distrust and alarm which the proceedings of the

Portuguese and Spanish slave dealers (I can use no other word) had begotten in the minds of the Chinamen about Canton, Whampoa, Macao, and Hong-Kong, so many were found ready to volunteer for emigration, and that so few desertions took place. Yet I saw one man, the head of a large family, receive an advance of more than a hundred and twenty dollars, which before he went on board was increased to over two hundred; a perfectly fabulous sum to a poor Chinese fisherman.

Each of the emigrants, over 14 or 16 years of age (I forget which), is entitled to receive twenty dollars as an advance before sailing, which is afterwards deducted from his earnings at the rate of one dollar a month. If he has a wife he gets twenty dollars more, which, as may be supposed, acts as a direct incentive to matrimony. Chinese courtship is a very unsentimental affair. It is all managed by the lover, or rather I should say *intending husband*, with the mother of the bride; who in consideration of a certain number of hard dollars (the dollar is *almighty* in China), hands over her daughter as a wife. Several marriages were precipitated by these twenty-dollar premiums, to my certain knowledge. What matter—Malthus himself would have given his approval to the matches; for in the land they were going to children are treasures indeed, those who have the most of them "shall not be ashamed when they meet the enemy in the gate," and it may be truly said that "blessed is the man that hath his quiver full of them."

Sometimes a "party" has two wives, and then he receives two premiums—one for each. Cases of this kind have occurred, though not often. The good people of Demerara forgot this polygamic custom of the Chinese in a little piece of legislation they prepared for their visitors; a most refreshing illustration of dear old John Bull's pertinacious adherence to his own ideas under all conditions and circumstances. "These heathen" and their wives were to be brought under our "dispensation" as soon as possible; a "Heathen Marriage Act" was accordingly prepared, and those couples who wished to do so were to come before a functionary and declare that they were man and wife; presto they were fixed, and our benignant law had taken them, as man and wife, under its fostering care. I don't know whether our Church was supposed to have admitted them into her bosom—at any rate all other wives became concubines, and their children illegitimate. Here lay one of the serious objections to the law, because by Chinese law the children of the second wife are legitimate, and it was monstrous to break in upon their custom at so delicate and important a point. All this will be remedied, however; and as the declaration is purely voluntary, the law in the mean time will probably remain, if not a dead letter, at any rate without practical effect. This is a digression however. To resume—the parent receives ten dollars for each child also, except for mere babies; and all these people are clothed and fed, and provided with a free passage to the colony to which they have agreed to go; and I may mention that large maps of the world have been prepared, with Chinese characters, on which the track of their long voyage is marked, so that they can plainly see how great a distance separates them from their future home.

Not the smallest coercion is exercised upon any of the emigrants. It would, of course, be madness to give advances to single men, between whom and the *depôt* there is no tie, but who can leave it when they choose. The temptation would be much too strong for a European even, and the "rest" of the Bank of England itself would soon be broken. As a rule, therefore, I believe no advance is made to such men until they are prepared to go on board to sail, but they are provided with two suits of clothing, and with an abundance of wholesome, and to them luxurious, food. The *depôt* at Canton is opened at eight in the morning, and closed at four in the afternoon; between those hours the inmates come and go as they please, but any one not within the walls at the latter hour must dine and sleep elsewhere. This is the only restraint to which they are subject.

Let us come now to the contract into which the people enter, and which they sign in duplicate before leaving. It is printed in English and Chinese characters, so that all may read it; and when we know that it has been prepared under the immediate direction of the agent of the British Government, himself an English gentleman, no one will hesitate to believe that its promises are *bonâ fide* what they appear to be, and that no verbal quibbling or deception is intended. Moreover, it is the special duty of the consul at a foreign port, and of the Master-attendant at Hong-Kong, to make himself sure that all the intending emigrants understand its contents; and so great is the horror all decent men have felt at being supposed in any way to countenance a shadow of what has gone on in the Coolie trade to Havannah, that I believe this duty has been in all cases most religiously and faithfully performed by our officials.

In point of fact, so far from seeking any undue advantage from the necessities or ignorance of the Chinaman, the contract is a highly advantageous one for him. The term for which he contracts to remain is five years, though he is at liberty to free himself at any time and return, by paying back a part of the fifty-five dollars for his passage, &c., more or less, in proportion to the duration of his stay. Nor is this privilege an illusory one, as any one who knows the high wages an industrious man may earn in British Guiana will testify; and which one fact may make clear to those who know nothing of the colony, viz., that at the races at George-town last April, when I was there, the man whose horse won the two chief stakes had been landed ten years before, a common chartered agricultural immigrant, without a farthing of his own.

The amount of wages guaranteed to the emigrant is four dollars a month, together with a house, garden, food, clothing, and last, and perhaps least, medical attendance when sick. I have myself visited these Chinese in their new homes in British Guiana, and can bear testimony to the good faith and kindly spirit in which the stipulations of their contract are carried out by the Government, and by the planters to whom the immigrants are allotted, under the enlightened and benevolent supervision of the Governor.

For this four dollars a certain specified amount of work is required daily (calculated to occupy about six easy hours), but it is found much more advantageous both to labourer and employer, to leave the former to piece-work, to work as much as he pleases, and to

earn as much as he can—the contract being, in point of fact, cancelled. An industrious man may then earn as much as twenty dollars a month; his family, perhaps, as much more; and those who have seen Chinamen at work “paddocking”^{*} in the worn-out alluvial gold-diggings of Australia, can speak for their steady, untiring industry, where even small gains follow their labour, and are proportioned to it.

Now, let it be remembered that such wages as I have spoken of are wholly unknown to labourers in China. I have seen Chinamen belonging to the classes from which the emigrants mainly come, working in Hong-Kong, in the blazing, overpowering heat of a July afternoon, carrying on bamboos swung upon their shoulders burdens which an unpractised Englishman could only move with difficulty; and they work thus from early morning till five or six o'clock in the afternoon. For this each Coolie would receive from two-and-a-half to three dollars a month, and would have to clothe and feed himself. He has nothing more to hope for. Contrast his condition with that of the fortunate emigrant in British Guiana, where even schools and schoolmasters (Chinese) have been provided for the children, and nothing has been left undone to secure the moral as well as the physical well-being of the labourer. I thought I had never seen a truer index of the quality of our English civilization than the manner and spirit in which those labourers are cared for. I believe that in its results it will be twice blessed—“blessing him that gives and him that takes;” and that while the condition of the Chinaman will be raised and improved, the colony will be benefited incalculably by the introduction of the most painstaking and industrious labourers in the world.

It will be interesting to many to learn that among the emigrants who left Hong-Kong last January for British Guiana, there was a considerable number of professing Christians. They had a preacher, and several “elders” among them, and their conduct altogether was highly encouraging, and of a nature to give much ground for hope in the future. I was in the ship in which they went to Demerara, and was greatly pleased, and, I must admit, not a little amused too sometimes, at what I saw. Their conduct was uniformly good and gentle—especially gentle. The preacher and the interpreter were both persons of peculiarly amiable natures, and their qualities seemed to be reflected upon the rest. Morning and evening they met together to hear one of their number read from the Bible, after which they sang a hymn and prayed. Their monosyllabic language is well adapted to give effect to the reading of the sacred book, and the sublime simplicity of the gospel narratives in our Version was, in sound at least, preserved in theirs. This service was never omitted in the heaviest weather. On Sundays a regular service was performed twice a day in due form, the preacher holding forth most fluently, and receiving the most decorous attention from his hearers. I never saw greater propriety of manner in any set of people.

It was, indeed, a sight on a fine Sunday morning to see the preacher and his chief “elders” in their arm chairs,

seated in great state upon the deck, with their clean white dresses (white is with Chinamen the equivalent of our respectable and canonical black), their heads newly shaven, and their tails neatly plaited, patterns of neatness and propriety. There they sat, with their large “pantomime” spectacles swinging didactically in their fingers, discoursing, as they evidently were, “of righteousness, goodness, and judgment to come.” The wave of the preacher’s hand as he conversed was an exposition of itself. It has been given to few men to be as good as he looked.

Then the singing—who shall attempt to describe it? It was the triumph of dissonance. When they began the amount of tune was infinitesimal, and this little almost immediately disappeared completely, the remainder of the performance consisting of a number of disjointed and discordant brays, which settled gradually down into fainter bleatings, each performer in the most wonderful manner managing to confine himself to a key which was very nearly, but not quite, the same as his neighbour’s. This exercise, I observed, always left them apparently much depressed and humbled in spirit, which, perhaps, is not to be wondered at. With this exception (and as vocal harmony is a weak point with Chinamen nothing was to be expected from them) the whole ceremony was most respectable, and from preacher down to the smallest member of his congregation, was evidently modelled on our dissenting congregational forms, and afforded a striking example of the Chinaman’s capacity of imitation.

The Christian families always said grace before meals, uncoiling their tails,[†] and holding their heads reverently down while one spoke. Human nature repeats itself everywhere. A long grace was as tiring to the *gracees* as I have observed it to be in England, and caused many wistful glances to be cast upon the meal it delayed. I was once greatly amused at the father and head of a large family, who had not followed the example of his wife and children, but remained in his original unconverted, unchristian state. He was either a cosmopolite, or was too idle and easy not to do in Rome as the Romans do, and so he usually uncoiled his tail with the rest, and bent his head while grace was being said. It is easy to uncoil the tail and bend the head. The cat changed into a lady behaved perfectly well till a mouse ran across the board. My old friend’s eyes always wandered pertinaciously on these occasions. One morning, as ill-luck would have it, something particularly nice was smoking too near him; the grace seemed unusually long; and his chopsticks stole out, first for one little piece, then for another and another, till at last the temptation overpowered him, and while the grace still went on he passed unconsciously into full play, and was discovered, when it was over, a long way ahead of the others, with some of the choicest morsels in his cup. Whether he afterwards became the subject of domestic discipline I know not—it is not unlikely; at any rate I didn’t see him do this again.

This old fellow was the very picture of a placid, easy, *dolce far niente*, tobacco-loving old man. His face always bore an expression of amiable *insouciance*. Let

* Removing the whole surface of a plot of ground, and washing the soil for gold, is called “paddocking” in the mining slang of Australia.

† Uncoiling the tail is, with a Chinaman, equivalent to removing the hat with us. It is a mark of rudeness, intentional or not, when a Chinaman addresses a superior with his tail coiled round his head.

what might happen to others, he kept undisturbed the even tenor of his way. Yet I heard that he had murdered several of his female children, and have no doubt he was quite ready to murder some more to-morrow. I believe a ferocity akin to this lurks universally in the Chinese character. Scratch a Chinaman ever so slightly you uncover the savage.

"Nature is sometimes hidden, seldom extinguished." It is ungracious to question the reality and depth of the change that may have taken place in these poor Chinese men and women. I might be inclined to doubt if the gospel of love, and above all of truth, had really found its home in a Chinaman's heart. We can but "faintly trust the larger hope." Yet, in any case, who can foretell what will be the ultimate result of the training of that little band, placed together as they now are on the banks of the distant Corantyn, under circumstances so favourable; where, in time, their faith may strengthen and become confirmed; and where they may be brought more fully under the civilising influences which are sure to arise from even an observance of the outward forms and practice of the Christian religion?

In dark contrast with what I have been describing stands the Coolie traffic which, for some years, has been going on between different ports of China and Cuba, but which, owing to the publicity that has been given to the atrocities committed by its agents, has now been brought nearly to a close. The blood of its victims cried from the ground, and the Chinese government was driven to interfere so vigorously, that the greatest difficulty was soon experienced by the Coolie dealers of Macao and Whampoa in obtaining men. Going up the Canton river last November, I saw at Whampoa the heads of nine "kidnappers" exposed in cages by the side of the river, and a little further on, at Blenheim Reach, eight more, as a warning to evil-doers; and in the *Hong-Kong Register*, last November, the statements of more than forty Chinamen were published, who had been entrapped and detained against their will on board the lorchas and ships at Whampoa, and had been liberated by the armed inspecting boats of the Chinese Mandarins. The extreme irritation and distrust which these proceedings had produced in the minds of Chinamen all along the southern coast of China, was the chief source of difficulty which the agent of the government of British Guiana had to contend against, at the commencement of his operations.

The incidents of the traffic have been of such a nature that it is some years since English ships have been engaged in it, for no English consul would permit the "free emigrants" to be transported against their will in an English ship, nor would he sanction such a one-sided contract as they are made, or induced, to sign. Most of the ships are American, the U. S. Consul at Whampoa or Canton having no scruple as to the legality of the traffic in the eye of his country's law, though his colleague at Shanghai publicly declared it to be illegal, and refused to countenance it. There were also some French, as well as German or Dutch ships, engaged. It was said last year, however, that the French authorities had refused to allow the traffic to proceed under French agency, or in French ships; and, certainly, when disturbances arose at Shanghai last August, produced by the proceedings that were daily taking place on board the French ship

Gertrude, then collecting a cargo of Coolies at that port, the French authorities set free all the Coolies on board, and soon afterwards the *Gertrude* herself was lying, in ballast, in the harbour of Hong-Kong. On the other hand, the *Charles Martel*, a French ship, left Macao last autumn for Havannah with about 900 Coolies on board, and I saw in a West Indian paper the news of her arrival, after having lost about 360 by death upon the passage!*

The subject has been too well discussed and ventilated in China to leave any further room for doubt, that every variety of trickery and deception, and even actual kidnapping by violence, have been used to obtain Coolies for the Havannah; and that torture and all kinds of cruelties have been practised to wring an unwilling consent from the victims sufficient to satisfy the forms of the Portuguese law.

The head-quarters of the Havannah Coolie trade is (I speak of what took place as late as last season) at Macao, where (to its shame be it spoken!) the Portuguese Government has connived at and encouraged proceedings it pretends to repress. At this convenient place the head-agents of the Havannah Coolie-dealers take up their quarters; and here are the barracoons, the human storehouses, in which the wretched Coolies are stored, after having been collected by the sub-agents at the different other ports, and sent on in lorchas to head-quarters. Most of the Coolie ships, accordingly, load at Macao, and take their departure thence with their lying freight. These barracoons, or private prisons, are under the surveillance of the Portuguese government. No one is supposed to be detained in them against his will; theoretically every one of the inmates has freely engaged himself to go to Havannah, and will be protected by the Portuguese law against any compulsion in this direction. Yet no one knows better than, I do not say the subordinate Portuguese officials merely, but the Governor of Macao himself, that men are every day (during "the season") detained in the barracoons against their will, and that, by a thousand illegal means, they are compelled to leave them for Havannah, also very sorely against their will. Numbers of men have disappeared suddenly from their families, and never been heard of again, men who were not at all likely to have absconded, and no doubt many such absentees have been "put through" in the Macao barracoons. Not long ago a number of Chinamen (20 or 30, I believe) engaged their passages for Singapore by a ship then lying in the roads of Macao, paying a considerable deposit, on account, to the agents of the ship. These men never appeared again, either to claim their passage, or to see about the deposit. This is most extraordinary conduct in a Chinaman, to whom money is more than a god, and parting with it a most painful process; and I doubt not that if the walls of some of the barracoons at Macao had tongues, they could give an explanation, and tell us what really became of these unfortunate men. Again, last November, the nephew of the Chinese *comprador* of a well-known resident at Hong-Kong was suddenly missing, and,

* It is worthy of note that the mortality during the voyage among about 2000 Chinese men, women (of all ages), and children, who were conveyed last season in English ships from Hong-Kong and Canton to British Guiana, was less than would have taken place, on an average, among an equal number of persons on shore.

strange to say, a keen Hong-Kong lawyer, employed for the purpose, after not a little obstruction, discovered the young man carefully immured in a barracoon at Macao!

Such cases are as plentiful as blackberries, though, if the Portuguese Government were really in earnest in removing the possibility of their occurrence, they could no more take place at Macao than they can at Hong-Kong; and certainly no one can believe that the Portuguese Governor is of all men the only one ignorant of what is going on almost under his very eyes, and that he has within his reach no clue to proceedings in which his own people are the most concerned.

The "discipline" of the barracoon is most severe when necessary. God knows what atrocities are practised in these places upon the unfortunate wretches who do not at once surrender their liberty. Chinese refinements of torture (see the *Times*, Aug. 2), together with plentiful castigation and light diet, soon subdue the most stubborn and refractory. On visiting a barracoon, however, a stranger sees but a small display of force; the keepers have the "ars celare artem," and it is only by conversing with those who have been behind the scenes, or with the victims themselves, that an idea of the truth can be got at.

The devil himself is not always so black as he is painted, however; and no doubt many men have declared that they have been seized and detained by violence, when in fact they have voluntarily taken their own blood-money from the keepers of the barracoons, and have sold themselves either to vex their relations,* or to rescue themselves from the immediate pressure of some difficulty. Still, enough remains to justify one in saying that the barracoons of Macao are a disgrace to the government under whose sanction they exist, and by whose connivance their enormities are practised.

In the *Times* of the 2nd August the subject of the Coolie trade in China is referred to, and some of the modes used by the dealers to obtain men are described. As I have just said, however, it is quite certain that all the men who have been shipped from China for the Havannah have not been taken against their will, but that a certain number have engaged themselves voluntarily. Men who have got themselves into a scrape, pecuniary or otherwise; homeless wretches, outcasts, the sweepings of a city like Canton; pirates "down on their luck;" many such are doubtless to be found who deliberately sell themselves to the Coolie dealers. They have several chances after all of regaining their freedom. In the first place they may be lucky enough to cut the throats of the crew of the Portuguese lorchas that is to take them to the barracoon at Macao. One Sunday afternoon, the 11th of August last year, as I was coming down the Canton river, near the Bocca Tigris, we met a steamer with one of these lorchas in tow, which she had found adrift, the crew lying about the decks with their throats cut. The lorchas had left Whampoa the evening before for Macao, and had got thus far when the Coolies managed to rise. They escaped to the mainland, and we could see numbers of them still there on the hills looking at us. Many of these men were recognised afterwards when they went back and sold themselves again to the dealers at Whampoa. They

would repeat this performance as often as they were allowed to do so. If the crew of the lorchas were too wide awake, however, and safely lodged them in the Macao barracoon, they have still another chance. Not in the barracoon, where their best policy will be to keep quiet, but in the ship in which they are afterwards to be despatched to Havannah. They may chance to take her, sell her and her stores at some port in the China Sea, and be again free men, with money in their pockets. Few Coolie ships pass through the China Sea without some such attempt being made or planned, though after the Straits of Sunda are well passed the Coolies feel themselves too far from home, and resign themselves to their fate.

I am sorry to say I had an opportunity of seeing an outbreak of this kind in a splendid American clipper-ship which left Macao last October, and was wrecked six days afterwards on a reef in the China Sea, when all the unhappy Coolies (852) as well as eighteen of the crew were drowned, one other of the crew dying afterwards from the hardships to which he had been exposed in the only boat which reached land, fourteen long days and nights after the wreck. The evening before the outbreak I remarked how cheerful the Chinamen seemed; and they were so well treated on board, whatever they may have been elsewhere, that I, not knowing as much as I do now, never dreamt of an outbreak being probable. The next morning, however, they managed to kill one of the guards, and rushed aft to kill us all. If they had been determined and confident men they must have succeeded. No matter, they did not succeed; and we found out afterwards that we were blessed with the presence of about 120 desperadoes, some of whom had been in the very lorchas I had met in the Canton river on that Sunday afternoon in August, and who were no doubt "voluntary emigrants;" who had been content to take their chance; to whom death in the friendly wave, or life in Havannah, was alike a matter of indifference. These were the ring-leaders, but I believe the very best of them all would have joined the mutineers if they had found things going hardly with us. Nor can I find it in my heart to blame them, for who would not strike for freedom? I discovered afterwards, through the Portuguese interpreter, that numbers of these unfortunate men had been deluded into the lorchas and barracoons, or on board ship, under all kinds of false pretence, and besides, that so many were there under the pressure of adverse circumstances, that it was not to be wondered at if they took advantage of every opportunity that presented itself of obtaining their freedom. One fine strong fellow, a man of 40, the head cook, had been a carpenter at Canton, where he had a wife and six children. For some time he was out of work, and though he had his suspicions, was glad to accept the offer of "a friend" to work on board the Fan-qui ship at Whampoa. He went on board there, was sold to the agent by his "friend," who threatened to cut his throat if he found him again on shore. So slight a protection does Chinese law give, that this strong able-bodied man, through fear, remained a prisoner on board, and eventually perished with the ship.

Another fine young fellow of five-and-twenty was the victim of "misplaced confidence." It seems that he and a friend had commenced a speculation which required rather more capital than they could muster.

* I have known a Chinese boy at Macao drown himself simply to vex his mother.

What easier than for Ho-a-ping to pawn himself (temporarily of course) to the barracoon at Macao? their speculation was sure to succeed, and then his friend could come, pay the charges of the keeper, and set Ho-a-ping free! Poor Ho-a-ping never saw or heard anything more of his friend, and so I suppose the speculation was a failure. Certainly he never left the barracoon again until he was taken from the inner harbour of Macao, a prisoner in the hold of a lorcha, and embarked, nilly-willy, for the Havannah. He, too, perished with the *Flora Temple*.

Gambling is a passion with the Chinese. The smallest children are inveterate gamblers, and gamble for their very tarts and sweetmeats. A Chinaman in a gambling-house, just "cleaned out," will be glad to sell himself for a few dollars. If he wins he pays the money back to the agent who has been in waiting for the purpose of lending on these terms. If he is again unlucky, and loses all, off he is marched to the barracoon. Numbers of Coolies for the Havannah have been obtained in this way.

Again, a needy Chinaman, say at Whampoa, without food, and without money to buy any, finds himself addressed by a sympathizing friend who commiserates his unfortunate condition. This friend, who seems to have dropped from heaven, has a heart to feel for another, and though poor himself will "stand" a little rice, and invites him to come and forget his sorrows in a smoke of opium. It is a bad world, he begins to suggest; China is not the place it was; he has a friend who went to the Havannah, and came back well pleased with what he saw. What if they both go to that happy land together. The bargain is struck—they will go there together. Off they set for the lorcha, our friend, Chinaman No. 1, waiting while his friend goes in to speak to the captain. He waits, his friend "speaks to the captain," takes the 20 dollars (more or less), which is the price given by the agents for a Coolie, clears out over the side, and when the fumes of the opium go off, our poor friend finds himself down below in the hold of a lorcha, a purchased slave. No one will ever discover what has become of him.

Sometimes three or four confederates are necessary to overcome the doubts of one poor wretch, and induce him to join the nice little party for Havannah. Away they all go on board, one goes in to receive the money, and then they clear out, leaving their dupe "sold," and not all his cries or protestations will avail him except he can repay on the spot the money his friends have received for him. Sometimes, in a case of this kind, one sharper than the rest, who has gone in "to speak" to the agent, has been known to sell his brother confederates as well as their victim. I should like to have seen the faces of these gentry when they discovered how they had been "sold." They have no help—there is nothing for it—over that ship's gangway might be inscribed for them *lasciate ogni speranza*; they must "grin and bear it."

Every kind of false pretence, and, in many cases, violence and threats, have been used to get men on board the lorchas and ships at Whampoa and other places, where the sub-agents of the head Coolie-dealers set up their depôts. All is fish that comes to their net.

They ask no questions. A man fancies he has taken a passage in a passenger boat to some place on the river, and finds himself carried a prisoner on board a lorcha; others are seized bodily, and if when alongside the ship or lorcha they do not promise to say they wish to go to Havannah, overboard they go, for they must not be let loose again on shore to tell the tale. This is no exaggeration—such things have been proved to have happened too often; and it was the heads of men who had been engaged in this occupation which were set up as a warning at Whampoa last November.

The superior agents in the Coolie trade shut their eyes to these abominations. They know perfectly what goes on and are content to profit by it. The lower agents rank about the same in guilt as Burke and Hare; the head agents are of equal criminality with those who received the dead bodies of their victims, knowing they had been murdered.

The contracts were for eight years, and expressly provided that the Coolie *should renounce an appeal* (under all circumstances) *to the laws which are enacted* (I do not say are *in force*) *in Cuba, for the protection of the labourer*. The wages were fixed at four dollars a month, to be suspended during sickness.

I have never been in Cuba, and cannot, therefore, speak from personal knowledge of the condition of the Coolie labourer there; but it is a significant fact, that so great has been the exasperation produced among the Chinese in Cuba by the treatment they receive there, that, in spite of the great value of labour, and the necessity of a continual introduction of "fresh blood," the Governor-General, some months ago, was compelled to prohibit any fresh importation of Chinese. He was right to do so, for, depend upon it, a day of retribution would have surely come, and was not far off.

This infamous traffic, and those who join in it, merit universal reprobation; while, on the contrary, the emigration which was begun last year between China and our colony of British Guiana deserves, and no doubt will receive, the approbation and good wishes of every enlightened Englishman.

A. P. C.

THE UPPER TEN THOUSAND.

A WRITER in the *Morning Post* has endeavoured to draw public attention to what he calls the growing demoralisation of the upper classes of society. It is well the effort should be made. We are very fond of writing about the poor—of showing up the poor—of letting all the world know how weak, how extravagant, how ignorant, how improvident they are; but, after all, poor people do but ape the follies of their betters. Fashions descend from the upper to the lower strata of society. If immorality be sanctioned by men and women in high life—if the members of the *beau monde* deem it no degradation to associate with the members of the *demi monde*—if painted Traviatas are to form objects of interest in circles where we have a right to expect better things, we may be sure that the low tone of thinking and feeling thus indicated will be imitated as a mark of

fashion by the vulgar many, and, in consequence, a blow will be given to virtue in every corner of the land. We know that there are extenuating circumstances on behalf of the upper classes to be pleaded. Work is the condition of healthy life; and Satan is sure to find some mischief for idle hands to do. A young man in the upper circles of society is in an unnatural position. He has nothing to do; he has money in abundance; in the flush of youth he is thrown loose upon town, and is the easy prey of men without honour and women without shame. What terrible things would come out if people pried as keenly into the faults and failings of the upper ten thousand as they do into those of mere plebeian flesh and blood! Horace Walpole tells us that in the upper ranks of life flourishes "the soil the vices love." We are aware that it was so in his day; and we fear in spite of the fact that our Court is a model of domestic virtue, and in spite of the fact that we can name some half-dozen of our young nobles who scorn delight, and live laborious days, who are an honour to that rank, and would confer honour on any rank, that it is so in our own day. It must be so, or the writer in the *Morning Post* would not have called attention to the tremendous nature of the evil, to the glaring manifestations of vice in Rotten Row, and the Opera-house, and the other haunts of fashion, nor lifted up a warning voice. The writer to whom we have alluded says: "We accuse the fine young English gentlemen of permitting, practising, and fostering a lax system of demeanour in public which is capable of producing very serious results on society. They are becoming much more emulous of making the acquaintance and frequenting the society, even in public, of certain persons—we find them riding with them in the parks, and scarcely avoiding the recognition of their more respectable friends—we see them descend from their mother's box at the Opera, to exchange persiflage with notorious individuals—we detect them rising from their chair in Rotten Row, by the side of Laïs and Aspasia, to chat with Lady Alice or Miss Fanny over the rail—in short, avoiding no opportunity of admitting, even in the presence of their nearest and dearest, an intimacy which at least should be concealed, and priding themselves, as it were—what a source of pride!—on that being the style they prefer, the tone that has the surest attraction for them. Can they possibly be blind to the evil of all this? can they not perceive that they must reflect back upon the society which they re-enter the tone which they acquire from such impure sources? and would they really wish their sisters and cousins to adopt such a hue? We fear such a hue is already not slow of adoption. We continually hear the remark that 'none but the fast girls get on,' and we know that nothing is more common now than for the 'fast girls' to be perfectly conversant with the persons, names, nicknames—even the personal habits and pursuits of their rivals. The only remedy for all this, we believe, rests with the heads of society themselves. We appeal to the *grandes dames* of England to sedulously set their faces against that which assuredly is a foul stain on our social system. They have the power, for fashion has weapons of surer avail than eloquence or even satire. Were half a dozen leading ladies to decline the acquaintance of, or refuse their hospitality to, those sinning in the manner we have been endeavouring to reprobate,

at the same time openly avowing the reasons for their conduct—were young ladies to consider, and show that they consider, it pollution to be included in the attentions vouchsafed to those whom they unfortunately cannot misunderstand, we should very soon find a more manly decency of demeanour, a purer tone of sentiment, characterising the lives of the rising generation. They would no longer openly court their mistresses in the presence of their sisters—no longer expose their impudent folly to the gaze of their mothers, or those who may one day be the mothers of their children. Such things were not done even under the dissolute sway of the Regent; they certainly should not be done in the respectable reign of Victoria." Now writers such as the author of the above do good, but they have all this failing, that they do not reach the core of the evil, that they but skim the surface lightly, and then pass on. The question is one we are not about to discuss in all its length and breadth, but we do think that no solution of it can be admitted as satisfactory that does not touch on the question of temperance. We believe that the drinking customs of society have very much improved, that downright drunkenness is unfashionable. In all refined and elegant circles it is admitted to be—

"A monster of such ugly mien
As to be hated needs but to be seen."

But there is an influence of wine more deadly and seductive than that of disgusting intoxication. There is the stimulus of the habitual use of wine, which in man or woman binds the reason as the Philistines did Samson, and which surrenders the soul an easy prey to the first gush of passion or the first allurements of sin. It is that which fires the blood. It is that which nurses young desire into an overpowering flame. It is that which precipitates from its lofty pinnacle, where it can see God's living glory, and hear God's living voice, down, down in regions dark and dolorous, much of the youth and manhood, and we fear we must write womanhood of England, never more again to rise. At dinners, at balls, at *re-unions*, at domestic celebrations, when the babe is born, when the heir comes of age, when he brings home his bride—indeed at every stage of his life, the wine-cup is quaffed, and the festivities partake of a Bacchanalian character. It is to this we trace much of the immorality and relaxed tone of thought and life of our upper classes. Much that we deplore is done when the doers of it are flushed with the stimulus of what they call generous wine. It has ever been so, and it will ever be so. No matter whether we have a George IV. on the throne or a Queen Victoria, so long as the upper classes sanction questionable customs of society, so long will they do things which moralists much deplore, and so long will the contagion of such evil deeds lower the tone of private and public thought and feeling. Another question also may be asked: why cannot ladies and gentlemen marry early and work hard? Poor people do so and get on; anything is better than immorality and debt. We are aware this doctrine finds little favour in high life, but when we see and hear of all the misery resulting from the fashionable doctrine, we are inclined to think common fellows' notions are soundest on this head. Bill

Smith, happy with his family, and getting his day's wages, is a happier sight than that of the Hon. Vernon Green, sucked dry by all the blackguards in Europe, and seeking the tender mercies of the Insolvent Court.

SUNDOWN.

A NOVEL.

By EDWARD COPPING, Author of "*Aspects of Paris*," &c.

[Continued from p. 249.]

CHAPTER XXX.

"HESTER," said George to his sister, as they sat at breakfast the day after that on which the scene of the preceding chapter had occurred, "what is the matter with Fred? He was pacing his room half the night, and when I went in to him this morning to ask the reason, he answered me so sharply and with such manifest irritation, that I was glad to beat a hasty retreat. Now, instead of coming to breakfast, he has gone out, I understand, without leaving any message as to when he is likely to return. What *can* be the matter with him?"

Hester, who, with coffee and rolls untasted before her, was entirely occupied with M. Guizot's Essay upon the unfortunate Jean Chapelain, and his luckless poem of La Pucelle, lifted up her eyes with an expression of blank inquiry, indicating that she had not heard the question addressed to her. George repeated it, a little hastily, for his sister's preoccupied manner and abstraction always vexed him, especially when displayed at meal times.

"I really know nothing to account for Fred's singularities," was Hester's unconcerned reply; "I noticed that he was very dull yesterday, and that he refused to go with us to see the *Festin de Pierre* in the evening. Perhaps he has a headache." And with this conjectural remark Hester plunged again into *Corneille et son Temps*, to make further acquaintance with the hero of Boileau's Satire.

But George's question had set her thinking, and now that she wished to enter again into the spirit of the essay before her, the way was closed, and her mind was compelled to go forth into another region of idea. The indifference she had at first felt respecting Fred gave place to a sentiment closely resembling anxiety. What was the cause of his unusual agitation? she asked herself. Was he chafing under the influence she exercised over him? Was he deploring the time and affection he had vainly lavished on her? She had become so accustomed to regard him as the mere creature of her will—a slave at the chariot wheels of her beauty and talent, that she could not picture him as emancipated from her domination without a sense of annoyance and humiliation. When, therefore, Fred returned from his walk about half an hour after George had left the breakfast table, Hester felt so much relieved by merely seeing him again that her spirits rose, and she accorded a specially gracious welcome to the truant.

"Why, cousin!" she said in her most seducing tones, and with her large expressive eyes inviting homage and

passion, "we began to think you had utterly deserted us this morning. Where have you been walking at this early hour?"

"I have been merely taking a stroll in the wood," he said in a manner so coldly civil that it closely bordered upon rudeness; and, without once raising his eyes or looking at her, he sat down and began to read a book. Hester saw, at once, that her recent apprehensions had been only too well justified, and that Fred had evidently resolved, for some cause of which she was ignorant, to shake off the fetters she had imposed upon him. But she was not to be discouraged by sullen words, or a repelling aspect; so, abating nothing of her seductive animation, she renewed the conversation.

"We really became very anxious about you," she remarked, trying, but in vain, to attract his gaze. "George said you had passed a bad night, and we both were afraid you were unwell. I hope such is not the case, and that you merely strolled out into the wood, this morning, to think over some more pretty verses for me."

"No, I had a bad headache, and was trying to walk it off; that's all," replied Fred, in the same tone as before.

"I'm very sorry to hear that. I trust it is nothing serious. It would never do for you to be ill again, you know, cousin."

Her manner was so pointed, and her solicitude so emphasized, that Fred was forced to call up all the bitterness of his nature as a safeguard against their influence.

"Oh, I'll take good care for *your* sake not to fall ill again," he replied in tones of cutting sarcasm. "When we are so fortunate as to possess kind and affectionate relatives we ought assuredly to study their feelings in all things."

There seemed to be so much irony and double meaning underlying the sense of these words, that even Hester herself was puzzled what reply to make to them. She soon, however, recovered her self-possession, and renewed the conversation.

"You speak bitterly this morning, cousin. I hope I have not offended you."

"You, Hester?" he exclaimed with spiteful eagerness. "Oh, no! how could you imagine me so presumptuous as to believe myself worth offending? No, no, I am far more modest than that."

"You are not yourself this morning, or you would never talk in such a strain. It is very unkind—very cruel of you to speak so unfeelingly to *me*."

"Oh, I ask your pardon, I'm sure, if I have wronged you," replied Fred with increased bitterness; "I would not for the world offend anybody with such a sympathetic and sensitive heart as you possess."

"This is ungenerous—this is unmanly. I never expected such treatment from *you*, cousin," she replied, her voice breaking as she spoke, and something like a tear beginning to glisten in her lustrous eyes.

"Hester, dearest Hester!" exclaimed Fred, unable any longer to maintain the tone he had hitherto assumed. "Forgive me, cousin, forgive me; I knew not what I said!" and, quite melted by her pathetic manner, he threw himself with trembling penitence at her feet.

"What have I said or done that you should treat

me so cruelly?" said Hester, her face now fairly hidden behind her handkerchief, though the tears had already passed away, and the heart was at rest.

"Nothing, dearest one, nothing. I was mad—I was foolish. Pray pardon me, or punish me if I am unworthy of forgiveness."

"To treat me as though I had deeply offended you, and without a word of explanation as to the cause of your coldness. It was very, very cruel of you," replied Hester, the lustrous eyes still veiled from his tearful gaze: "you for whom I have always entertained so much regard and esteem."

"You do not despise me, then," exclaimed Fred with passionate earnestness, his whole body quivering with agitation; "say that you do not despise me!—a word—a look—a single little smile, and you will make me happy for ever. Oh, Hester, dearest Hester!" and he feverishly grasped her hand, "my life has grown hateful and burdensome to me lately, for I thought I no longer occupied any place in your heart. You know I love you—fondly, madly love you; you know I worship the very ground upon which you tread; you know I would die a thousand times for your sake. Tell me if I may hope; tell me if I may end this wild uncertainty and racking doubt?"

The crisis had arrived. Fred, at last, had triumphed over his fears, and set free the great secret which had been so long imprisoned in his heart. Unprepared as she was for this passionate avowal, Hester at once felt that all further simulation would be useless now; that she must speak explicitly, and meet her cousin's open declaration by a confession of her own sentiments, such as would for ever afterwards define the limits of their future intimacy. The time for trifling had passed—she must be serious now, no matter at what cost to the poor suppliant at her feet. Gently withdrawing, therefore, her hand from his, she said in a low passionless voice, as though afraid lest by any excitement on her part she should increase his own,

"I have already told you, cousin, that I entertain for you the deepest esteem and true sisterly affection. If I have led you to suppose—"

She did well to pause, for there was no necessity to say more. The tone, rather than the words, revealed to Fred the utter hopelessness of his passion. All his colour at once passed away, all his wild agitation ceased. A chill of dejection and despair numbed his heart, and, rising from her feet, he sadly turned aside without a word, and without a sigh. Even Hester was touched by his silent uncomplaining sorrow, for she had feared that, excited as he was, her answer would have goaded him into fury all but ungovernable. She endeavoured, therefore, to soften the refusal she had given by increased kindness of tone and manner.

"I hope, cousin, we are still to be friends, notwithstanding what has occurred," she said; "it would grieve me very much were I to lose the regard of one whom I value and esteem so highly. Come! you must bear me no ill-will, but try to forget what has passed between us this morning."

"Forget!" he replied musingly, as though to himself; "yes, yes, I shall soon forget."

"And you will think no more of what has occurred, but continue to meet me as though nothing had happened?"

"Yes, yes," he answered; but it seemed by his abstracted manner as though he were replying to his own thoughts rather than to her questions.

"I was sure I might trust to your good feelings. Let us shake hands and be friends once more."

She held out her hand warmly and temptingly, as though inviting a caress. Fred took it almost mechanically, but his touch was so light as to be scarcely perceptible. She was a little annoyed by the strange coldness and indifference which had so suddenly taken possession of him, but maintained her kindly and sympathetic manner exactly as before.

"There!" she exclaimed in her gayest and most winning tones, "all is forgotten, and we are friends again. And now, cousin, you promised to make no difference in your behaviour to me. I am going, therefore, to put your fidelity to the test at once. We intend to take a little trip out of town this afternoon—you will not object to join our party?"

There was something so heartless in this attempt to lure the poor fellow back to the hopeless servitude from which he was at last escaping, that had Fred resented it with bitterness and scorn, Hester could scarcely have felt surprised. But he made no reply whatever to her invitation, too abased, as it seemed, in spirit, and too crushed in heart, to offer any opposition to her plans. So she construed his silence into consent, and pleased at her easy victory went on more gaily than ever.

"You must come, cousin; it will be a distraction for you. We are sure to have a pleasant party—your friend, Dr. Lanfrey, is to join us: indeed, we are going to see some acquaintances of his, and take dinner in their garden at Creteil, on the banks of the Marne."

At the mention of Dr. Lanfrey Fred started, and the colour flew back to his cheeks. The name roused him from his moral torpor, as the sting of a serpent might have roused him from sleep. In an instant his heart, frozen, as it seemed, in its own cold dejection, ran with the burning lava of rage and jealousy, as he stood erect with the fire of fever in his eye, and a scoffing reckless gaiety in his whole bearing.

"Oh, Dr. Lanfrey is to be of the party, is he?" exclaimed the excited young man, with almost savage merriment, "then, of course, I will go. Ha, ha! a capital fellow, Lanfrey! One of the best of men. I could not feel a greater affection for him if he were my own brother. It will be delightful. We can go boating, too, on the Marne. Capital! Here, Ruth," and he called aloud with noisy eagerness to his sister, who entered the room at that moment; "Hester has invited me to go on a country excursion this afternoon, with her and Lanfrey—won't it be delightful?"

Ruth saw at a glance by what dangerous excitement he was animated, and only too rightly divined its cause. Forgetting, therefore, the cruel words he had spoken to her at their last interview, she approached him with loving kindness in her glance, and took his hand. "Fred," she said, "you are not well. You are feverish. Do not go out to-day."

"Ill! feverish!" he replied quickly! "Nonsense! I never was better in my life. Why, I have n't been in such high spirits for months. I could laugh from mere excess of happiness," and he did laugh; but even Hester shuddered as she heard him.

"Do not go out this afternoon, dear Fred," said Ruth, endeavouring, but in vain, to fix his restless gaze. "Do not go, I implore you—I entreat you—stop at home to-day with me."

But he was utterly deaf to her appeal, and laughed away her importunities with discordant merriment.

"Stop at home, Ruth!" he cried, with the same ominous excitement of manner, "I cannot think of it. You forget that Lanfrey is to be of the party. We shall have a delightful little trip. When do we start, Hester? I'm all anxiety to be off at once."

And with a harsh and reckless laugh, such as springs from the very depths of heart bitterness and disappointed love, he hurried from the room to prepare for departure.

[To be continued.]

LEAVES FROM AN OXFORD PORTFOLIO.

LEAF II.—THE FIRST TERM.

My last "leaf" treated of my impressions on first visiting Oxford, and described Magdalene Chapel. Strangely enough, in the same No. of the "National," some unknown sympathizer described the same chapel and its service, in exactly parallel strains. I shake hands with him, and salute him through these pages, and hail a fellow mind.

One more word about "Leaf I." ere I proceed to its heir. I write a bad hand, and puzzle printers; but—that I may not seem to Oxford men a mere pretender to knowledge of our Cloistered City—I must remark that what is printed "Town Mead" was written "Tom Quad;"—also request the reader to put "Cadmium" for "Caducium" berries,—to give "New Tower" a large "N,"—and to read "should" for "&c." in coming out of the Chapel.

And now it is the first of February, and I have arrived at Oxford once more. My luggage, rescued from the mass of boxes, and dragged through the mob of undergrads, is taken from the cab, and landed at the College gate; and I await, with curiosity, my introduction to my rooms. The fat and solemn porter consults his directions, and I follow his guiding steps, and arrive at "staircase 3, No. 27." The rooms are not my ideal of comfort;—the door smashed through, the carpet in tatters, the paper on the wall absolutely riddled with nail-holes, relics of many generations of prints. But, ere many days have passed, these little evils are remedied, and from the newly-clad walls the saintly forms of Ary Scheffer's mind, and the complete poems of Millais' creation, rest and content the eye and the heart.

When left alone in my room, I lean out of the window, and muse. My Oxford life has indeed begun, and I look out upon the Oxford Towers and castellated Quads in their winter dress of snow. The large flakes sink in perfect silence and in endless twining confusion before my eyes, and dazzle them. Now they seem quiet and fall soberly; anon a sudden air makes them dart in one direction like startled minnows; again they twist and turn, and pass and repass, as busy, as thronging, as the

myriad race of men, and, like these, amid their dancing, and busy rushing, and contemplative quiet, tending, through all, to the inevitable ground.

Snow in the country is lovely, and it is beautiful to watch the weird flakes wander among the bare branches in the wood, as though the ghosts of the fallen leaves were thronging down to haunt the deserted abodes of their summer dance and glee; but in a city, and especially in one wherein are old gray buildings, pinnacles and spires, the loveliness of the snow is as great, though different. And I watched the fairy flakes, clinging to every ledge and uneven spot on the dark stone; edging the walls like silver moss, and capping the turrets, like moonbeams left behind by their mistress, and lingering into the leaden light of the winter day. In a fretted niche stood, in dark stone, a Virgin and Child; the piled snow made her a pure stole, and rested on the child, and made the folds of the drapery distinct; and I watched it accumulate, and wreath the tracery round the dark niche with white glory; and indeed the picture was becoming more and more perfect, till a quaint old jackdaw settled on her shoulders, and sent down the heaped snow in a silver shower, and looked, with his cropped head on one side,—the old Puritan,—sagaciously at me.

I left my room, however, and sought out my friend, and, under his guidance, procured a cap, and the strip of black, called by courtesy a gown, which poor Oxford undergraduates must wear, unless they can claim the scholar's robe. A year or two ago, by the way, some sensible Proctors endeavoured to change this scare-crow scrap for a decent gown, and thereby to meet the wishes of the men, and to improve the appearance of the whole University; but other sager dons negatived the proposal,—for these weighty reasons, and these alone,—that the *men wished* for the change, and that their fathers and grandfathers had worn the scanty rag! Thus might an ancient Briton have argued for the blue pattern on his skin, against unreasonable promoters of more voluminous apparel, with logic as good as that of these Oxford sages,—for had not all *his* ancestors dyed themselves blue, and why should shirts and trousers be forced on his reluctant person?

I was now in cap and gown, the Proctors I knew by sight, but I had some doubt as to whether a Bedell, who met me in a huge cap shaped like a cheese-cutter, might not be the Vice-Chancellor, and some little apprehension of making somehow some absurd mistake haunts the mind a little for the first few days, until the times for "beaver," and for cap and gown, and such other little local customs, are "got up." A fellow-freshman, for instance, went not only down the river, but down to the bottom of it, in full academical attire, and excited some astonishment in the mind of the boatman who rescued him in a garb before unknown to the fishes of the Isis.

It was amusing, when I had settled down in my rooms, to study the different youths who came to call on the "Freshman." The first came in on the evening of my arrival, while I was yet unpacking, and, as he often reminded me appealingly afterwards, "lent me a candle the first night." A comical fellow was Harry Cobb, with a rare genius for getting into rows—with Proctors especially—some of which rows I purpose to detail hereafter. One man, at the sight of Tennyson's

volumes on my shelves, hailed me as a kindred spirit, and an ally against rebels to the great Laureate's rule. He became afterwards one of my dearest friends, and is so still, now Oxford days are past, and we are brother clergymen.

Applicants for boating and cricket subscriptions alternated with pleaders for the terminal half-crown for different societies; which latter appeals are not made in vain; and I believe that some £500 per annum is thus gathered from much thoughtless expenditure for four or five societies alone.

The next rooms to mine were as yet untenanted, and I was rather anxious, on hearing that a new arrival was about to fill the gap, as to what description of neighbour I might acquire. A man who is beginning the cornopean; or one who practises with a pistol at the pattern of the paper on his wall; or who keeps up large supper-parties most part of the night, ending by a sally forth against the security of his neighbour's oak, especially if that neighbour be a reading man; or one with a loud shrill voice, who amuses himself by singing airs from the operas with ceaseless diligence—none of these is quite what I should have chosen for the inmate of the next rooms, yet to any one of these nuisances I might be exposed. One comfort was, that a crying baby could not be added to the list of possible grievances in Oxford rooms.

My scout, an honest, venerable, white-headed old man, announced to me the new arrival one morning by requesting me to lend him some tea and sugar. Caution prevailed over hospitality, and I sent the supplies without inviting my neighbour to come and share with me, for I was anxious to see something of him before I entered on an intimacy. I saw him in chapel,—he was six feet high, his nose was somewhat large, but otherwise there seemed nothing objectionable in his appearance. But all day long this tall man *would* read out loud in his room, a kind of habit which had not entered into my catalogue of apprehensions. This fidgetted me terribly, as, of course, only a monotonous droning, as of a steam-engine threshing out corn, reached my ears, varied at intervals, however, by artillery bursts from that portentous nose. The volume of sound that this member had at command was astonishing; I half jumped out of my chair when a sudden peal rent the shrinking atmosphere of my room, and I began to think that the stoutest nerves could never stand such frequent shocks, when undermined by the ceaseless mutter of reading that filled up the pauses between each volley. I felt quite cross in time, and meeting my neighbour at the lecture door I remonstrated as to the reading—the nose I did not touch.

He apologized, and alleged loneliness as an excuse, and my heart rather smote me for having interfered. And when afterwards I met him at breakfast in a friend's rooms, and, at another time, discussed a pigeon pie in his own, and in time, and in various ways, got to know him, I found that the sonorous quality of his reading, and the mighty quarry blasts of his nose, were soon forgotten, or even became pleasant sounds to one who knew the largeness of his heart, and the gentleness of his character; and afterwards, when I loved and valued one who is now my brother, having married "a daughter of our house," I had many a laugh with him over

the music which had heralded his march into my heart. His monotonous reading, too, soon ceased, for he was soon a general favourite in the College, and lonely no longer. I shuddered a little when he announced to me that he was going to send for a piano, not knowing whether the torture of "Exercises for the Pianoforte," or the slow agony of "Scales," might not become the dreadful lot of my ears. But Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words," and Beethoven's "Sonatas," played with the touch of a master, and the feeling of one who could and did understand and appreciate the exquisite masterpieces, soon made me ashamed of my fears, and changed apprehension into admiration; nor, indeed, were pieces of his own composing unworthy to alternate with even these glorious melodies. Beethoven's "Sonata Pathétique," and the duett between the bass and treble, from the "Songs without Words," were the first pieces that charmed my soul from that piano; the latter—one of the most perfect love-poems ever composed, expressing all the strength, and sweetness, and depth of Man's character, answering to all that is trusting, and gentle, and exquisite in the Woman treble that replies.

After a hard day's reading in the after-terms, just when he fancied my wearied head was laid on its pillow, he would often go to the piano, and soothe my tired senses, and summon rest to my busy mind, and I would sink to sleep surrounded by an atmosphere of sweet sounds that fanned with angel wings my hot and tired brain.

His room and mine are among the old haunts among which memory best loves to linger, and I can still shut my eyes, and fancy myself in his easy chair, with his grave face towards the piano, and all the attendant spirits of melody that waited at his beck and obeyed his summons, making the hour delicious, and banishing anxiety and care.

And now I go down for the Vacation, and next time I meet my readers I shall be a Freshman no longer, and the summer will have come.

V. I. R.

THE FIRESIDE.

My room is warm, my lamp burns bright,
I'm sitting here alone;
It is a cold and dreary night,
And sad the wild winds moan.

Why am I sitting thus alone?
Is my heart now filled with sorrow?
What am I waiting, watching for?
The coming of the morrow?

My books are piled upon the shelf,
My drawings all laid by;
I'm sitting in the old arm-chair,
And gazing at the sky.

My eye is fixed upon a star,
Now shining from above;
It is the star of "other days"—
The star I now do love.

This lonely star I view to-night,
I oft have watched before ;
And as it shines as brightly now
As in the days of yore,

It 'minds me of myself so lone—
Of one that 's far away,
Whose friendship burns as brightly now
As at an earlier day.

MAUDE HERAPATH.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

How the lapse of a few years alters the aspect of things and places ! When I first went down to Herapath Hall, we were two days and a night upon the journey, by the "fast coach" of those days. Last week it occupied but five hours. I might have seen the sun rise over London next morning had I been so minded ; but there was a miserable satisfaction in wandering about the old place, gloomy and forsaken as it is.

Very different to when I first saw it—the bright fires crackling on the hearths, the merry voices of children ringing from the old walls : cold, and neglected, and cheerless they are now ; the very terraces and flower-beds run to wilderness ; the croak of the raven and melancholy cry of the lapwing have taken the place of the nightingale and blackbird ; the greenhouse covered with moss, tangled in weeds—and that fearful avenue !

They have all passed away who once peopled it with life and gaiety, all scattered up and down the world, who shall say where ?

When I knew Herapath the family consisted of six, besides the parents. Herne Herapath was a widower with a son and daughter, when he married the widow of his cousin, who had one child, Maude. The rest, a son of sixteen, and the younger twins, to whom I was engaged as tutor, were born since the last marriage.

The father was a stern, unbending disciplinarian, strict in observances, from the minutest point of honour to the smallest conventionalisms, though little of the outer world reached Herapath.

A greater contrast could hardly be found than that presented by him and his wife ; she was all gentleness and yielding, and one might easily believe how, before the gloominess of his character had overshadowed her, her sweet disposition had made sunshine wherever she appeared. Even now it had power to disperse the chill of his presence in the house, and many a harsh sentence of his on some unlucky offender, has been lightened by the honey-dew of her soothing words.

But one gnarled thread could not mar the unity of a web where all else was lovely. What happy times were these ! Looking back now at the peace and purity of the life in that happy home, I almost repining ask myself why was it so permitted, only to make what came afterwards more horrible by contrast ? But we question blindly of such matters.

The eldest son was, at the time of my arrival, absent with his regiment ; during the time I saw him at Herapath he seemed to inherit the stern disposition of his

father ; the rest were kind, good-hearted, ordinary characters—the two elder much attached to their step-mother and the younger children ; but the life of the old house, the very spirit of joyousness, was sweet Maude, whom every one loved and petted, down to the lowest house servant. Even the unbending father had oftener a smile for his sunny-hearted step-daughter than for any other of the household.

What tender cares, and little thoughtful ways, she had for every one : quick to observe the smallest want, and anticipate a desire even before it was spoken. She lived less in herself than others, I am certain. I have met women far more beautiful, more gifted with grace, spirit, and accomplishments ; but never one so excelling in the power of attaching hearts. I have really wondered whether there do not exist around such natures an atmosphere of attraction ! I have wondered, how often ! whether I did not love Maude Herapath with another love than others, in spite of the difference in our condition. Yet, if so, could I have known the horrible truth and lived ?

I remember still some of her artful kindnesses—her cunningly-devised home surprises for the pleasure of her brothers, and indeed of us all.

In the warm summer evenings, when the sun lingered in the west, and scholars and teacher alike wearied of the books, how often the white dress flitting past the windows has been to us the sign of relief, and the golden-ringed head peeped in with the welcome invitation to a refreshing meal laid out under the shade of the old trees, dressed with fruit and flowers, and arranged by her hands so temptingly a sick man must have eaten—and was ever the taste of one, the whim of another, the prejudice of a third unattended to ?

If a birthday fête or a childish anniversary seemed likely to be overlooked, it was Maude rescued it from oblivion, dressed it in due dignity, and just as the young heart was swelling with sense of neglect, restored to smiles and rejoicing its owner. Did a head or a tooth ache—was wound, or sprain, or bruise, the result of some boyish foray, who but Maude received the sufferer, soothed his complaints, administered the healing drug or balsam, and hushed her own mirthful voice and laughter in sympathy with the pain she seemed to share. How often has a disgraced servant owed his pardon and recall to the intervention of the kind girl, who, in the cause of justice became bold, even to the facing of the terrible step-father in his own grim domain of the oak study, looking out upon the black northern hills crowned with firs, where the drifted snow lay white, and slowly melted only before the June sun.

I stood in that study yesterday ; the dust was thick upon the windows, and as with difficulty I opened one, the brambles which straggled wide upon the terrace sprang in and trailed upon the floor, and among them, smothered in their savage embrace, a dwindled spray of the honeysuckle it used to be her care to train upon the balustrade which faced the corner of my little window next to his, where, sitting one soft spring evening, I heard that sweet voice pleading for myself, who had unwittingly given cause of offence to the stern master of the house by overstaying, by a day, my leave of absence, and had thereby incurred my dismissal.

I had not appealed against the decision—a feeling

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THE GOLDEN AGE.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

OUR artist has indulged in a dream. He is far away from the smoke of cities and the haunts of men. He sees man, and woman his helpmate, as they were in the dim dawn of the world's history. We involuntarily exclaim—

"Oh, Love! in such a wilderness as this,
Where transport and security entwine,
Here is the empire of thy perfect bliss,
And here thou art a god indeed divine;
Here shall no forms abridge, no hours confine,
The views, the walks, that boundless joy inspire."

of pride at the injustice of the sentence had deterred me, though bitter enough it was; but she, sweet Maude, had understood it all. I seemed to live that hour over again, standing at the time-stained window, looking out upon the deserted gardens and the dark hills, over which the cloud shadows were hurrying. I seemed to hear the sweet voice, and remembered the very words—

"His mother is very old, papa, and he has a blind sister, it will so grieve them; he is sorry, I know, papa, that he offended you—"

"He broke a rule of mine, Maude; he knew it well enough—"

"Next time, father dear. If he ever offends you again I will not ask you; but this once, father, only this once." And then, as her voice stopped, I knew how she would be looking up into his face, and how its sternness would struggle in vain before those deep pleading eyes.

"You will forgive, father?"

Oh God! that a time should come when there were none to ask forgiveness for *her*—when the voice which had pled for others became powerless in its own defence.

I staid at Herapath—staid to learn yet more fully the worth and loveliness of dear, beautiful Maude. Both she and her sister at first shared a certain portion of their brother's studies; but in a few months these were discontinued, and much of our quiet life broken in upon by the arrival of a visitor at Herapath, the affianced of the elder sister, Blanche.

Then I learned that this had been a destined match since the childhood of the young lady, who was some eighteen years younger than the bridegroom. He, but recently returned from abroad, was a man of the world, attached to its gaieties and pleasures, and seemed strangely out of place among the simple happiness of our sylvan home.

Yet, strange to say, all seemed taken with him, myself and Maude the only exceptions. Handsome, of good presence and fascinating manners, he possessed the art of rendering himself agreeable alike to all. With the freedom and condescension that charmed even the dependents, he never forgot the punctilious etiquette which made way with fastidious Herne; the studious display of affectionate gallantry had won the affections of his intended bride before she was, I believe, herself aware; and the lads were full of wonderful tales of their new companion, who could shoot, run, leap, and row with the same ease that distinguished him in quieter pursuits by the side of the ladies.

I was now almost a recluse in my little study; it was holiday at Herapath. Fortunes and lands were to be united, as well as hearts, in the match; the father was no less to be congratulated than the pair, and all shared the joy of the occasion. Maude was the only

one who would now and again break in upon my solitude, when the rest were away upon some gay expedition, or entertaining the guests who now visited more frequently the Hall. In the quiet evenings she would join me at the window, from the long ramble over hill and dale—book in hand, or from some errand of charity to the poor village, or, bow and quiver at her side, from a solitary expedition to the now deserted field where our targets stood.

"I must accustom myself to this," she would say, "for when Blanche has gone I shall be so much alone."

By degrees I got to accompany her in her rambles when she could escape; but her father, with a sense of what was due to his guests, insisted upon her presence on most occasions.

Even my position in the family did not shelter me from what was far from being appreciated as an honour—the taking share in these festivities. I could not repress a feeling, which I still felt to be groundless, of dislike to the new member about to favour Herapath with his alliance. It was strange, unjust—I acknowledged it to myself; a man so universally admired. I endeavoured, with all sincerity, to shake off the impression; but it was not to be done. It was, perhaps, more excusable in my case than in that of Maude, who evidently shared the feeling; for while, in his manner to me, there was the slightest possible shade of dislike and haughtiness conveyed, to the beautiful girl his partiality was marked by even more than admiration of her grace and sweetness.

"I almost wish he were not to be Blanche's husband," she said one day, when we had been speaking of him; "I do not like him as I ought, and I can't pretend. I get away whenever I can, for I fear my dislike may show itself in some way, and I would not for the world vex Blanche, or anger my father; and the worst of it is I can give no reason for my antipathy. Yet I cannot like him—I never shall, and you seem to fancy him no better."

I could not disown my feelings, though I was able to give no better reason for them. I believed in my own mind that Maude had some more substantial reason for her aversion than she was willing to confess; but the subject was not a pleasant one, and it dropped.

The days passed; that of the marriage came and went. Quiet old Herapath was itself again; quieter—even lonely—by the contrast, though but one of our little circle was gone.

After awhile all fell back into its old routine. Bright-eyed Maude accompanied us a little less frequently upon our longest rambles, being more by her mother's side than formerly—that was all. We had our hours of study, recreation, enjoyment, and merriment alike; and when, as happened twice, the sombre master-spirit ab-

sented himself for a short time on a visit to his son-in-law and daughter, the reins of authority slackened to give us a brief breathing time, of which we availed ourselves joyously enough.

Another year rolled away, in such a quiet, peaceful life, I sometimes amused myself idly in speculating what event would next occur to break its delicious monotony. Little did I dream of the horrors that awaited the very actors in it.

The mistress of Herapath was called on to preside at the birth of a grandson. Both she and her husband were absent a couple of months, he returning first, and, at his request, Maude then went on a visit to her sister. At the end of a few weeks Mrs. Herapath returned alone. The husband of Blanche was from home, upon some affairs; Blanche, not yet very strong, begged so hard for the company of her sister, that Maude consented to stay, rather, it seemed, against her own inclination.

How we missed her at Herapath! There was not a servant in the kitchens, not a dog in the yard, but I believe felt the loss of the sunshiny spirit that had so long flitted amongst us, and joined in the jubilee of rejoicing which welcomed her home; the school-room had an especial holiday on the occasion.

But it was not our darling that returned; we soon knew that. True, the sweet face met us with its old smiles, but it was plain she returned our greetings with an effort. These over, she relapsed into silence;—she was evidently glad to be once more at home, but she made no haste to revisit her favourite haunts. She was pale and depressed; there was an expression of anxiety which, as she once or twice saw me gazing at her, deepened into terror. But all were so delighted to see her that no one noticed the change, with the exception of her mother, whose eyes I saw turn inquiringly upon her child, though she made no observation.

The days passed on; Maude resumed her usual occupation, but not her childlike gaiety. The sunshine was all gone, the merry song and ringing laughter were no longer heard; her light foot went wearily about her little household duties; more than once I heard a half-smothered sigh break out when alone. As she sat reading, the book would drop from her hand to her lap, and insensibly her eyes, wandering out to the distant landscape, filled with tears; which, as they fell, would startle her to hastily wipe them away, and look around with a look of dread, lest she had attracted the notice of any present.

At times a sudden interval would appear when the old habits were resumed, and a burst of sunshine would gleam out to gladden all hearts; but the gloom that followed only appeared the more terrible by contrast.

I recalled her, as I stood at that lone window, in the gathering twilight, the other evening—how, as night drew on, standing there, I have seen her white dress glancing in sight over the dark hill-side; how I watched her coming nearer and nearer, her hands clasped and hanging down, her eyes turned to the ground, or fixed upon the solitary star coldly glittering on the moor, and I shrunk out of sight as she approached, for I knew she avoided me, and invariably declined my escort in her lonely walks. She never followed now the pleasant strolls we had been used to take, but chose the wild heath, or dark river-side, or barren hills. For

my part I always watched anxiously for her return, nor ever rested till I knew her to be safe within doors closed for the night.

Still I saw her mother watched her with anxiety equal to my own, yet even her tender care seemed to have ascertained nothing, as I judged from the silent eagerness with which she followed Maude's every movement, without seeming to do it.

One lovely night in September the still repose of the earth and sky tempted me to a longer ramble than I had intended. I had taken a path I had often trodden in company with my dear pupil, and thinking of the past, wondering would it ever be renewed, endeavouring to account, by any possible cause, for her altered manner, I had forgotten everything else.

It must have been very late; all seemed to have retired when I entered the house by the glass door from the terrace into my own study, where a shaded lamp burned low. Everything was still, and I moved cautiously, not to disturb the sleeping household.

I had reached a book, and was seating myself for a few moments ere retiring, when I started, as the deep voice of Herne Herapath broke the stillness close upon my ear, from the adjoining chamber, in tones of violent reproach.

I failed to catch the meaning of his first words, though the concentrated rage, that yet seemed hushed for fear of exposure, thrilled through every nerve. I understood only that he was reviling some one with all the savage bitterness of which he was capable. Then came the gentle voice of his wife interposing between him and the object of his anger, whose sobs I heard in the short intervals of Herne's wrath.

I rose to close the window, for I had no desire to be an involuntary sharer in any private conference—some domestic in disgrace, or family dispute, as I supposed—but ere I had made two steps, the words which met my ear arrested me; I remained fixed to the spot, and heard what thrilled my very soul with horror.

I spare you his words, the cruel questions, the bitter remarks which told the tale; made even more horrible by the unnatural calm with which he veiled his fury and passed the fearful sentence.

As briefly as may be let me relate the sickening truth.

The husband of Blanche, as I have already said, was a man by whom the pleasures of the table were held dear. In her married home that soon became familiar to the bride, which at Herapath would have been deemed excess.

Once, while at Herapath, it seems he had dared to address Maude in a manner unbecoming his position with her sister. She had resented with indignation his conduct, though she had refrained from exposing him; hence the girl's unwillingness to make the visit, and only that he was absent she had consented.

He returned; then Maude would have returned home, but her sweet temper and obliging nature had endeared all to her. It was who should show her most attention. Blanche with tears entreated her stay, and the sister, dreading to give rise even to suspicions in the dear invalid, deferred from day to day her departure—still avoiding her unworthy brother-in-law on every occasion.

To brutal passions unused to control, stimulated even by indulgence and excess, the persistence of her behaviour only was fresh inducement. He was resolved, but he knew his victim; he dissembled, feigned indifference—even silently acted repentance and regret for what had passed. The hapless child was deceived into security. Alas! in what words can I relate how, in one fatal hour, she—unsuspecting, terrified, alone—fell a prey to the brutality of the wine-flushed libertine!

Such was the tale—wrung out by half accusations, half broken-hearted tearful confessions—which I learned, and how, dreading the effect of its knowledge upon her sister, the miserable girl had borne in silence the agony of her unnatural secret, wasting in the fever of a concealment, which—climax of horror!—would soon become impossible. All this I heard. Listening—the very life congealing in my veins—to the broken sobs and murmured anguish of the sweet voice I had so often heard in gladness, or mercifully suing for others. And there was none to speak for her!—None,—when she at the feet of her stern judge and parent was repulsed with a slow deliberate curse, when he took the awful oath not to punish the base betrayer of innocence, who had outraged kinship and hospitality—but to preserve at all cost the family honour, to bury his crime, and cover up the secret, though she should be the sacrifice. None,—while in the still night his words fell horribly distinct, calm, and cold, passing sentence upon her,—when she unresisting pledged to him her word that she would comply, nor by word nor deed show sign of dissent from his will. I heard the trembling voice faintly, slowly utter the words which sealed her fate,—this poor child, who had gained pardon for so many, who had never thought or asked for pleasure or indulgence for herself, whose whole brief life had been passed in giving happiness to others—there was none to plead for her.

Only the poor mother; but he silenced her, as she would have appealed against his harsh judgment.

It was given, he passed out. I heard a faint cry, a quick step,—the mother had caught her child to her breast as she fainted; then all was still; and from the watching heavens came no signs, from the oppressed earth no moans, testifying against the man's pitiless rigour.

With difficulty I refrained from yielding to my first impulse to make unreserved offer of my services. But for what?—as I asked myself, during those few minutes in which I hesitated to intrude upon their sacred grief. Certainly I a poor dependant of the family could do nothing, though my heart might ache to serve her, and bleed for pity at her sad case—nothing! It would but add to her shame and sorrow to learn my knowledge of the secret.

Noiselessly I closed my window and saw them, mother and daughter, step out into the moonlight, away from the open terrace into the deep shadows of the avenue. There as I looked again from my upper window, I saw the two gliding in a close embrace, their white dresses glinting between the boles of the dark old trees.

She came among us no more. From that night reputed illness kept her a prisoner to her rooms; where even her mother was perforce a rare visitor. It was a

part of her well-planned punishment. But when night fell, and all who might slept within the house, the grief-stricken mother and unhappy child paced the dark avenues. Come moonlight, cloud, or storm, it was the same to them. Up and down, to and fro, those solemn hours, holding their sad communion, I keeping watch, unknown, lest any should intrude upon their miserable consolation. Even that ended. The day came when from Herapath went another bride—when to hide crime and shame, slavery was bought for one, who sinned guiltlessly, if ever mortal did.

Herne Herapath had done no more than purchase a husband for the stricken Maude. With a portion large enough to cover many scruples, he put her into the arms of a hind who had worked upon a distant estate half his life-time.

Heavy, ignorant, and unscrupulous, the man seemed aptly formed enough to carry out any purpose that might be formed, even though it should be no worse than silence.

But no bridal cortège bore Maude Herapath from loving arms to the arms of love.

Alone, at midnight, she, in the escort of her hard stepfather, quitted her home, her mother.

I saw her, as she tottered forth, under the dim light of the portal lamp, wrapped in the shroud-like cloak that hid her from view. I stood before her; I cried "God bless you!" and starting she gave me her cold hand wet with tears, and "God bless you," she cried; then looking back sobbed, "Oh! mother, mother!" The words rang in the old archway after she was gone, and while the broken-hearted mother lay unconscious in her grief. Parent and child beheld each other no more. A prompt and stern dismissal from Herapath was my portion in return for my poor benison: and for months after I cared little what befell me. Of dear Maude the sufferer long afterwards I learned the last. What weariness and anguish she endured till the rest came none ever knew. But her child brought the message of mercy, bade the whipped spirit be free, and led it home.

A twelvemonth later Herne Herapath was a widower; taking his young sons with him he went to settle in a foreign country.

Standing within the deserted walls of the old mansion, amid the gathering shades of twilight, I recall the mournful history of those who dwelt within them. I try, but in vain, to conjure the dear form and the merry laugh of the bonnie creature who was wont to fill these echoes with delight. But the owl hoots mournfully from the ruins, over the wilderness the wind moans drearily; I seem again to listen to the sobs and lamentations of that night's confession, and—yes, that is no fancy—they pass slowly along the avenue, and their white dresses glint in the moonlight, between the boles of the ancient elms.

FAIRLEIGH OWEN.

PARIS IN 1860.

THESE are wonderful times in which we live. The other morning I wanted to go to Paris. I merely asked my banker for a letter to the Foreign Office, placed that letter in the hands of Mr. Adams, of Fleet Street, and the next day had my passport properly signed, and placed in a Russia-leather case, and had no more trouble about the matter. No personal attendance was required, and no personal description given. Being remarkably handsome—the reader need not believe this—the omission of this part of the ceremony was by no means flattering; but as no account of my intellectual lineaments was required—as the French Emperor felt no curiosity as to the number of my eyes, the complexion of my cheeks, or the colour of my hair, I was fain to reserve all these interesting particulars, and so entered the French territory with as little curiosity excited as if I had been a vegetable marrow, or a parcel of “old clo’.” My route, I need not inform the reader, was the quickest and pleasantest, *via* Folkstone and Boulogne.

I left London at a quarter to ten in the morning, and we were in Paris exactly at half-past eight at night. At Folkestone, at which place you arrive by the time you have read the morning papers, you exchange your railway carriage for a steam-boat, and as soon as the ladies have got their luggage on board, you leave the harbour and rush out into those Straits so terrible to all persons of delicate internal organisation. The least swell makes some people sick, and Frenchmen, especially, are very sensitive on this point; one thing, however, will strike you—that is, the temperance of all on board. If you go down to Margate, or merely to Gravesend, you are astonished at the immense amount of drinking on board. No sooner does the captain cry, “Go-a-head,” than the passengers do the same, and males and females begin drinking bottled stout or brandy-and-water as a defence against seasickness till they are not only overtaken by that malady, but actually by something else besides. Now on board these Boulogne or Calais steamers you see nothing of this. The passengers are English (Frenchmen never travel if they can help it), but they dispense with their drinking customs. The steward makes no appeal for “Orders, gentlemen,” and if you see a pocket pistol occasionally pulled out, that is the exception, not the rule. At Boulogne you land, show your passport to the Custom-house officer, open your carpet-bag—mine was a small one, and was not opened at all—and then mount one of the railway busses, which carries you to the station of the railway du Nord gratis. There, generally, the first attempt at victimising the “Aing-lais” commences. Instead of paying two francs, they generally run you up a bill amounting to double or treble for a very hasty meal. In a very short time you are off, and if you are travelling second class, exclaim with Sterne, “They manage these things better in France,” for second-class carriages in France are much better than those in England. The country round is not very peculiar, and till you get to Amiens—where they charge you one franc for a cup of coffee—the time is generally spent in rubbing up or learning for the

first time the elegant little conversations published by Murray in various languages, and which have only a couple of drawbacks, namely, that they never tell you what you want; and that, as they don't teach you the pronunciation, if you use the right word, you are to a Frenchman quite as unintelligible as if you did not. It was one of these suddenly-made French scholars of whom poor Albert Smith used to say that he ordered a turbot for dinner and had instead brought him a boot-jack. I know a lady who, on a similar occasion, found herself provided, to her own amusement and that of her friends, with a tea-tray. But still, from Boulogne to Paris the passengers are chiefly engaged in studying French. You get amusing insight into character as you watch them. The younger ones are studying the sentimental phrases; the men of business those relating to trade. A lady near me had marked with her pencil the words she required; they were such as prunes and poultry, the pronunciation of which in English is supposed to give such grace to female lips; and, undoubtedly, she trusted to finding their French equivalents equally irresistible. But evening came on; the sun declined; the stars rose up, and conversation and study were abandoned. On you went chained to the triumphal car; station after station is passed; tunnels are pierced; viaducts traversed; bridges crossed. Half awake and half asleep, thinking of the wonders you will see, or of the loved ones you have left behind, you repose on your well-cushioned couch, however, to be awakened into life and activity immediately the magic word Paris is pronounced. You jump up, and, if you have no luggage, get at once into a cab, equal almost to an English brougham, and for a franc and a-half find your way into one or other of the numerous hotels with which Paris abounds, and which are the delight, and joy, and wonder of the world.

Paris has now under the restored Empire reached a climax. The extent of surface inclosed by the walls of Paris amounted, under Julius Cæsar, to 152,307 square metres; under Julian the Apostate, to 387,848; under Philippe-Auguste, to 2,528,633; under Charles the Fifth, to 4,391,720; under Henry the Fourth, to 5,678,178; under Louis the Fourteenth, to 11,038,975; under Louis the Sixteenth, to 33,703,307. The extension of the town to the works of the forts increases the space inclosed to 70,880,000 square metres. Dr. Veron has recently published a work, which is my authority for the ensuing statements. The population in Paris, we are told, was, in 1856, 1,174,346, including the garrison. The recent annexation has brought into Paris 395,454 inhabitants, also including troops. This would give a present population of 1,569,800; but, allowing for progressive increase, it is supposed that, in 1861, Paris will contain 1,700,000 souls. This does not include the floating population of visitors who do little more than pass through. There are 530 omnibuses running in Paris, 2082 hackney coaches or cabs (and an additional 278 which work only on Sundays), 3287 *voitures de remise*—a better sort of carriages, which wait for hire in yards and gateways. In Paris and the *banlieue* there are 4857 private vehicles, of which 3571 are four-wheeled. The total of all the vehicles is a trifle over 11,000. The number of private carriages, however, is not vouchered for as exact. The receipts of the city of Paris in

1859 amounted, in round numbers, to one hundred millions, and this revenue is enough to meet all the indispensable municipal expenses; it suffices for the interest and sinking fund of the various loans made for the expenses of great public works and for the bakers' fund: in short, it suffices for all ordinary expenses; the annexation of the suburban zone has alone given rise to the new loan. The credit of the city of Paris annually improves; not only have all its loans been eagerly taken, but its bonds, issued last year at 400 francs, are now quoted 485 francs. Dr. Veron reckons eight new bridges built since 1852, besides that of Austerlitz. Two great barracks, besides the barracks near the Bank of France and in the Bois de Boulogne. In Paris there are eighty-two fountains, most of them of great beauty and size, besides *bonne fontaines*, or street pumps. Squares and small gardens have sprung up to a very considerable extent within the last few years; and, as you see how the lower classes enjoy themselves in them, you cannot but regret that there are not more such in London. "Old Paris now reckons forty-seven Catholic churches (the Assumption included), five Protestant temples, and two Israelite temples. The annexed *communes* have nineteen churches, but they are much less spacious than those of old Paris. These latter are able to contain one-eighth of the population, while the suburban could admit at one time hardly a twentieth of the population of the annexed communes." The number of paved streets in old Paris (not including, that is to say, the new *arrondissements*) is 1245, and of shingled (*empierrées*) or macadamized streets, 254. In the annexed communes most of the streets are neither paved nor macadamized. A square metre of pavement costs about 12f., and of macadam from 3f. to 3½f.; but the difference of cost is considered to be more than neutralized by the difference of wear and of expense in keeping in repair. The great streets and boulevards opened since 1852 are macadamized. In 1859, 1,126,475f. were expended in pavement, and 2,145,586f. in shingling and macadamization. There are about 400 kilometres of paved street in Paris, and about 100 of shingle and macadam, 390 of flag or asphalt footpath, and 350 of planted ways, boulevard, promenade, and squares. The sewers are 196 kilometres in length. The expense of street cleaning in 1859 was about £61,000 sterling, and of street watering something less than £8000, which latter item appears by no means large, considering that this department is now well attended to in Paris. In Paris there is nothing like the dirt and filth of our Newgate-street or Cattle Market. Paris has five slaughter-houses for cattle and sheep, and two for pigs, and there are three others in the newly annexed communes. Some of the butchers' shops are perfect models. There was one near where I lodged, at the end of the Rue Tronchet, to which in London we can find no parallel.

No sooner has the stranger arrived in Paris than his first question is as to sleeping. There are hotels of all sorts and sizes, chief of which is the grand hotel of the Louvre, where, if you are a bachelor, you get a good bed-room for four francs a night, and where the table d'hôte amounts to no less than seven francs. At this time of the year all the hotels are crowded, and are chiefly filled with English. If the stranger wishes to

do it economical he had better hire a bed-room in a respectable hotel, and take his meals as all Frenchmen do, at some neighbouring *café* or *restaurant*; if he intends stopping a month he had better hire a furnished apartment. The only caution I would give him would be to have a clear understanding at first, and then there can be no difficulty afterwards. Of course the higher his apartments are located the cheaper they are; but this matters little except in case of fire, where I never could see any chance of escape. This is really a shocking reflection, or would be so did I not remember that in Paris houses are never burnt down, the secret being, I suppose, that the French do not insure their houses.

Paris is a wonderful city: there is no doubt about that. There is not another such city in the universe. The enthusiastic Frenchman may well exclaim, "See Paris and die!" The cockney who thinks Paris is another London, not quite so large, but equally dirty, equally a shapeless mass of bricks and mortar, of streets that are choked up with traffic, and of houses that are always begrimed with smoke, makes the same blunder as Tityrus when he thought the city they called Rome—

"Huic nostræ similem, quo sæpe solemus
Pastores ovium teneros depellere fœtus."

You can't make a more egregious blunder. You are under a clearer atmosphere. You walk along miles and miles of streets as broad as Portland-place, and with houses much handsomer, most of them being seven stories high. On the ground level is the shop, or, it may be, a *café* or *restaurant*. Before them are planted trees, and everything around looks bright, and clean, and cheerful. As you walk along at every turn you come to some stately palace, some triumphal arch, some lofty column, to some place adorned with fountains, very different to our abortions in Trafalgar-square. Indeed, the first impressions of Paris are of the most pleasing character. Externally, the city is all that it should be. There are no beggars in the streets. Every one looks clean and comfortable, and the terrible roar of the Strand and Cheapside which renders all conversation utterly impossible you miss altogether. To a Londoner it is very strange to see all the men sitting smoking cigars, drinking coffee, playing dominoes, or reading newspapers all day long, while the women are hard at work in the shop keeping the books and attending to the business. The atmosphere clear and genial to that of London, tempts every one to live out of doors. At seven o'clock in the summer-time all Paris is wide awake—the carts come in from the country, or from the suburbs, or from the railway stations, laden with provisions; shops are opened, omnibuses are running, and all are hard at work. At eleven or twelve is the breakfast hour, and at six all the gay and working world of Paris dine. After that the hours are devoted to pleasure: the gardens are full—the *cafés* are full—the boulevards are full—the theatres are full; and then at twelve all places of amusement, all public-houses, all *cafés*, all restaurants, are closed, and the city, so gay and noisy and alive till then, is almost as quiet as the grave. This sudden cessation of life—this quiet at the bidding of law—this enforced decorum when in Eng-

land licence and dissipation have but just commenced their abandoned orgies—this going to bed just when our fast people are going to Cremorne, or wending their way to the Haymarket, really astonishes the stranger. After twelve you scarce meet a soul except the police, who are as efficient in the discharge of their duties as are ours. There are places that are left open later, and on Sunday night especially a little more licence is permitted; but the appearance of Paris is greatly in its favour. A superficial view of it would lead you to suppose there was not such another city for morality and decency in the world. As you walk the streets without being accosted and plagued as you are in the Strand by the social evil—as you miss the beer or spirit drinker reeling home from his sickening debauch—as you miss the plate-glass and gas and gilding of our monster gin-palaces, you feel inclined to draw comparisons anything but favourable to London morality and civilisation. It is true on a Sunday morning all the shops are opened, and that you see business actively carried on; you see the forms and outward signs and observances of a religion which, as a Protestant, you feel to be idolatrous, and opposed to the teaching of the Bible; but at night London, judged externally, is far, far behind Paris, and our city of churches and preaching and professing religion is put to the blush. Is it so in reality? Ah if we remove those police, and put out of sight those soldiers that swarm in the streets, perhaps we might have to tell a different tale. This leads us to the consideration of the vexed question as to how far the State can promote morality.

In Paris the State is everything, the individual nothing. The city is under the most rigorous law; the theatres, the places of amusement, the haunts of business, the seats of learning, the brothel and the temple, are alike under Government inspection and care. The press is under strict surveillance; nothing is permitted but what the State approves. I said to a publisher, "Have you no demoralising literature, nothing to arouse the passions of youth, nothing like the tales of seduction and crime by which a certain English publisher has acquired a good business?" The answer is, "Nothing." It is true there is a great deal of very questionable publication. I met with scores of books which I should be sorry to see read in an English family, and saw pictures not suited for an English home, but their number is being lessened, and the State is resolved to put them down. Nothing can meet the eye of the people but what bears on it the Government impress. If I remember aright, in Prussia a translation of Burns's inimitable song, "A Man's a Man for a' that," was prohibited by authority; and that is the worst of Government interference, that it is often quite as likely to be on the wrong side as the right. Hence the mind of the people is kept in ignorance. They are denied all healthy political excitement, all free development, all self-reliance. A revolution in France is now almost a matter of impossibility, so long as the army is kept on good terms, and the working classes are provided with employment. The French Emperor knows what he is about; and when I speak of the State I speak of him—the most wonderful man of our time—who has proved himself more than a match for the acutest intellect of

our age—who has climbed the steep ascent of power against tremendous odds—and who now, with his armed legions, bids all Europe tremble. With all my love of freedom, as a Frenchman I feel that I could be proud of such a man. Has he not chained the revolutionary spirit, and bid France be rich; has he not lifted up France to a height of glory unknown before; has he not made Paris a city of palaces and of unparalleled grandeur; and by doing so, not merely flattered Parisian vanity, not merely made it the rendezvous of the rich and the gay from all parts of the old world or the new, but given work to its dangerous *ouvriers*; and for ever, by pulling down the narrow streets, annihilated that foe to all government, and that fruitful source of victory to revolution—the barricades? This is the man the stamp of whose hand is everywhere around, and to whom the Red Republicans have imputed a thousand crimes, which same celebrated massacres had little existence save in their heated imaginations. I am not the apologist of this man; he has abler advocates than I. Messrs. Cobden and Bright have said far more on his behalf than I care to say; and the press of France, of course, gives a verdict very different to that of an English *Times*; but I cannot but admit he has made Paris fair without—he has whitened the sepulchre. There are no disgusting excesses in Paris now; there are no places dark and dismal where the infamous and the criminal meet, such as Eugene Sue has painted in fearful splendour. You need not fear for your life now, and even as to a pickpocket, the thought of that need not enter your head. The only question is as to the price for this security, this reform, this external decorum. You may buy that too dear. In Paris, I think, it is a luxury rather handsomely paid for. It is true the Parisian has, comparatively speaking, no taxes. He gets his cigars at two sous each—and he may get a quart bottle of good wine for a shilling. He has boulevards of surpassing splendour and grandeur, and he may dance all night while the moon shines bright, and go home with the girls in the morning, but then he may not express freely what is in him—and even for a hero like Garibaldi he may not be too enthusiastic. At this time the star of the theatre is a *danseuse* named Regglebroch, who has attained her present popularity solely by being able to raise one leg higher in the air than any other lady on the stage. How inveterate commercial France is in its hostility to the French treaty may be learned from the absence of portraits of Cobden and Bright. At the large shops you see hundreds of photographic portraits, on *cartes à visite*, of men of the time. I saw amongst them Lord Palmerston, Lord John Russell, Lord Cowley, and Sir Robert Peel, but nowhere the familiar faces of Cobden and Bright; and yet no men in England have more stood up for the French Emperor and are more desirous to be on good terms with the French people. I saw an engraving of all the parties connected with the treaty, and amongst them a caricature of Mr. Cobden appears—but you do not see him, as you would if France was hearty and earnest in the good work of commercial reform.

If I may believe French statistical writers, Paris is a very moral city. According to a paper just read before the Statistical Society of Paris by M. de Malaree, Paris has had much wrong done her. By the calcula-

tions made by M. de Malaree it would seem that Provence is the most criminal province of the empire, while the most serene and free from evil passions is that of Languedoc. One result established by the researches here set down is that we have hitherto been in error while supposing the amount of crime to be proportioned to the amount of population. On the contrary, Corsica, for instance, where the population is thinly scattered, presents a sad majority of crime over those of the most densely peopled. Social agglomeration changes the nature of the offence. The passions which lead to attack on property become gradually substituted for those which lead to attack against the person. An inferior spirit of wickedness has been ingeniously supposed to reign in large towns, while the very demon of evil walks abroad amid the solitudes of the rural districts. The next consideration is the effect of labour upon the development of crime. Here, again, another widely-spread error is corrected, for M. de Malaree proves, with the greatest clearness, that the working population of factories, where work is abundant, and no fear exists for the future provision of the workman's household, is more quiet and more free from disorder than any other. The influence of climate is manifest also. The hot south produces murder, rape, incest, and arson—while the north is more fruitful in robbery, and all the meaner offences dependent upon the eagerness of gain. The sun seems to develop all the passions, while the cool winds and snow produce but one—that of avarice and greed. We followed M. de Malaree with the greatest interest through the 89 departments of France, merely for the sake of arriving at the result of his examination of Paris. There we find, to our satisfaction and surprise, that Eugene Sue, Paul Feval, and Pouison de Ferreal, not to speak of Balzac and others, have been quite in the wrong. The adventures they all relate could never have happened in Paris, where only 534 individuals were brought up for crime last year, out of which number 410 were strangers to the place! "Innocent Paris!" says M. de Malaree. "The Black Forest might just as well be accused of immorality, because it had been infested by robbers from time immemorial."

DOMESTIC SERVICE.

WORKS for the special benefit of servants are constantly issuing from the press, but we have seen few, indeed we do not recollect to have seen any, of which we can cordially approve. The lesson taught is generally the wrong one. They are written by one party, and are liable to the charge of one-sidedness. They are most of them exposed to the same criticism which, if the fable be true, was urged by the lion against the painter. According to most of them servants have every reason to be contented—they are clothed, and fed, and lodged—never were mortals in a happier condition—if one situation on earth is more to be envied than another, it is that of an English servant. It never seems to occur to these delightful writers on domestic economy, that the labourer is worthy of his hire—that what he has he pays for—that his master, in retaining

him, is not actuated by pure motives of benevolence alone. They forget that masters are sometimes in the wrong, and servants sometimes in the right. They forget that nothing on earth is more galling than to be subject to the sway of a weak, ignorant, passionate, unprincipled master or mistress—to be the slave of their unmeaning caprice, of their every senseless whim. They forget that a man has still power to remember, and feel, and think—that he is still a man, though he may clean Mr. Smith's boots, and wait at Mr. Smith's table. Mrs. Brown is too apt to forget that her housemaid, or her cook, still retains the woman's heart.

We believe that, as far as regards the majority of English masters and mistresses, the relation they sustain to their domestics is woefully misunderstood. We believe that misunderstanding to be a fruitful source of national immorality, and we believe that it is time that that relation—a relation that at present has about it too much of the slavery and barbarism in which it originated—should be brought more into accordance with reason and existing circumstances. The true nature of such a relationship—the effect it produces on the employer and the employed—an effect which influences the nature of thought and action in both parties for life often, claims that the subject should be fairly treated and fully understood.

The number of male and female servants has been reckoned as follows:—in England, female servants are 77 in 1000; in Wales, 102; in Scotland, 88; in Ireland, 63. The total number is, or was when this table was drawn up, 923,646. Then servants are in England 16 in 1000 of the entire male population; in Wales, $8\frac{1}{2}$; in Scotland, $17\frac{1}{2}$; in Ireland, 26. The total number is 211,966. The education they generally receive is that learnt in the kitchen of their employers. It is there they receive the stamp which remains with them for life.

An American writer, a lady who has travelled much in all parts of the Old World, and has had abundant opportunities for observation, Miss Sedgwick, gives it as her opinion, that none are so ready to demean themselves for pay as English servants—none so ready to insult when not given what they expect. This is the truth of the case. Too generally the service is done from no motive of goodwill. It may be performed for an object towards whom the most perfect hatred may be felt—it may be a practical lie, covered over for the sake of the wages received; but the truth is, dissatisfaction burns and beats within the heart.

This results from the cause in which domestic service originated. It is the old grudge by the Saxon wronged to the Norman wronger. Time has failed to obliterate it. Domestic service is a relic of slavery, and has much of its first spirit about it still. Till the last relic is removed—till it shall not be required of the servant that she be a mere machine in the hands of her mistress—till her rights, as a rational creature, be fairly owned and fully granted—that relationship will be more or less mixed up with ill. At present, domestic service is the result of an unnatural union between slavery and the contract principle, and partakes of the disadvantages attaching to each. In one light the party hired is an inferior, in another she is an equal. On this subject the Americans are more right than ourselves; but they are warped by prejudices, the

CHARITY.

WE might term our picture "Alms-giving in the Olden Time;"—certainly the lady and the house belong to the past, when everything was done in a statelier manner than at present. Sometimes we are fain to forget that the men and women of other days were real flesh and blood as ourselves; they are generally represented

as very grim and very stern—cast in a very grand and Spartan mould. But they were tender and soft-hearted, and the unfortunate rarely appealed to them in vain. Mr. Leys, a Belgian painter, evidently thinks so, and hence the beautiful drawing we have engraved.

result of the Old World's habits and education. In England, the contract principle and slavery are constantly clashing. The mistress exacts as if the latter were the relationship between them, and the servant acts as if it were the first. The servant must have no followers; as if only the members of respectable society were open to the claims of friendship or of blood. The servant must attend at the same church or chapel as her mistress, as if only the upper classes were entitled to enjoy religious liberty. If there are children in the family, they are often trained to act the unworthy part of spies. To every arbitrary command, to every freak of the mistress, a slavish submission on the part of the servant is required.

Gentlemen are not much interested in this matter: they look on it as one of the bores of housekeeping, to which they must submit with the best grace they can. To the ladies, however, it is a serious matter, one which seriously impairs their happiness. Nor is this all: false views of the relationship taint all classes, and give rise to error and bad habits from the highest down to the lowest in the land.

What must be done to remedy this evil is clear. It will be granted, we imagine, that the slavery and not the contract principle is that which, when acted on, produces all the inconvenience. Let that be given up; let those claims the mistress makes on her servant, on the supposition that she is her slave, cease, and at once the evils to which acting on that supposition gave rise, will expire. Let the relationship be based upon its proper footing, that of contract, and each party will receive benefit. It will then be fairly understood what the employer demands and what the employed must give.

A higher idea of work itself—of its dignity and blessedness—must be entertained. Women must come forward to redress the ills under which their sisters labour. "To them," to conclude in the words of one of the wisest of them,^o "is the charge committed of ameliorating the relation of domestic service in England. As many of them as have seen with their own eyes the dignity of ministering, instead of being ministered to—as many as have felt in their hearts the glow arising from intellectual and moral enterprise—as many as have enjoyed the amusement of manual occupations, when pride has been cast aside, and prejudice overcome—are the sisters, and are bound to be the saviours of domestic society. Their own experience, if they let it work, will have made them reasonable—will have made them sympathising—will have fitted them to be in this relation apostolic. They will not only

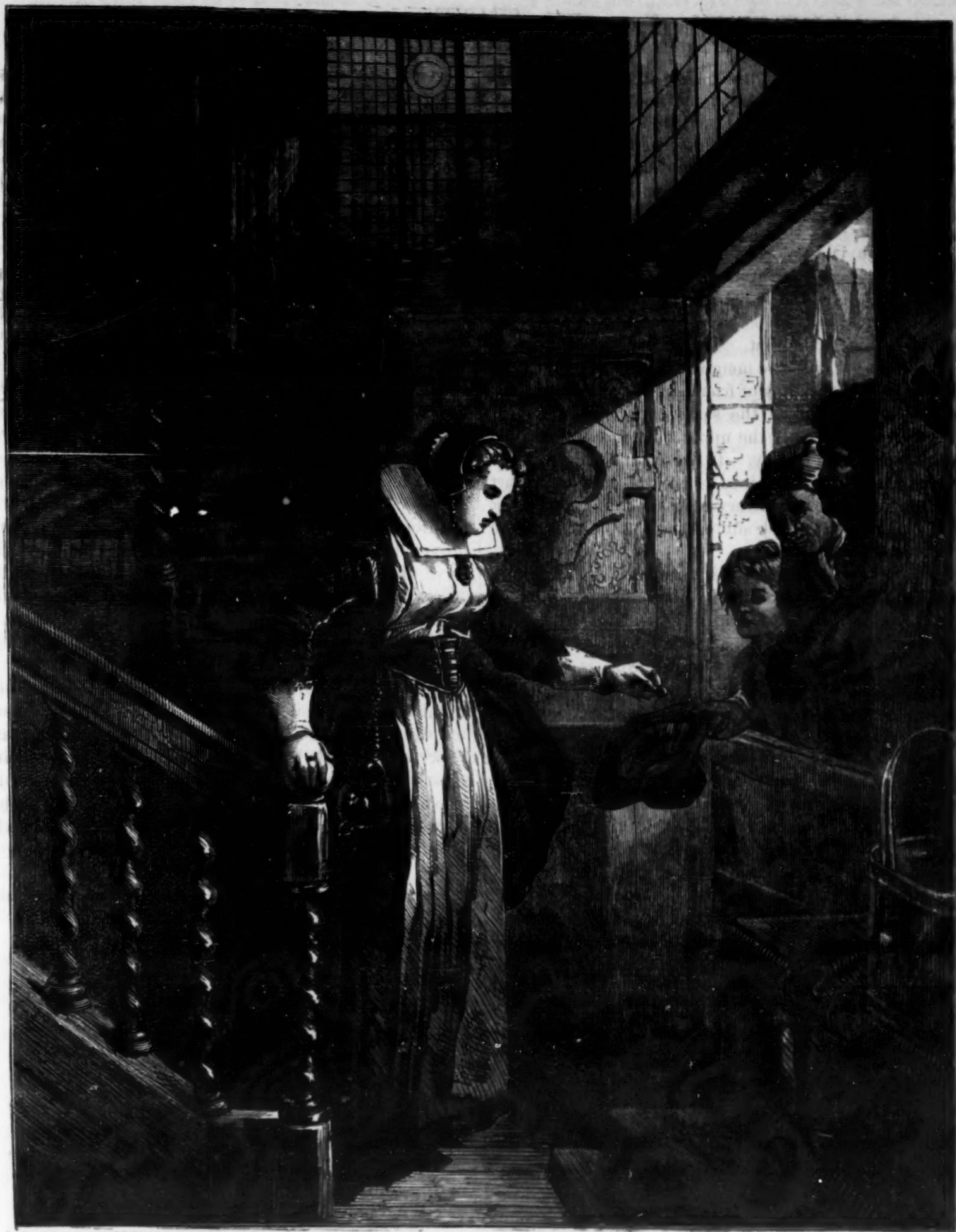
be just, and gentle, and affectionate mistresses themselves, but they will take the lead in the improvement of the system. They will break up, be it in the minds of the many or the few, the fatal persuasion of an opposition of interests between the employers and the employed; and this black cloudy canopy once rent asunder, no one knows how much sunshine may be sent down into the region where this million of our people, and their children after them, are to spend their lives. The self-education of the employing class, the study of the philosophy of work, and the cultivation of sympathy with human feelings, will help to rectify the position of one party; and the influence of their improvement upon those beneath them will tend to dissolve the prejudices and temper the feelings of the other. These seem the only means of breaking up the evils of our social oppositions of every kind, without breaking up society itself. This is a grave consideration, and one which all householders should lay to heart. It is not only themselves and their kitchen inmates who are concerned in their mutual intercourse; nor even the present millions of domestics, who are dispersed through the houses of the land, but the interests of the future society which, according to the preparation made by us, will be a natural and noble offspring of our present social organisation, or will arise from its ashes."

TO ANNIE.

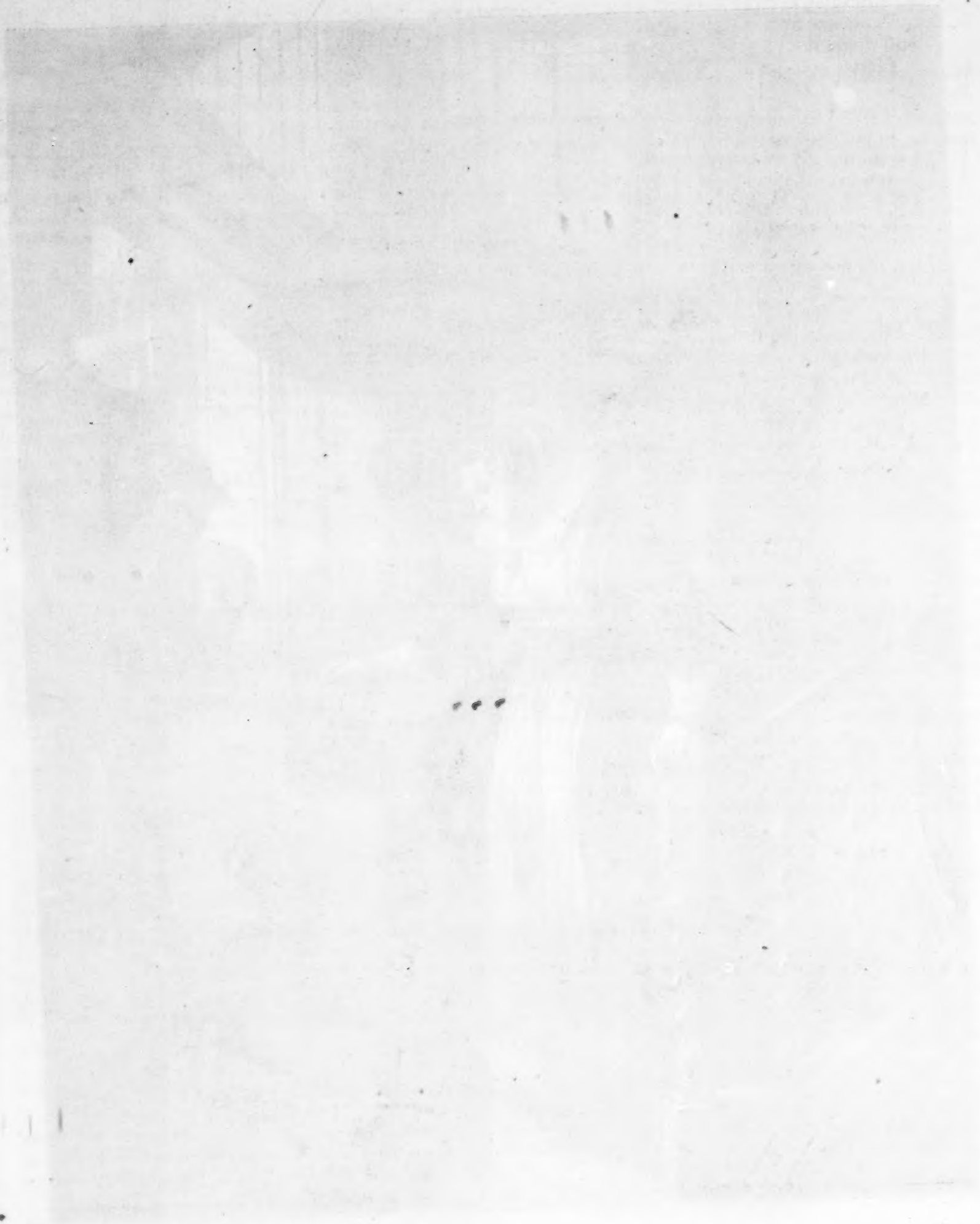
I LOOKED for thee the landscape o'er,
I sought thee, but in vain;
And is it true that never more
We two may meet again?
Thine eye so bright may shed its light
In halls untrod by me,
Where mirth and song may wake the night,
And fill the heart with glee,
Where melting bosoms own the might
And pride of minstrelsy.

And yet I could have loved thee well,
Maid of the liquid eye;
And yet before me is the spell
Of thy fair presence nigh.
And yet I feel 't is vain to tell
How I alone must sigh;
How the fond hope that made me swell,
Is crushed despondingly.

* Miss Martineau.



CHARITY.



Oh, be thou still as pure, as fair,
 As now thou seem'st to me ;
 Be still thine heart as void of care—
 Thine eye from weeping free ;
 Still round thy brow thy tresses rare
 Cluster luxuriantly.

'Tis true I can in secrecy
 Indulge the sacred flame ;
 I'll fill the cup with festive glee,
 And give the honoured name ;
 I'll drink to her who generously
 Will not a poet blame.

But life is fleeting, lady fair,
 Flowers, while they bloom, they die,
 And summer's free and sunny air
 Flies as we feel it nigh.
 Oh, blest are they beyond compare
 Who love's own rapture try—
 Who seize the hour of love's own dower
 Rather than vainly sigh ;—
 Oh, lady fair ! oh, stoop to share
 With me that rapture high.

LITERATURE.

Time, the Avenger, and other Poems : by W. R. Neale. (London : W. Kent and Co.) Mr. Neale, we presume, is a local poet. He dedicates his performance to the Earl of Fortescue, and appends a long list of subscribers evidently connected with the West of England. He, at any rate, is, to a certain extent, sure of a sale, and does not, we imagine, unlike most poets of the present day, publish his poems at a loss ; nor can they be said to be unworthy of the patronage they have received. The leading poem, *Time, the Avenger*, is one of some length and merit. The idea is not novel, but it is neatly carried out. The writer takes a rapid survey of the history of various empires, and moralises over their ruin and decay ; he then dwells on events more peculiarly connected with our own time, such as the burial of the Duke of Wellington, and is cheered and sustained by the certainty of the arrival of a better and brighter day. The smaller poems are interesting, and indicate the possession of considerable poetic taste and sensibility.

Autumnal Leaves, Elegiac and other Poems : by Mrs. Edward Thomas, author of Tranquil Poems, &c. (London : W. Walker and Co.) It is difficult to criticise the poems gathered together in this volume. When a mother tells us she mourns her son—when she tells us that he was an only child, and that she is a widow—we cannot but feel the severity of the dispensation, and sympathise with the victim of it. But we do think that it requires rare genius indeed to justify, under such circumstances, an intrusion into print. Milton did so—Shelley did so—Tennyson did so—but who can hope to be read after them ? Is it wise to challenge a comparison ? and why publish, when a tone of pervading sadness is so deeply marked on every line ? Have we not each of us enough of sadness ? Doth not each heart know its own sorrow ? Is there not a skeleton in

every house—a *memento mori* in every gay hour ? We want far more writing up than writing down. Coleridge makes his Genevieve love him best when he sings the songs that make her grieve ; but we very soon get beyond that, and in fighting the battle of life seek rather a Tyrtæus than a Jeremiah.

CARD PORTRAITS are becoming very fashionable, and are a pleasant way of reminding one's friends of our existence. In Paris the practice is much followed, and it is gaining ground in this country. We believe that the custom must go on and prevail, and that it is one of the most favourite results of photography. Indeed, a drawing-room may now scarcely be said to be complete without a case of such portraits of individuals more or less distinguished. Messrs. Mason and Co., Amen Corner, Paternoster Row, have provided us with some specimens, of which we cannot but speak in the highest terms. We have been shown the Bishop of Oxford, Mr. Thackeray, and the French Emperor ; the portraits, as such, are really admirable, especially of the former and the latter. We all like to have the lineaments of distinguished characters, and by these little card portraits we can easily acquire a regular series of portraits which must be life-like and full of character. Friends in the country will find these little card portraits very desirable.

Phrenology, at one time, was a science much in vogue. An attempt is being made to revive it. A new *Illustrated Self-Instructor in Phrenology and Physiology*, with over one hundred engravings, has just been published for Messrs. Fowler, Practical Phrenologists, by W. Tweedie, London. We have looked through it, and consider it an admirable manual, and one which will be a safe and intelligent guide.

Cassell's Illustrated History of England has been regularly received by us, but we have been unable to notice it for some time. It is, however, our duty to refer to it, and to recommend it to our readers. Part VIII. is occupied chiefly with Indian affairs, and the quarrels between George III. and his son, and other matters of more or less interest ; but Warren Hastings—his progress, his crimes, and his impeachment—forms the principal figure on the canvas. The cuts and large plates are well done, and when we add that the letter-press is written by Mr. William Howitt, we need say nothing more in its favour. When completed the work will be a miracle of cheapness and goodness.

Agnes Lowther ; or, Life's Struggle and Victory, by Josceline Gray. (London : Henry James Tresidder.) Of the intention of this little tale we cannot speak too highly. The aim of the writer, so we are told in the introduction, has been "not to amuse, nor strictly speaking to instruct, but rather to offer to minds already inquiring some suggestions, which, if thought out at leisure, may lead them to look for the true secret of life in a quarter from which hitherto they have turned their eyes away." For the youth of the upper classes more especially is this book written. The tale, in short, is deeply religious, and is written to promote religious feeling amongst the class to whom it is more particularly addressed. It is a book that may be safely put in young people's hands, and will, we doubt not, instruct and edify.

THE MONTH.

A BRONZE statue of the late Sir John Franklin is about to be erected at Spilsby, in Lincolnshire. The statue will be placed on a granite pedestal. The Arctic hero was born at Spilsby, and hence the townspeople are anxious to pay a tribute of respect to his memory. The Chester monument to Matthew Henry, the commentator, has been uncovered with considerable ceremony. The monument, which stands near the south-west corner of St. Bridget's churchyard, consists of a polished granite obelisk, 15 feet high, resting on a basement, which gives a total elevation of 54 feet 2 inches.

We learn from the "Manchester Guardian" that workers in metal are finding good use for a new kind of bronze, made by melting together ten parts of aluminum with ninety of copper. It is described as being tenacious as steel, and well adapted for the bearings of machinery. A polisher, who used it for bearings in his lathe, which made 2000 revolutions a minute, found it last six times longer than bearings made of other kinds of metal.

For some days past the model for a statue of John Bunyan has stood in the Guildhall, London, on view. The famous author of the "Pilgrim's Progress" is represented about life size, seated; the countenance raised upwards. The expression of the face is good. There are books, a broken chain, and other accessories. The model is placed on the ground near the Pitt monument, with which it does not interfere. An artist in the "Builder" suggests that "many would like to see added memorials of men who have been connected with the City, and have distinguished themselves. Daniel de Foe lived for long a City life; Hervey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, resided within the City bounds; John Bunyan often preached within those limits, and died there. There are others of note who might most worthily find a place within the walls of the Guildhall, and the model which has thus been temporarily set up shows that the introduction of statues of a smaller size than those which are already there would vastly improve the appearance of the hall, be honourable to the City, and interesting to numerous visitors who call here."

The Crystal Palace continues its educational departments. —The success which has attended the classes which were opened in March last has quite warranted the directors in extending the system and most materially adding to the list of Professors, so that now all the branches of a complete first-class education can be obtained at the Crystal Palace under the first artists and professors, and with an educational apparatus which cannot be obtained elsewhere. With lavish means, and aided by great influence kindly exerted almost wherever such privileges could be hoped for, the directors have been enabled to bring together the most complete collections of their kind in the world; and now what formerly occupied years of study and difficulty and costly travel, may be judged of in almost as many hours. This bringing together and into series the great examples of art, so that comparison may enlarge and amend our judgment, is perhaps the greatest aim achieved by the Crystal Palace. The prospectus for the second term, which commences in October, shows an array of first-rate and famous masters. The artistic classes are superintended by Mr. Edward Goodall and Mr. W. K. Shenton; those for Languages, History, Physical Geography, &c., by M. Roche, Dr. Semler, Signor Volpe, Rev. C. Boutell, M.A., and Herr Sonnenschein; the Music and Singing by Mr. J. Benedict, Mr. Lindsay Sloper, Mr. Prout, Sig. Garcia, Mr. Henry Leslie, &c., and even Dancing is not forgotten. Mr. S. Leigh Sotheby has very liberally offered a handsome prize to be competed for in the class for figure drawing.

One of the principal events of the month has been the celebrated letter of Sir Benjamin Brodie on tobacco-smoking. This distinguished medical man, in a letter to the *Times*, says:—"The effects of this habit are indeed various, the difference depending on difference of constitution, and difference in the mode of life otherwise. But, from the best observations which I have been able to make on the subject, I am led to believe that there are very few who do not suffer harm from it, to a greater or less extent. The earliest symptoms are manifested in the derangement of the nervous system. A large proportion of habitual smokers are rendered lazy and listless, indisposed to bodily and incapable of much mental exertion. Others suffer from depression of the spirits, amounting to hypochondriasis, which smoking relieves for a time, though it aggravates the evil afterwards. Occasionally there is a general nervous excitability, which though very much less in degree, partakes of the nature of the *delirium tremens* of drunkards. I have known many individuals to suffer from severe nervous pains, sometimes in one, sometimes in another part of the body. Almost the worst case of neuralgia that ever came under my observation was that of a gentleman who consulted the late Dr. Bright and myself. The pains were universal, and never absent; but, during the night, they were especially intense, so as almost wholly to prevent sleep. Neither the patient himself nor his medical attendant had any doubts that the disease was to be attributed to his former habit of smoking, on the discontinuance of which he slowly and gradually recovered. An eminent surgeon who has a great experience in ophthalmic diseases, believes that, in some instances, he has been able to trace blindness from amaurosis to excess in tobacco-smoking; the connection of the two being pretty well established in one case, by the fact that, on the practice being left off, the sight of the patient was gradually restored. It would be easy for me to refer to other symptoms indicating deficient power of the nervous system to which smokers are liable; but it is unnecessary for me to do so; and, indeed, there are some which I would rather leave them to imagine for themselves than undertake the description of them myself in writing. But the ill-effects of tobacco are not confined to the nervous system. In many instances there is a loss of the healthy appetite for food, the imperfect state of the digestion being soon rendered manifest by the loss of flesh and the sallow countenance. It is difficult to say what other diseases may not follow the imperfect assimilation of food continued during a long period of time. So many causes are in operation in the human body which may tend in a greater or less degree to the production of organic changes in it, that it is only in some instances we can venture to pronounce as to the precise manner in which a disease that proves mortal has originated. From cases, however, which have fallen under my own observation, and from a consideration of all the circumstances, I cannot entertain a doubt that, if we could obtain accurate statistics on the subject, we should find that the value of life in inveterate smokers is considerably below the average. Nor is this opinion in any degree contradicted by the fact that there are individuals who in spite of the inhalation of tobacco smoke live to be old, and without any material derangement of the health; analogous exceptions to the general rule being met with in the case of those who have indulged too freely in the use of spirituous and fermented liquors."

The statue of Dr. Isaac Watts, at Southampton, his native town, has been commenced. It will be erected in the public park in July next, on the anniversary of his birth. The statue and basso relievos will be of Sicilian marble, and the pedestal of polished Aberdeen grey granite. The total height will be nearly 20 feet. The basso relievos around the pedestal will represent the poet in his study when a youth; then in his manhood teaching his Divine Songs to children, and also as the aged divine and philosopher. The sculptor is Mr. Lucas, of Chilworth, near Romsey. Lord

Palmerston has several times visited the studio of the sculptor, and has manifested considerable interest in the erection of the statue.

Mentioning to the British Museum Committee that it is found necessary to put glass before the pictures at the Kensington Museum, Mr. H. Cole made a most curious statement. "The public," he says, "sneeze upon the pictures, and the saliva runs down the pictures, and positively eats away the surface of them. One of the most valuable of Mr. Mulready's pictures was covered with the coughings and sneezings of the public looking close at the picture and laughing in the presence of it." Mr. Cole also remarked on the fancy which the masses of visitors display for touching the various objects. "We had a little bit of sculpture of a 'Mother and Babe,' and the babe excited the interest of all the mothers that came to the museum. They were always measuring their babies by the side of it, and touching it till it became quite grubby."

The Italian journals are filled with accounts of the successes of a new musical star, Mdme. Galetti, who, from all descriptions, appears to be the genuine successor of Pasta and Malibran.

The collection of Dutch masters in the Museum of the Louvre has within the last few days received a valuable addition in the shape of a fine painting by Paul Potter, representing a white horse with black spots, loose in a meadow, while in the back-ground are several deers, one of which is drinking at a brook.

The distinguished sculptor, Commander Joseph de Fabris, Director of the Museums at Rome, has just died there at the age of 70. In England we have lost Mr. Locke, M.P., the engineer, and Mr. Herbert Ingram, M.P., the proprietor of the *Illustrated London News*.

The principal Council of Spa, in Belgium, has resolved to give the name of Meyerbeer to a fine new promenade from Barisart to La Geronstère, in that town. In a letter, just addressed to the council, the distinguished composer expresses his thanks for the honour done him.

A very beautiful window has just been completed by the Messrs. Warrington, of Hyde Park Works, as a memorial of Felicia Hemans, to be erected by subscription in the church of St. Anne, Dublin, in which the remains of Mrs. Hemans rest. The architectural features of the window comprehend two principal lights, with a bold circle and two carved spandrels above them. In each light two groups in panels appear between as many smaller medallions. The subjects of the four groups (selected by the committee of the subscribers) are "Miriam singing her Song of Triumph," "The Presentation of the youthful Samuel by his Mother," "Deborah Judging Israel seated beneath her Palm Tree," and the "Salutation of the Virgin by Elizabeth." The upper circle contains a fifth group, representing another Mary seated at the Saviour's feet, and receiving from his lips the assurance that she had "chosen the good part, which should not be taken away from her."

A fine bronze medal, commemorative of the visit to Canada, and the inauguration of the Victoria Bridge by the Prince of Wales, has been struck from the dies of Mr. Joseph Wyon. The portrait of the young Prince is very good—as a likeness perfect, as a work of art full of firmness, character, and beauty. It returns high credit to the medallist. Mr. D. M. Wyatt has supplied a design for the reverse, consisting of the Prince of Wales's plume of feathers, with the crown and motto, enveloped in a triumphal arch of scrolls and flowers. The work is thoroughly well done.

A fine portrait of Hobbes of Malmesbury has been re-

cently added to the National Portrait Gallery, together with a portrait of Dunning, Lord Ashburton, by Reynolds—the latter presented by Mr. Thomas Baring, M.P.

Moses S. Beach, who has just retired from the *New York Sun*, is engaged in perfecting a steam press, which it is hoped will succeed in printing 100,000 sheets an hour.

Mr. Douglass has converted the Pavilion Theatre, White-chapel-road, into a permanent Opera House. Among his company are Mr. Augustus Braham, Mr. E. Rosenthal, and Mademoiselle Lancia. *Norma* is performed in English.

Italian affairs still form the principal subject of conversation. We all watch the victorious march of Garibaldi with enthusiasm. Royal progresses are in fashion, but there is none like his.

How to foretell fine weather is a question always interesting to the Englishman. In a manual of the barometer, compiled by Rear-Admiral Fitzroy, and just published by the Board of Trade, the following useful observations occur. "Whether clear or cloudy, a rosy sky at sunset presages fine weather; a red sky in the morning bad weather, or much wind (perhaps rain); a gray sky in the morning, fine weather; a high dawn, wind; a low dawn, fair weather. Soft-looking or delicate clouds foretell fine weather, with moderate or light breezes; hard-edged, oily-looking clouds, wind. A dark, gloomy blue sky is windy; but a light, bright blue sky indicates fine weather. Generally, the softer clouds look, the less wind (but, perhaps, more rain) may be expected; and the harder, more 'greasy,' rolled, tufted, or ragged, the stronger the coming wind will prove. Also, a bright yellow sky at sunset presages wind; a pale yellow, wet; and thus, by the prevalence of red, yellow, or gray tints, the coming weather may be foretold very nearly; indeed, if aided by instruments, almost exactly. Small inky-looking clouds foretell rain; light scud clouds driving across heavy masses show wind and rain; but, if alone, may indicate wind only. High upper clouds crossing the sun, moon, or stars, in a direction different from that of the lower clouds, or the wind then felt below, foretell a change of wind. When sea-birds fly out early, and far to seaward, moderate wind and fair weather may be expected; when they hang about the land, or over it, sometimes flying inland, expect a strong wind with stormy weather. There are other signs of a coming change in the weather known less generally than may be desirable, and, therefore worth notice; such as when birds of long flight, rooks, swallows, or others, hang about home, and fly up and down or low, rain or wind may be expected. Also when animals seek sheltered places, instead of spreading over their usual range; when pigs carry straw to their sties; when smoke from chimneys does not ascend readily (or straight upwards during calm), an unfavourable change is probable. Dew is an indication of fine weather; so is fog. Neither of these two formations occurs under an overcast sky, or when there is much wind. One sees fog occasionally rolled away, as it were, by wind, but seldom or never formed while it is blowing."

A monument on a magnificent scale to Luther is to be erected at Worms. It is from a design by the sculptor Riet-schel. "On a base of forty feet in diameter, in the form of the battlements of a castle—an idea suggested to the artist by Luther's hymn, 'Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott'—the colossal bronze effigy of Luther is surrounded by statues of Melancthon and Reuchlin, and the Princes of Saxony and Hesse, his protectors; while close to the statue of Luther, leaning on the pedestal, are placed his predecessors in the work of reformation, Wycliffe and Huss, Peter Waldo and Savonarola. The whole sum required for this monument is £17,000, of which £12,000 has been already collected, during the last three or four years, from almost all parts of the globe. Germany has contributed the greater part of this

sum ; but all the other countries of Europe—more especially Russia, Sweden, Denmark, and even Iceland—and beyond Europe, North America, the Brazils, &c., have lent a hand to this work. England alone has not done so," says the circular issued by the Committee of Englishmen who propose to remedy the defect. A distinguished list of names of persons belonging to this committee heads the circular.

The singular application of electro-magnetism to a manufacturing purpose is now being exhibited at a warehouse in Marsden Square, in Manchester, to those interested in elaborate pattern weaving, whether in silk or other materials. Signor Bonelli, who is a native of Milan, is the director-general of Sardinian telegraphs, and there can be no doubt that his intimate acquaintance with the varied forms of printing telegraphs has enabled him to perceive how electro-magnetism could be made to render another useful service to mankind. Those acquainted with the construction of the Jacquard loom are aware that it produces the pattern in the fabric through the medium of a great number of perforated cards, in some cases a few hundreds, in others several thousands. The preparation of these cards, and their arrangement in the loom so as to carry out the design, involve much time, and often great cost, in many cases more for one pattern than will suffice to purchase one of Signor Bonelli's machines. The contrivance of the patentee is simply to dispense with these interminable series of cards, by making one card, constructed of brass, susceptible of all the changes which any given pattern may require, or, indeed, of any succession of patterns. Suppose an elaborate pattern in silk which, on the existing plan, would require 10,000 cards (and Signor Bonelli has woven in his loom a piece of damask silk which would require 20,000), it is clear that if, at each successive throw of the weft, you could close up some of the holes in the card, and pierce certain others, then the same card would always do again, instead of having a fresh card for every shoot of the shuttle. Well, that is just what Signor Bonelli has accomplished. He prepares a card-plate, with as many holes as there are threads in the warp, and places opposite to those holes an equal number of little wire pistons, with heads on that will just fill up the apertures, but slide through them either way. This supplies the condition of ability to fill up any holes that the pattern requires to be closed, or of opening others which it is necessary should be pierced. It is something like playing a tune on a flute—lifting your fingers off some holes, and placing them on others, so as to produce the musical pattern designed by the composer. But how is this opening and closing of the holes in the card effected? It is here where Signor Bonelli has so ingeniously introduced the electro-magnetic agent. Every piston has in a horizontal line with it a small electric magnetic rod. At every shoot the frame carrying the pistons is moved against these intermit-

tent magnets, for they are so rendered by the material on which the original pattern is drawn or painted. This pattern is formed of paper covered with tinfoil, which is of course a conductor of electricity, and the design is painted upon it in black varnish, which acts as a non-conductor. The two ends of the pattern are then joined, so as to make it into a continuous band, and it is suspended over a roller, which makes a fraction of a revolution (carrying with it the pattern) at every moment of the shuttle. Over the pattern there is arranged a series of thin brass plates, each having a point at its under side, which can be brought into contact with the design, and from each plate a thin insulated wire leads to its corresponding bar magnet. A wire from one pole of a galvanic battery communicates with a piece of metal which lies upon the edge of the tinfoil, and the circuit is completed by connecting the opposite pole with the coil wire of each of the magnets. The apparatus being in this condition, each little plate is prepared to extemporise a magnet, each magnet is in command of a piston, each piston is ready to open or close a hole in the card-plate, and thus affect the needles and hooks in the usual manner, which raise or depress the threads of the warp. All that is necessary is to actuate the loom by hand or steam. On motion being given, some of the pointed plates will rest upon the tinfoil, and the electric current, passing through them and round the coils which encircle the little bars, constitutes them magnets ; and as there is then a horizontal movement of the piston-frame, the active magnets retain all the pistons brought in contact with them. This ensures so many holes being left in the card-plate, for all the pistons whose corresponding pointed plates rest on varnish are carried forward with the card-plate, and their heads are held fast in the holes by the card-plate dropping down a little, and holding each of them by the neck, as it were. At the next shoot, the pattern presents tinfoil to different plates, and the varnish also to others, but as the mysterious current never fails to produce its magnetic effect, the pistons make the requisite changes in the card, until the whole pattern appears in the fabric. There is an automatic arrangement for breaking the circuit, so as to prevent injury to the design from the electro sparks, and the pointed-plates also rise while the drum moves the pattern, which would otherwise suffer from friction. So far as the workmen are concerned, the process is precisely the same as in the ordinary Jacquard loom. Signor Bonelli's contrivance also embraces a method for producing patterns consisting of several colours. Although, perhaps, apparently complex in description, the whole arrangement is really simple in its operation ; and, although modifications, to meet special requirements, may be made, it is already, in the opinion of many capable of forming a judgment, in a condition to secure a large saving in the cost of preparing patterns.

END OF VOLUME EIGHT.

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